

PART VII.

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CONTENTS OF PART VII.

Literature.

Ancient Greece, Lays and Legends of, by Prof. Blackie (Review)	5
Amylene as a substitute for Chloroform . . . H. N. H.	21
Art Fragments (Leader)	23
Canton, A Friendly Visit to . . . Frederica Rowan	45
Cotton and Slavery (Leader)	38
Fast Men and their Founder . . . Dr. Doran	51
Fire-Reporter, The . . . Stephen Hunt	54
Ignoble Cares . . . Authoress of "The House of Raby"	13
Lord Eristoun, A Love Story . . . Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" 9, 25, 40, 57	56
Modern Preaching (Leader)	22
National Institution, The . . . L. L.	22
Polyglot Readings in Proverbs . . . W. K. Kelly	15, 47
Science, Progress of (Monthly)	61
Sir Ralph and Lady Jean (Ballad) . . . Holme Lee	35
Society of British Artists, Exhibition of the	53
Spectacular Drama (Leader) . . . L. L.	7

Thackeray's Lectures. A Word on	F. G. S.	12
Thames Rowing, My Last Pull		13
The Theatres		14
Too Bad by Half		15

THE HOME:

Bright Pokers	Author of "Ethel"	47
British Insects, The Metamorphoses of	H. N. Humphreys	48
Glass, Ground and Enamelled		49
Goats, Habits of	W. T. Edwards	50
Gold Fish	William Kidd	51
Invalid's Clock, The	E. A. Copland	52
Our Working-Men, A Word for the Homes of	H. B.	53
Paying Daughters		54
Rustic Summer-House, Design for a	Shirley Hibberd	55
Workhouse Visiting	An English Lady	56

Engravings.

A Subject from "Pepys' Diary" . . . A. Elmore, A.R.A.	49
Molière reading to his Housekeeper . . . T. P. Hall	33
Puck . . . T. Woolner	9
Samson bound by the Philistines . . . E. Armitage	1
The Colossal Pair, Thebes . . . Frank Dillon	57
The Happy Age . . . A. Ludovici	25
The Magdalen . . . Correggio	41

The Neapolitan Improvisatore . . . Duret	17
THE HOME:	
Butterfly, The Common Blue . . . H. N. Humphreys	14
Gas Chandelier, Design for a	40
Gold Fish	41
Rustic Summer-House, Design for a	Justyne

MEDICINE CHESTS

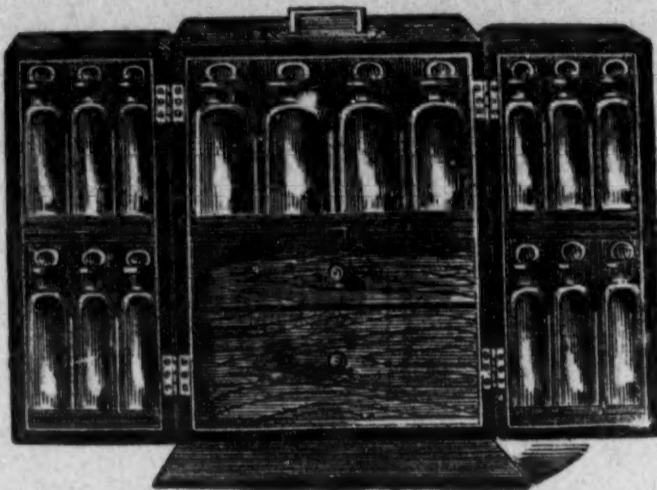
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

Essays, Sketches, &c.

	PAGE		PAGE
A DAY'S SALMON-FISHING ON THE TAY	307	KRUSEMANN'S MONK'S VISIT	115
A FRENCH HOLIDAY	348	LITTLE SELAK; OR THE LIFE OF A RIVER: E. S. Dixon	259
A MORNING WALK IN ALGIERS: Bessie Rayner Parkes	317	LONGEVITY OF CAGE-BIRDS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY: William Kidd	111
A NEAR CUT TO INDIA	344	LUCY'S (C.) PARTING OF LORD AND LADY RUSSELL	83
A NOSEGAY FOR DINNER: Shirley Hibberd	95	MACKAY, CHARLES, LL.D.	248
A PATTERN OF PARTNERSHIP	107	MACLISE, DANIEL, R.A.	275
A VISIT TO CARTHAGE: Bessie Rayner Parkes	387, 406	MAGNI'S (OF MILAN) ITALIAN GIRL KNITTING	376
AMYLENE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM: H. Noel Humphreys	21	MAINE LIQUOR LAW	327
AN ALGERIAN MARRIAGE: Bessie Rayner Parkes	99	MANCHESTER EXHIBITION	120, 135, 151, 165, 183, 199, 214, 232
AN APOSTROPHE WORTH EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS	319	MARKS' (H. S.) BOTTOM ENACTING PYRAMUS	403
AN OFFICE THAT KNOWS HOW TO DO IT	237	" " CHRISTOPHER SLY	163
ANAX ANDRON	364	MICHAEL ANGELO'S HOLY FAMILY	361
ANCIENT SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS	330	MODERN PREACHING	56, 295
ARMITAGE'S (E.) SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES	3	MORALITY OF THE BAR	312
AUTUMN WORK IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN: Shirley Hibberd	414	MOVING HOUSE	109
BEE-KEEPING, HOW TO BEGIN: Shirley Hibberd	159	MUMMELSEE, THE	179
BEE-STAND, SELF-ACTING INDICATOR: Shirley Hibberd	288	NEWSPAPERS IN INDIA	284
BÉRANGER: Robert B. Brough	323	NOTHING IN THE PAPER TO-DAY	78
BRIGHT POKERS	47	NOVEL-READING	174
BRITISH INSECTS: H. Noel Humphreys	16, 143, 351	ORIENTAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY	403
CESAR WITHIN: Author of "Sydney Fielding"	381	OUR COMMERCIAL SYSTEM	67
CANARIES AND THE BREEDING SEASON: William Kidd	157	PAMPAS GRASS: Shirley Hibberd	240
CANTON, A FRIENDLY VISIT TO	45	PHILLIP'S (JOHN) THE SALUTE	387
CARRICK'S (ROBERT) THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE	371	PLUM-PUDDING, AN AMATEUR	291
CHARACTERISTICS	23	POLITICAL ADVENTURERS	103
CHARLOTTE BRONTË	76	POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS: W. K. Kelly	15, 47, 79, 109, 120, 135, 157, 174, 182, 207, 212, 234, 248, 286, 303, 335, 351, 367, 376, 398
CHESTERFIELD, LORD: James Hannay	179	RANSOME'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL STONE: Shirley Hibberd	336
COTTON	38	RASCALDOM AND ITS KINGS—CARTOUCHE: G. W. Thornbury	276, 333
CRIDDLE'S (MRS.) SISTERS' SCHOOL	243	REDGRAVE'S (R., R.A.) ANGEL GUIDE	67
CRYSTAL PALACE, A SUNNY DAY AT THE: G. R. Powell	219	REYNOLDS' (SIR JOSHUA) SHEPHERD BOY	408
CURIOSITIES OF THE "CONTEMPORARIES"	371	RISTORI	171, 188
DEADLY DRAPERY	176	ROMAIC BALLADS: Professor Blackie	227
DEBAY'S FIRST CRADLE	339	RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE: Shirley Hibberd	64
DIAPHANIE	272	SCHLESINGER'S (FELIX) SURVIVORS	355
DOUGLAS JERROLD	207	SCIENCE, PROGRESS OF	61, 134, 204, 268, 350, 413
DURËT'S NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE	91	SEA-WATER, ARTIFICIAL	80
EAGLES' (E.) IL RITORNO DELLA CONTADINA	147	SHAKSPERE	307
EASY PLEASURES	158	SMALLFIELD'S (F.) DIVINING PEEL	99
ECCENTRICITIES OF LONDON LIFE: Stephen Hunt	167	SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE CANARY: William Kidd	400
EFFECTS OF COLOURS ON OUR MINDS AND DISPOSITIONS	112	STICKLEBACKS AND THEIR NESTS: H. Noel Humphreys	415
ELMORE'S (A., A.R.A.) SUBJECT FROM "PEPYS' DIARY"	51	STRAZZA'S MENDICANT AND AUDACITY	152
EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT	346	THACKERAY'S LECTURES, A WORD ON	12
" " FRENCH ARTISTS	279	THAMES ROWING	19, 396
" " THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION	22	THE ADELPHI ARCHES	398
" " THE ROYAL ACADEMY	119, 163, 206, 262	THE BOURSE: E. S. Dixon	100
" " THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS	53	THE DECLINE OF POLITICAL PARTY	264
" " THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES	211	THE EAST AND THE WEST	246
FAST MEN AND THEIR FOUNDER	51	THE ENGLISH IMPROVISATORE: Stephen Hunt	314
FIELD RAMBLES IN SPRING	256	THE FAMILY COIN-CABINET: H. Noel Humphreys	207, 304, 383
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM	171, 206, 220, 383	THE FIRE-REPORTER: Stephen Hunt	54
FLOWER-POTS, IMPROVED: Shirley Hibberd	223	THE FIRST ARTICLE OF A POPULAR AUTHOR: Dr. Doran	301
FOUNTAIN, DESIGN FOR A	320	THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE	220
GOATS, HABITS OF	48	THE SIEGE OF JEZEERAH; AN ADVENTURE IN KURDISH MESOPOTAMIA	243
GOLD FISH: William Kidd	32	THE SMALLER FOREIGN CAGE-BIRDS: William Kidd	270
HALL'S (T. P.) MOLIÈRE READING HIS COMEDIES TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER	35	THE THEATRES	7, 44
HAMON'S ORPHANS	344	"Tom:" T. Baker	366
HIEROGLYPHICS, INTERPRETATION OF: H. Noel Humphreys	92	UP THE ULLUA	147
HOME RECREATIONS: THE GAME OF THE TWENTY QUESTIONS	189	VENTILATION	239, 254, 270, 286
HOMES OF WORKING-MEN	63	VERONICA SYRIACA: Shirley Hibberd	176
HORSLEY'S (J. C., A.R.A.) HIDE AND SEEK	291	WAR TO THE GARDEN DEPREDATORS: Shirley Hibberd	368
" " LIFE AND STILL LIFE	259	WELLS OF FIRE AND RAIN-STORMS AT DISCRETION	88
HOTHOUSE FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM: Shirley Hibberd	127	WINSLOW, FORBES, M.D., D.C.L.	195
IGNOBLE CARES: Authoress of "The House of Raby"	13	WOOLNER'S (T.) PUCK	8
IMAGINARY CONVERSATION: Walter Savage Landor	115	WYBUD'S (F.) HINDA	211
JAY'S (T. M.) NEGLECTED FLOWERS	323		

Correspondence.

AQUARIUM	223	GROUND AND ENAMELLED GLASS 15	31, 79	THE WINGED PEA	144
EDUCATION OF WOMEN	319	INDIARUBBER BALLOONS	223	TO YOUNG LADIES	93, 255
FIRESIDE ELOCUTION	143	INVALID'S CLOCK	31	WORKHOUSE VISITING	15
		PAYING DAUGHTERS	144		
		POULTRY KEEPING	144		
		THE WATER SPIDER	144		

Tales.

	PAGE		PAGE
A CONSIDERATE UNCLE	316	NOBODY'S DOG: Andrew Halliday	229
A RATHER AWKWARD PREDICAMENT	212	STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE: Holme Lee 137, 153, 169, 185, 200, 216, 224	224
AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE: Holme Lee	388	THE CHATELAIN OF CHÈVREMONT: A STORY OF LIÈGE	124
AT WOLF'S CASTLE	83	THE LITTLE BLACK BOX: G. W. Thornbury	355, 377, 392, 409
GREENHILL HALL: Mrs. Crowe	249, 266, 282, 296	THE PILGRIMS TO NONNENHEIM: Author of "Stories by an Archæ- ologist and his Friends"	196
IN THE MALLE-POSTE	362	THE STEPPING-STONES	70
LITTLE RIDLEY'S LOVE AFFAIR	131	THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE: Author of "Paul Ferroll" 328, 339	339
LORD ERLISTOUN; A LOVE-STORY: Author of "John Halifax, Gen- tleman"	9, 25, 40, 57, 72, 88, 104, 121	THE WICKED OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD	309
NICK; A CHILD'S STORY: Christina G. Rossetti	375	TOO BAD BY HALF	3

Poetry.

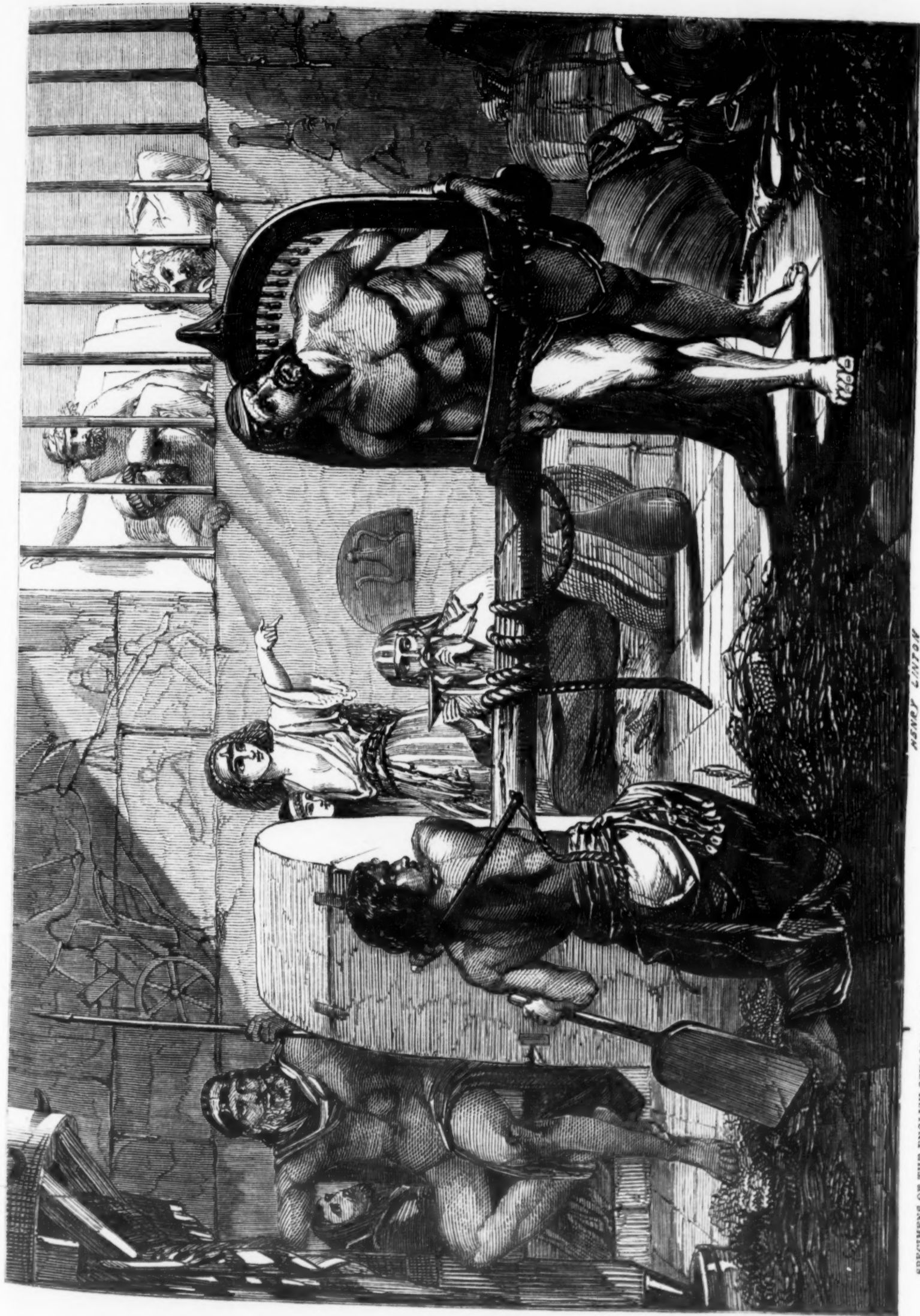
DESTINY UNCERTAIN: Walter Savage Landor	165	SUNSET FROM THE COTSWOLDS: Author of "Arnold"	314
MABEL: Anna Blackwell	142	THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION: J. Critchley Prince	328
MUSIC FROM THE VALLEY: Author of "Arnold"	314	THE CHAINED EAGLE: V., Author of "IX. Poems"	149
ON THE RIVER: Westland Marston	136	THE MOTHER: Walter Savage Landor	165
OUR LETTICE: Ashton Ker	99	THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF: R. S. Chilton	269
SIR RALPH AND LADY JEAN: Holme Lee	35	THE SILVER FAN AND THE TWO PICTURES: G. W. Thornbury 184, 253	253
SONGS: W. C. Bennett	199	WHEN THE NIGHT AND MORNING MEET: Dora Greenwell	216

Reviews and Notices of Books.

BACON'S (DELIA) PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS UNFOLDED	149	LUTFULLAH, AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF	403
BACON'S (LORD) WORKS	87	M'CORMAC (DR.) ON CONSUMPTION	335
BLACKIE'S (JOHN STUART) LAYS AND LEGENDS OF ANCIENT GREECE	5	MEMORIALS OF ANDREW CROSSE THE ELECTRICIAN	263
BLOOMFIELD'S FARMER'S BOY	299	NAPIER'S (SIR W.) LIFE AND OPINIONS OF GEN. SIR C. J. NAPIER, G.C.B. 88	88
CAMPBELL'S (MAJOR CALDER) EPISODES IN THE WAR-LIFE OF A SOLDIER	6	PALGRAVE'S (SIR FRANCIS) HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF ENGLAND	87
COCKS'S HANDBOOKS FOR THE ORATORIOS	301	PARDOE'S (MISS) ABROAD AND AT HOME	300
CRAIK'S (GEORGE L.) ENGLISH OF SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED	7	PFEIFFER'S (MRS.) VALISNERIA; A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM	86
DENDY'S (WALTER COOPER) BEAUTIFUL ISLETS OF BRITAIN	299	REDGRAVE'S (R., R. A.) REPORT ON THE PRESENT STATE OF DESIGN	300
FORBES (SIR JOHN) ON NATURE AND ART IN THE CURE OF DISEASE	335	SEDGWICK'S (MISS) MARRIED AND SINGLE	300
GASKELL'S (MRS.) LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE	76	TEGNER'S (ESAIAS) FRITHJOF SAGA	87
GATTY'S (MRS. ALFRED) PARABLES FROM NATURE	87	THE REASON WHY	335
HERAUD'S JUDGMENT OF THE FLOOD	6	THE TEMPLE LAMP	7
HIBBERD'S (SHIRLEY) GARDEN FAVOURITES AND EXHIBITION FLOWERS	335	THORNBURY'S (G. W.) SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS	118
HOOD'S (THOMAS) PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES	7	TIMBS' (JOHN) CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY	87
KIRBY AND SPENCE'S INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY	107	WORDSWORTH'S WORKS	6

List of the Engravings.

A SCULPTOR'S MUSINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY	281, 329	PORTRAIT OF BÉRANGER	313
A SUBJECT FROM "PEPYS' DIARY:" A. Elmore, A.R.A.	49	" " CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.: A. Munro	249
ANXIOUS SUSPENSE: P. R. Morris	105	" " MACLISE: From a Photograph by Watkins	273
AUDACITY: Strazza	185	" " LORD PALMERSTON: ditto Mayall	129
BEE-HOUSE AND INDICATOR BEE-STAND	160, 288	" " DR. FORBES WINSLOW: ditto Watkins	193
BOTTOM ENACTING PYRAMUS: H. S. Marks	401	PUCK: T. Woolner	9
CANAL AT ST. OMER: E. Morin	393	RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE	64
CHILDREN: A. Munro	265	SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES: E. Armitage	1
CHRISTOPHER SLY: H. S. Marks	161	SHAKSPERE: John Gilbert	305
COINS	208, 304, 384	STAND FOR CUT FLOWERS	80
DIAPHANIE	272	STICKLEBACKS' NESTS	416
"DID IT POUT WITH ITS BESSY?" E. Nicol, A.R.S.A.	233	THE ANGEL GUIDE: R. Redgrave, R.A.	65
EARWIG-TRAP, EDWARDS'S	368	THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD: A. J. Woolmer	169
FLOWER-POTS, IMPROVED	224	THE COLOSSAL PAIR, THEBES: Frank Dillon	57
FOUNTAIN, DESIGN FOR A	320	THE COMMON BLUE BUTTERFLY	16
FRITILLARIA MELEAGRIS	256	THE DIVINING PEEL: F. Smallfield	97
GAS CHANDELIER	48	THE DRAGON-FLY	352
GOLD FISH	32	THE FIRST CRADLE: Debay	337
HIDE AND SEEK: J. C. Horsley, A.R.A.	289	THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER: A. J. Woolmer	201
HINDA, "LALLA ROOKH:" F. Wyburd	209	THE HAPPY AGE: A. Ludovici	25
HOLY FAMILY: Michael Angelo	361	THE MENDICANT: Strazza	153
HOTHOUSE FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM	128	THE MONK'S VISIT: Krusemann	113
I AM HELPING MAMMA: S. Anderson	89	THE MUMMELSEE AND THE WATER-MAIDENS: C. A. Doyle	177
ITALIAN GIRL KNITTING: Magni	377	THE ORPHANS: Hamon	345
JARDINET IN ARTIFICIAL STONE	336	THE PINCH OF SNUFF: M. Robinson	73
LIFE AND STILL LIFE: J. C. Horsley, A.R.A.	257	THE RETURN FROM THE VINEYARD: W. Waterhouse	217
MAGDALEN: Correggio	41	THE RETURN OF THE PEASANT: E. Eagles	145
MAY: D. Pasmoro	121	THE SALUTE: John Phillip	345
MODERN MINSTRELSY: C. Rossetti	137	THE SHEPHERD BOY: Sir Joshua Reynolds	409
MOLIÈRE READING HIS COMEDIES TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER: T. P. Hall	33	THE SISTERS' SCHOOL: Mrs. Criddle	241
NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE: Duret	17	THE SURVIVORS: Felix Schlesinger	333
NEGLECTED FLOWERS: T. M. Joy	321	THE VAPOURER MOTH	144
OXALIS DEPPEI	96	THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE: Robert Carrick	369
PAMPAS GRASS	240	VERONICA SYRIACA	176
PARTING OF LORD AND LADY RUSSELL: C. Lucy	81	WAITING FOR LEGAL ADVICE: J. Campbell, Jun.	225
PENDENT FLOWER-BASKET: P. W. Justyne	192	WHITE-STEMMED AMARANTH	112



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XI.

HENRY LINTON

SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES.

PAINTED BY E. ARMITAGE.

6 MA 57

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.



SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES.

By E. ARMITAGE.

"The Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house."

SAMSON, the son of Manoah, and first deliverer of Israel from the hands of the Philistines,—whose coming was announced by "a man of God," "with the countenance of an angel of God, very terrible,"—is here presented undergoing the punishment of his weakness and disobedience of the ordinance which that angel pronounced before his birth. Blinded, shorn, dishonoured, and a slave, put to the vile service of the mule and ass,—heavily he treads the weary round of the mill. As a captive taken in war, he is compelled to put forth the remains of his indomitable strength in the service of his captors. And so he shall go on, until the symbol of his strength be again grown, and he cry out, "O Lord God, remember me."

Wearily he hales round the axis of the heavy grindstone, in the dull mechanic circle forgetting the actuality of his fate, with blind face and eyes turned towards God, and deep in his heart the thought of possible revenge and death. So absorbed, his hearing has not warned him of the shouted threat and vengeful lash from the fierce slave kneeling in the front, whom the advancing beam threatens to overthrow on the floor of the pit. The armed guard who sits upon the shaft between the stone and the upright post of the mill laughs silently at the slave's peril, and looks in expectation of the effect of the impending blow across the bare chest of him who had slain a thousand Philistines with a bone. The governor of the gaol reclines behind, equally amused, scarce staying his act to drink in order to notice the result. The women jeer at the misery of Samson; other Gazarites press against the bars, shouting in mockery.

Mr. Armitage is one of the few English artists who paint Scripture subjects, and one of the still smaller number who do so with any thing like judgment and spirit. The picture shows his deep consideration of the example he has chosen; his power in illustrating the text, by inventing the incident we have described; and of giving dramatic force and interest to the history.

There can be no better evidence of the talent of a painter than that he presents some new aspect of a well-known fact, when he makes that fact the basis of his work. A mere relation of the obvious incidents suggested by a story is insufficient to prove that an artist is justified in claiming merit for the choice of a subject so valuable and important as the one before us. We think the reader will agree with us that Mr. Armitage is fully entitled to this merit. Not only is the incident novel, but it is eminently characteristic and just; placing before us in a striking and impressive way the miserable fate of Samson, and inculcating the lesson of his life so forcibly, that it is next to impossible for the observer to mistake the motive of the picture.

We should wish to call the attention of artists to the wisdom of choosing such subjects more frequently, as being

of higher value than those *genre* pictures with which the English school has been for so many years overwhelmed as with a flood. Several of the most able of the artists of our country have given themselves up to the execution of frivolous trivialities in costume and lay-figure subjects; so that the most important of our exhibitions is, year after year, little else than a bazaar for the exhibition of showy, brilliant, and unsound toys, wherein painters aim rather to show their acquaintance with tricks of the palette than a true feeling for art, or desire that it should take its place as a means of instruction.

Mr. Armitage has paid much attention to the costume of his picture; and, as a whole, we think it could only have been improved by his going to the East in order to acquire absolute truth of physical and atmospheric effect. As the picture stands, we have but one fault to point out, which is, that the advanced leg of Samson should have a greater appearance of strength about the ankle.

L. L.

TOO BAD BY HALF.

HORACE GOBBLEDY, Esquire, barrister-at-law, sat in his chambers in the Temple enjoying a state of contemplative beatitude quite new to him. The current of his reverie sparkled like the waters of Helicon, and visions more entrancing than those of an opium-eater in the height of ecstatic hallucination rose before him in endless succession. At one moment gorgeous phantasmagoria such as the genius of the ring might have summoned at the bidding of Aladdin seized upon his senses; at another soft dreams of nestling domesticity occupied his attention. A decanter of sherry stood upon the table half-emptied, fragrant wreaths of smoke curled lightly upwards from his Havannah, and the flames of his evening-fire flickered good-humouredly in the gathering twilight. Albeit Horace had eaten his terms merrily, and washed them down with many a glass of Montillado and Bucellas, not to mention occasional champagne, he had certainly never before experienced such self-complacency and strong conviction that the existing constitution of things is all for the best. He had become, in short, a fanatical optimist. The fact is, that just a fortnight before,—only a little happy fortnight,—our friend had courageously dashed across the *pons asinorum* of love. He had fairly put the interrogatory-in-chief to the golden-haired blue-eyed Angelica Fitzmaurice; and in spite of maidenly evasion and blushing hesitation enough to ruin the credit of the examinant before a jury, had elicited the important truth, that he, Horace Gobbledy, was the sole proprietor of that lady's tender sentiments.

Angelica Fitzmaurice,—whose estimable character and personal graces undoubtedly did honour to the taste of her admirers, and whom it is to be regretted that no occasion offers for introducing to the reader's more intimate acquaintance,—was the only child of Matthew Fitzmaurice, Esq., and he was a widower. She had been for some time past paying a lengthened visit (perhaps Mr. Gobbledy had something to

do with its protraction) to her cousin, Jemima Crickton, whose address the present chronicler declines to give for reasons not necessary to allege.

It was very wrong—shocking and unparliamentary, no doubt—in Mr. Gobbledy, and we have no desire to screen him from the just indignation of all fathers (and mothers) of families comprising marriageable daughters; but so it was. What was? Why, Miss Angelica and Horace, or, as the latter would say, “my guardian-angel and myself,” had determined in a most unfilial way that it was not expedient to make known to the parental autocrat in a hasty off-hand way an occurrence destined to deprive him of the society of his beloved child. Mr. Gobbledy made certain representations to the young lady, and backed them by arguments possessing great and unaccountable influence in the court and parliament of love, although logically of no validity. He represented that the withdrawal of a daughter from the family-circle is, in a domestic point of view, a catastrophe not to be lightly dealt with; that just as, in case of the demise of a near and dear relative, the good feeling and sympathy of men have made it customary to break the news with all possible tenderness and discretion, and oftentimes to withhold the melancholy truth for a short period, and occupy the interval in preparing the affectionate bosom to meet the blow, so, in a case like the one under discussion, it might be, nay, it was, advisable to reflect at leisure how the inevitable pang could be softened to the paternal heart. “At all events,” Mr. Gobbledy suggested, “it will be better not to communicate this intelligence by letter; I shall much prefer a *vivâ voce* explanation.”

“What a hypocrite Mr. Gobbledy was!” murmurs the reader. True, too true; but we have not undertaken to defend him from censure. It is probable that other reasons than those mentioned led him to take the above line of argument. It is within the bounds of possibility that he wished to make such arrangements (for which time might be necessary) as would be satisfactory to Miss Fitzmaurice’s friends. Doubtless it had occurred to him that, when settlements were in question, his eloquence, so irrefragable in the opinion of Miss Fitzmaurice, might perhaps prove unconvincing to her elderly and experienced papa. A little anxiety, scarcely amounting to misgiving, in the direction hinted at had, however, no depressing effect on the meditations of Horace Gobbledy. He was in some sort a philosopher, accepted the truth, that risk and adventure in the chase enhances its pleasurable excitement and the value of the quarry, and thus reconciled himself to the phenomenon which has been remarked in relation to the course of true love. Perhaps he entertained erroneous views on this point; and many lovers no doubt ardently desire the course of true love to be as unimpeded as lubricated lightning, or planetary motion at the least.

The upshot of the manoeuvres of our ill-advised pair was, that the momentous event above recorded remained a secret presumably unknown to Mr. Matthew Fitzmaurice, who, worthy man, was engaged in a remote district pursuing his lawful avocations utterly unconscious of the machinations of the misguided Angelica, and ignorant of the distinguished existence of Horace Gobbledy of the Middle Temple.

For a fortnight, therefore, this learned gentleman had surrendered himself incontinently to blissful emotions. “His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.” *Coke upon Littleton* and *Fearn on Contingent Remainders* were clearly inadmissible to that realm of fairy-land wherein his imagination disported itself. What could be the use of boring over musty papers and crabbed reports, when the very cobwebs here and there attached to neglected folios assumed the similitude of Brussels lace, and white-satin waistcoats, and blue coats with gilt buttons stalked about like lay-figures seized with a fit of perambulation, or voluntarily suspended themselves on the learned counsel’s hat-pegs? Amid this inextricable but very pleasant preoccupation of mind, he in vain attempted to unravel the points of law in the great case of

Snubbleton v. Smith, which was to come on next week. A mania for personification possessed his sensitive fancy; and Shelly’s case stood forth a radiant and gallant gentleman with the inevitable white-satin vest and blue coat with gilt buttons, repeating in a monotonous but rather jaunty way, “To A for life with remainder to his heirs,” from which phrase Horace could gather nothing more than that Angelica was the sweetest girl, and he, Horace, the happiest man in the world. (*Vide* 1 Rep. 104^a, Shelly’s case.)

Only three-quarters of an inch (or thereabouts) of his Havannah now remained, and the last tint of twilight disclosed in shadowy outline the arm-chair opposite and the bookshelves beyond. Very shortly the outer world ceased to have dominion over Horace Gobbledy, who became a naturalised citizen of the realm of reconciled impossibilities. He was engaged in opening the case of Snubbleton v. Smith, and commenced by addressing a serene personage in clerical robes as “My lord,” and a number of individuals in white-satin vests and blue coats with gilt buttons as “Gentlemen of the jury.” Then he poured forth such a stream of legal lore and badinage from the matrimonial service, that Smith was forthwith crowned with a wreath of orange-blossoms; while Snubbleton, producing a mysterious signet-ring, at once established his title to Whiteacre. Suddenly Snubbleton became Horace Gobbledy himself, Smith was converted into Angelica Fitzmaurice, and the verdict of the jury was proclaimed amid the pealing of an organ in the marble-columned nave of a cathedral, and the roll of drums.

The pantomimic exercises thus rehearsed on the stage of dreamland were abruptly brought to a close by the tap, tap, tap at the door, which Horace had in the first instance interpreted as a roll of drums. “Enter,” said Horace drowsily; and, to say the truth, he would not have been much surprised to see the ghost of Hymen enter with his altar on his back, Cupid playing round his feet, and Angelica hanging on his arm. “Who goes there?” he repeated in a louder tone, at the same time getting up, and poking the fire into a blaze.

The door opened, and in walked, not any mythological person whatever, but only a little stout waddling old gentleman with a very rubicund nose and flowing white locks. The visitor wore a drab travelling-coat, a scarlet-velvet waistcoat, and snuff-coloured continuations as far as the knees, where a pair of dark gaiters embraced his sturdy legs, and finally united themselves to shoes adorned with shining buckles. Horace had risen, imagining that possibly it might be an attorney with a retainer, or (better still) John with a pretty little note. The old gentleman advanced with his hat in his hand, and saluted him with grave solemnity.

“I have called upon you, Mr. Horace Gobbledy,” said he with a squeaky voice, but in a stately way, and gently tapping the top of his silver snuffbox, “with the view of obtaining—”

“Pray be seated, sir,” said the other; “but allow me to remark, that it is usual in cases of disputed property for a solicitor to intervene between the client and his counsel.”

“Ay, I understand; the nobler beast of prey is attended by the jackal; very good, but that’s nothing to the purpose, Mr. Horace Snobbleby—”

“Gobbledy, sir.”

“Your pardon, Gobbledy. I was saying that I called with the view of obtaining some explanation relative to a transaction which has taken place privily and without my consent. For some weeks, in order to have the benefit of change of scene, my daughter has been visiting her friends the Cricktons.”

“O, indeed! Can it be that you are the father of Angelica—my dear Angelica?”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” interrupted the old gentleman tartly; “I cannot listen to such language. As the father of the young lady to whom you have too familiarly alluded, I have to request an explanation of your unwarrantable conduct in insinuating yourself into the affections of a

member of the Fitzmaurice family. I have come to town expressly for this purpose. I wait for a reply. You are confused, sir,—naturally so."

"Really, Mr. Fitzmaurice, your question is quite a—leading one, and—and—requires some reflection before answering it."

"I will give you one minute to collect your thoughts, which I have reason to believe are woolgathering, Mr. Horace Snobblety—your pardon—Gobbledy," said Mr. Fitzmaurice, taking an antique watch from his fob and laying it on the table. He then tapped the family snuffbox, and taking thereout a copious pinch, carefully laid it on the back of his inverted hand, and inhaled it with deliberation.

Horace watched him with great interest. Could it be possible that this oddity was the father of the sweet and accomplished Angelica? "Yet it does not follow," thought he, "that because the daughter is charming, her papa may not be eccentric. But I wonder who told him about this matter?"

Glancing at his chronometer, the visitor repeated, "I wait for your reply, Mr. Horace Gobbledy."

"My dear Mr. Fitzmaurice," commenced the gentleman addressed, exhibiting great tribulation.

"Your pardon, sir. As we have but recently become acquainted, it may be as well to withdraw the possessive pronoun, and also the epithet of endearment, although of course I appreciate the honour implied."

"Upon my word, sir, I can't conceive how you can ask such a question as the one you have put to me, knowing as you do the manifold graces and accomplishments which—which adorn the person and character of my dear Angelica."

"Ah!"

"Of Miss Angelica Fitzmaurice, that is to say."

"If I may borrow a word from your vocabulary, Mr. Gobbledy, I should say you are fencing with my question. I still wait for a reply."

"Well then, with reference to your interrogatory, I beg to say, it was because—because—I—couldn't help it."

"Judging by your appearance at the present moment, I apprehend the cause alleged is still in operation," retorted the old man maliciously. Taking another pinch, he proceeded: "And you have the audacity, young man, to assert that my daughter is so prodigal of the blandishments of her sex as to ensnare you in her toils against your will."

"O, you mistake me, indeed you do; on the contrary, it was only by the most assiduous devotion that I gained her inestimable favour."

"Then why on earth did you tell me you couldn't help it? Why did you take the trouble to exhibit such assiduous devotion?" Horace had lost his presence of mind, and scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, or in a horizontal position. "Now, sir," resumed Mr. Fitzmaurice pompously, "you have fenced with a straightforward question, you have prevaricated in a most glaring fashion, and I wish to ask whether you for a moment suppose that I shall allow a Fitzmaurice to ally herself to an equivocating, a briefless—"

"No, sir, not briefless; I am in the case of Snubbleton v. Smith."

"And will Snubbleton v. Smith, think you, drag itself along for the term of your joint lives? Am I to understand, Mr. Gobbledy, that you contemplate extracting the pin-money of a Fitzmaurice from the vitals of the unhappy parties in that cause? Fie, Mr. Gobbledy!"

"But I hope—"

"And what business have you to hope, young sir?"

Here Horace Gobbledy, Esq. was completely overcome by his emotions, and regardless of dignity, threw himself at the feet of Angelica's obdurate parent. He besought him not to destroy his happiness for ever by interposing the parental authority, and with head bent in submissive despondency, he remained immovable until the sentence of doom should be pronounced. Crestfallen Gobbledy!

"Ha, ha, ha! haw, haw, haw! if this isn't capital! By Jove, Horace, you deserve to have her!"

Horace started and looked up. "Augustus Crickton!" There stood that good-for-nothing mischievous cousin of Angelica, with a white wig in his hand, and doubtless a bolster for a corporation like a stage Falstaff, and rouge upon his nose enough to tint the cheeks of a company of artistes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" and with a loud guffaw the unfeeling wretch burst out of the room, and rattled down the stairs like a mad lamplighter.

Horace found it difficult to forgive that. "Villain! I'll call him out," thought he. "No I won't," thought he again; "I'll hurl a chair at him." Bounce, bounce, clatter, clatter went the article of furniture down three flights of stairs. Fortunately it did not hit the rogue; but he had a narrow escape, and got less than he deserved,—didn't he, O legion of loves?

It is pleasant to be able to add, that the gentleman who veritably represented paternity on behalf of Angelica was of a very amiable disposition; and there is every reason to believe that Horace subsequently became the legal protector of the young lady in question. We venture to state, however, that prudent Gobbledy does not allude to the foregoing incident, even after dinner.

NEW BOOKS.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

OF "lays" the English public have had many, and of various qualities. Macaulay has gallantly sung those of Ancient Rome; and the minstrel of the Scottish cavaliers has shown in their cause a natural force and pathos which are sadly wanting in his later and more ambitious work. Professor Blackie may be held as having a special right to chant the lays of Ancient Greece,—a right given by the intellectual labour of a lifetime devoted to the study and elucidation of Greek literature. To the able and conscientious translator of *Æschylus* there are few lovers of classical lore who will not be glad to listen.

As might be expected, the present "Lays," though not without faults and shortcomings, bear the distinguishing merit in every page of an intense love and a thorough and sympathising knowledge of their subject. Many of their faults, indeed, would seem to spring from this very fact. The minstrel has such a tender delight in the story he sings, that he enlarges its descriptions and dwells on its details at the risk sometimes of exhausting the interest of listeners who lack the love born of that intimate knowledge which he himself possesses. It hardly needed the frank and genial introduction to assure us that the compilation of this volume has been a labour of love. More of the lover than the artist stands revealed in its pages, we are bound to admit; but having so admitted, and viewing the book from the point thus reached, there is much in it which will delight the lovers of classic fable. From the introduction, take the following stanzas, in which the writer discusses the "old Greek men" and their romantic mythology:

"Thus every power that zones the sphere
With forms of beauty and of fear,
In starry sky, on grassy ground,
And in the fishy brine profound,
Were to the hoar Pelasgic men
That peopled erst each Grecian glen,
Gods, or the actions of a god.
Gods were in every sight and sound,
And every spot was hallowed ground
Where these far-wandering patriarchs trod.
In the old oak a dryad dwelt,
The fingers of a nymph were felt

* *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

In the fine-rippled flood ;
 At drowsy noon, when all is still,
 Faunus lay sleeping on the hill,
 And strange and bright-eyed gamesome creatures
 With hairy limbs, and goat-like features,
 Peered from the prickly wood.
 Nor less within that mystic realm
 Where passions swell and thoughts o'erwhelm,
 Strong-ruling powers divine
 Were worshipped. All-controlling Jove
 With clear-discerning eye did prove
 Each human heart. The thoughts that move
 To pity of the houseless poor,
 The open hospitable door,
 Obeyed his law benign.
 But when unreined wild Passion flew,
 And evil Hate sharp daggers drew,
 And deathful blows were given,
 Dream not that he who fled from man
 Escaped the sleepless eyes that scan
 All sinful deeds in heaven.
 Far from the fell avengers' tread
 The blood-bedaggl'd murderer fled ;
 O'er many a blasted heath he sped,
 The dewy sky his curtain made,
 No sleep might close his eyes ;
 For, when he fain would rest, a crew
 Of murky-mantled maids from hell,
 Snuffing his blood, his track pursue
 And pierce his ears with baleful yell,
 That blissful slumber flies :
 Haggard he lives a little space,
 No fatness rounds his eyes ;
 The Furies' mark is on his face ;
 Grim leaders of the airy chase
 Perplex his path from place to place,
 Till stumbling with a blinded fall,
 With never a god to hear his call,
 The wasted murderer dies."

Then follow various of the classic legends, among which we may instance "Ariadne," "Bellerophon," and "Salamis," as happy specimens of the narrator's power. In the latter, the great naval combat between the Greeks and their Persian invaders is described with singular spirit and a rugged eloquence, very characteristic of the writer.

"Now they meet. Now beak on beak is furious dashed ; and
 Sidon old
 Drives her brazen-breasted triremes 'gainst the ships of
 Athens bold.
 A moment equal ; but the Athenian, in the desperate-handed
 strife,
 Wields, as patriots well may wield, a surer sword, and sharper
 knife.
 On he presses ; close and closer ; cloven booms and shattered
 sails,
 And the frequent-crashing oarage, mark the track where he
 prevails.
 Ocean seethes beneath their fury ; and the hostile-fretted
 flood
 Yawns to drink the reeling Tyrian, and the floundering Cy-
 prian's blood.
 Sobs the wave with drowned and drowning : where the narrow
 channels flow,
 Vain the strife with death two-handed, here the water, there
 the foe."

A large degree of enthusiasm, of impulsive warmth and kindly earnestness, is manifest throughout the book, whether we turn to the classic legends or to the miscellaneous poems. Among these latter there are some sweet and occasionally fine utterances. "A Sabbath Meditation" deals impressively with high things. We must except, however, to a tendency on the part of the writer to identify the holder of a definite religious creed with the bigot. We do not believe that the illiberality deplored by Professor Blackie really exists,—certainly not as a necessary concomitant of faith. No intelligent Christian, however much he may prize the special service of the temple, restricts either the presence of his Maker or his own worship to its walls. We are persuaded that, on the whole, the heart that is most reverent in the sanctuary is also the most reverent amidst the wonders of the universe. Where it is otherwise, not the religious belief, but the narrow mind of the worshipper, is in fault. Bating this objection,

Professor Blackie has handled the general theme with great earnestness and power. Throughout the book there is often evinced a keen feeling for natural beauty. Of this sense, "The River-side" is a delightful example, but too long to quote ; instead, we give this picturesque rendering of

"SOLITUDE.

Alone, alone, and all alone !
 What could more lonely be ?
 'Neath the mist-wove pall of a dull gray night,
 On a treeless shore and bare ;
 Nor winds' low sigh,
 Nor sea-birds' cry,
 Stirring the stagnant air ;
 And only one dim beacon-light
 Far-twinkling o'er the sea.

And the wave that raved but yesternight,
 So blustering and so wild,
 Is smooth and faint, and crestless quite,
 And breaks on the sand as faint and slight
 As the whispers of a child.
 Alone, alone, and all alone,
 By the sad and silent sea,
 On one far-twinkling beacon-light
 I look out through the lonely night,
 And only God with me !"

We like the shrewd but cordial philosophy which pervades many of the Highland and German sonnets ; nor do we quarrel with the frankness, though it occasionally be somewhat rough, with which our author deals out his opinions on men and things. The charm of thorough heartiness pervades all that Professor Blackie writes. His animadversions may take a wide sweep, but we are much mistaken, if they are not enclosed within the circle of a yet wider charity and kindliness.

No more noticeable reprint in poetry has lately been issued than that of Mr. Heraud's epic, *The Judgment of the Flood*. The labour, learning, and genius expended on the perfecting of such a work entitle it to be discussed with reverence. No doubt a poem so large in its design, and so elaborate in its detail, is alien to prevailing taste ; but the most supercilious reader of the fast school should pause before he utters a careless verdict on a production which commanded the respect of Wordsworth, Southey, and Lockhart. *The Judgment of the Flood*, it is true, will attract none who cannot bring to it a large amount of poetical enthusiasm. It contains exquisite and majestic pictures of nature, impersonations of tragic dignity, and reveals a noble philosophy ; but the author has done nothing to conciliate popular favour ; and we must add, not without strong censure, that he has done nothing to help popular apprehension. The "Book of Enoch," in particular, outdoes any riddle propounded by the Sphinx ; and the very terms in which its propositions are couched are only intelligible to a small school of thinkers. Nevertheless there are few modern works which recal so vividly the colossal framework of the great masters in epic song ; and as a monument of patient devotion to a noble task, it stands almost alone in contemporary literature.

Episodes in the War-Life of a Soldier, and other poems, by Major Calder Campbell, claim a word of cordial recognition, as the work of a man of poetical taste and true feeling, and whose refined and gentle utterances have been lost more than was meet in the din of this age of action.

A new edition of Wordsworth's works has just been issued, with notes by himself, many of which are very valuable. These show how diligent the poet habitually was in observing nature, so that he might trace characteristics in her various forms which had not yet been described. He became early conscious, to use his own words, "of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country," and he made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. This was the way in which Wordsworth studied his poetry as an art, by making his mind the treasury of images taken from his own immediate experiences of the external crea-

tion, and afterwards consciously using them in the act of composition. The lesson is of great importance, and may particularly avail for the instruction and guidance of our younger minstrels. Good service to Wordsworth's fame has been rendered by the publication of these autobiographical notes.

On the other hand, a desperate attempt has been made by Dr. Maitland to pluck the laurels from the brow of the unfortunate Chatterton. The reverend doctor would degrade the poet to the swindler, and thus give one poet less to the world. He is impatient at the number of the claims on its admiration, and would considerably deprive it at least of one. An undertaking of this kind, even in the service of truth itself, one would think, could hardly be a delightful one to its projector; but when we say that the materials of Dr. Maitland are derived from a loose pencil document, purporting to be notes of the inquest on Chatterton, and that in dates and other vital statistics this document is full of the most glaring errors, we can hardly conceive what motive there could be to a labour which is as barren of facts to vindicate justice as it is of feelings to enlist sympathy. In the opinion of some persons, all enthusiasm is misdirected energy; and in Dr. Maitland's, our usual estimate of Chatterton is an especial instance of the mania. Dr. Maitland represents what we hope is an inconsiderable portion of mankind,—those who are slow to acknowledge the presence of poetical genius, and would rather find an aspiring youth,—probably "led astray," like Burns, by the very "light of heaven" itself,—to be a scamp than a Scald.

Genius has, or should be permitted to have, its family claims, where its intelligence is clearly inherited; and that it is so derived to a considerable extent in the case of the younger Thomas Hood, a cursory perusal of his *Pen and Pencil Pictures*, lately published by Hurst and Blackett, will convince any impartial reader. It may be granted that he has not yet acquired all the wonderful skill displayed by his father in the manufacture of those intellectual puns which sparkle through his comic lyrics like new revelations of verbal analogies, as if in virtue of some pre-existent harmony by which the wit and the sage were in him identified in one individuality. Nor has the son all his father's deep-searching pathos, which, in his "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of the Shirt," penetrates the heart in the heart, and reaches the sealed fountain of sympathetic tears in its most mysterious recesses. But with his father's name the present Thomas Hood has much of his fancy and feeling, and a tact in composition which enables him to amuse while he instructs. For in this also he resembles his father, that in trifling he does more than trifle, and under the smile hides the earnestness of wisdom. He too has the art of making all his objects live; and in this respect his taste is as oriental as it is quaint. The volume contains both prose and verse; and though we cannot afford space for citation, there is much of both highly meritorious. A gentle spirit reigns throughout in union with a humour never boisterous, equally light and thoughtful.

We have perused with much interest the first volume of *The Temple Lamp*, a serial published at Paisley, and edited by the Rev. John Bathurst Dickson, of that place, author of *Theodoxia*, one of the most eloquent of Scottish divines. Apart from matters of theological controversy, into which it is not our province to enter, the work contains kind and loving expositions of religious truth,—expositions which tend to convince and instruct,—in lieu of those barren affirmations with which the pulpit too often abounds, and which are often strong in dogmatism in the precise degree that they are weak in reasoning. Moreover, Mr. Dickson shows the excellent faculty of applying religion to matters of mental culture and social right. He does not exclude from his sympathy every thing that is not directly theological, and thus leave Christianity without a sphere for its action. He can render homage to Shakspeare, discuss the laws of imagination, and delight in its examples; nay, utter a fervent protest against political wrong, and feel that,

so far from derogating from his sacred mission, he is only fulfilling it. He sees evidences of the Creator in all that He has made, and believes that every pregnant fact of human or natural history is a contribution to Divine science.

We must not conclude without drawing attention to a work of great value, elucidative of our elder literature. We allude to a book published by Chapman and Hall, and entitled *The English of Shakspeare Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his "Julius Cæsar."* In this excellent book, Mr. George L. Craik, the author, has treated our dramatist as a classic poet writing in a tongue the full sense of which has been impaired by time. Mr. Craik has given to every word of the play a distinct study. The lights that he brings to bear upon the text are, in many cases, very remarkable. His etymological acumen is exceedingly fine, and the abstruse points are hit in a manner which surprises and pleases. This "philological commentary" is indeed full of curious matter; and no student of our elder poetry should miss the opportunity of at once perusing this mass of learned notes and philosophical disquisition.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

King Richard II. has been produced at the Princess's Theatre with all that scenic pomp and antiquarian research which mark Mr. Kean's revivals. This circumstance invites comment, not only upon the particular play, but upon, what is more important, the general question of what may be called the Pictorial Drama.

For gorgeous spectacle,—for picturesque grouping,—for accuracy in presenting the manners and customs of a period, we hold Mr. Kean fairly entitled to very high praise. The exhibition which he offers to the public is imposing, refined, and instructive.

Nor can we see any just exception to a series of spectacles which bring vividly before the eyes of this generation the scenes, manners, and costumes of the past; provided always that no mistake occur as to the kind of merit to be recognised. Were we noticing the Princess's Theatre under the head of Fine Arts, we should have little but praise and congratulation to offer. It is only when that which is excellent in point of decoration and learning assumes also to be a *dramatic* excellence that we feel bound to question, nay, let us say at once, to protest.

It should be granted at once that there may be certain pictorial effects in a theatre which bring out the poet's conception. *Acis and Galatea*, as produced by Mr. Macready, with its exquisite scenery, so true in local colour, and its charming suggestions of the old classic life; the mob in *Coriolanus*; the civic gate, thronged with eager watchers while the two monarchs contend, in *King John*; the sudden glitter of a hundred unsheathed swords in protest against Duncan's murder, in *Macbeth*,—are a few instances out of many furnished by that great actor and manager, whose too early retirement we have to deplore, of the manner in which dramatic effect may be enhanced by pictorial accessories. Nor is Mr. Charles Kean's management wanting in such examples. The beacon-fires and the clink of the armourer's hammer near the usurper's tent, in *Richard III.*, and the exquisite moonlight-pictures in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, belong to that class of illustration which may be justly commended. In all these cases the scenic illusion is an aid to dramatic interest, not a substitute for it.

Difficult as it may seem to point out in detail where spectacular exhibitions enhance the dramatic motive and where they injure it, the principle by which such displays are to be tested is a broad and intelligible one. Spectacle

is admissible and praiseworthy when it serves as a background to story, passion, and character; it is, dramatically speaking, baneful when it usurps their place. Interpolated dances, elaborate banquets and processions; corporeal angels that move in grooves and mount by pulleys, drawing the spectator from the human emotion that sees them in the "mind's eye" to the contrivances of the mechanist; panoramas of old London; long processions, where the spectator is asked to test the heraldic accuracy of every badge and cognisance; cups and mallets, fashioned after the pattern of the time represented, and inviting the scrutiny of the antiquary,—all these obtruded into the first rank of interest, are essentially undramatic, and render the conception of the poet just as subservient to pageantry and archæology as the libretto of an opera is to the music. The drama, thus treated, no longer exists for its own sake, but as a vehicle for spectacle and erudition.

It is vain to say that these objects, so prominently set forth, are mere adjuncts to the dramatic purpose. Whatever managers may think, audiences know better. We put it to the experience of every frequenter of the Princess's pit whether the anticipations that send him there relate to what he expects to *feel* or to what he expects to *see*; whether the display of the passions, the fine analysis of human motives, the vigorous interpretation of character, are not quite secondary attractions compared with those of tableaux and appointments. He looks for a magnificent picture of life without him, not for a revelation of the life within him.

Is Mr. Kean serious when he takes credit in his programme for paying homage to Shakspeare by "realising the scenes and actions which he (Shakspeare) describes"? Those actions must of course take place somewhere, but where is not a matter of vital moment. We should have imagined the highest honour to the dramatist to be the realisation of his mental conceptions, not the ostentatious reproduction of the mere localities in which his persons either did or were supposed to exist; far less in the invention of scenes and ceremonials which he never thought of. We cannot believe that the genius of the poet is complimented by a system which dares not trust to himself for his chief attraction, and which is ever striving to eke out his insufficient claims by an excuse for a show. There is surely decrepitude either in the poet or somewhere else when he can only stand by leaning on the shoulder of the scene-painter. What, let us ask, were the aids of this kind to which Shakspeare had recourse in his own day? In what framework of spectacle has he himself set some of his greatest scenes? Sometimes they occur on a blasted heath; sometimes in the gloom of a dungeon; sometimes in a churchyard; very often in an ordinary "interior." And who is there that doubts, when these crises of interest arrive, that pageantry was the last thought in the mind of the dramatist, as it ought to be in that of the spectator? Granting the propriety of some picturesque display in scenes which form the background of the story, they ought never to be prominent in the principal scenes, nor to occur so frequently in other portions of the drama as to distract attention from the human interest to its mere auxiliaries. Why, is it not the province of a great actor to make you *forget* his mere surroundings? Give him a chamber or a dead wall, and though he be but a unit, he will fill the entire stage. The eyes of all will follow the lead of their hearts, and converge upon himself. In the whirlwind of passion; in the struggle with temptation; in the pathos of some noble sacrifice,—he will disclose to you the recesses of the heart; thrill you with whatever is terrible or august, melt you with whatever is sympathetic and tender there, and from his own nature pour a flood of light upon your own, till all that is seen and felt is man responded to by man. In such cases, spectacle is at best a superfluity; more often an intrusion.

It is not necessary for us to show that Mr. Charles Kean is precisely an actor of the class referred to, nor shall we impose upon ourselves the too arduous task of proving it; but he has undoubtedly many and unquestionable merits.

If not a profound, impassioned, or imaginative actor, he is at least earnest, graphic, and vigorous; and from the advance he has already made in his art, we should be slow to set limits to his future progress. For his own sake, then, and for that of his company, we regret that he should have made the position of both subsidiary to the external appliances on which he so much depends. There is an almost artless *naïveté* in his statement, that plays which, without these aids, "only commanded occasional repetition, now attract audiences for successive months." What is this but to admit that Shakspeare, as interpreted at the Princess's, has no charm for the public on grounds purely dramatic, and that the manager's present success is owing, not to the substance of these works, but to their accidents? We think sufficiently well of Mr. Kean to believe that he would have eventually triumphed on these higher principles of art which he has discarded as inadequate.

As we said at starting, the objections taken have been urged on grounds purely dramatic. Once leave that element out of the question, once grant, as a contemporary says, that the Princess's Theatre would obtain all its triumphs won in Shakspeare's name if Shakspeare himself were dispensed with, and we have nothing but hearty praise to award.

As a pictorial resuscitation of a past age; as a gallery of historical illustration, in which the resources of the scene-room are combined with those of the museum,—such a production as that of *Richard II.* has undoubted claims upon the public. The actors engaged in filling up the spectacle did their task so well as to make us regret that they were exhibited for the sake of the picture, not the picture for their sake and the poet's. The expense lavished on this revival, the taste and judgment evinced, and the beauty of the result, make us believe and hope that, *as an exhibition*, it will keep the stage for many weeks. But it would be a fatal error to identify its success with that of the Drama. Should such a delusion prevail, and be adopted at other theatres, not the triumph, but the death, of the actor's art would ensue. Brilliant spectacle would but signalise the obsequies of histrionic genius; and, in such an event, the arms of Legitimacy, with the motto, "Shakspeare," should be displayed, not as a banner, but as a hatchment.



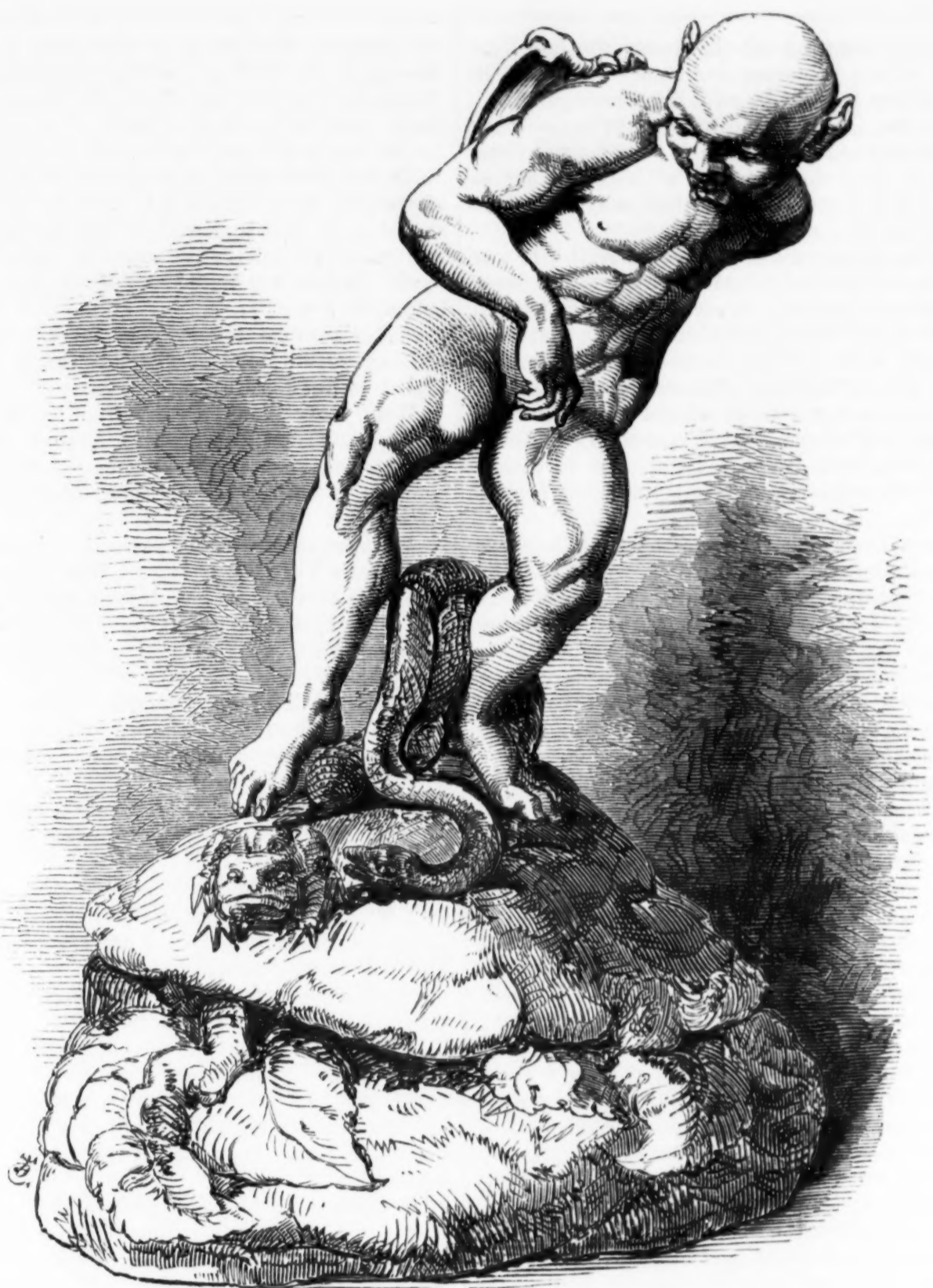
MR. WOOLNER'S "PUCK."

THE little figure of "Puck," by Mr. Woolner, which we engrave, is rich in grotesque humour. The statue exhibits the merriest subject of the "king of shadows" standing on the top of a mushroom, and with elvish fun turning over with his foot a young frog, who has chosen that spot for his batrachian meditations. See how he strides wide about the cap of the fungus, and how that grin shows the zest with which he enters into the joke of disturbing the amphibious philosopher!

The usual representations of Puck present him to us as a corpulent boy,—a great mistake, which Woolner's judgment has avoided; for here we have him as a sinewy little elf, adult, active, and strong, fit for any mischief, and precisely what both the old ballads and Shakspeare represent him; as capable of those feats of wheat-threshing for his friends, and of rude practical jokes upon others, which rendered him the terror of our ancestors in many a thorp and homestead, while they beguiled the winter evenings with tales of his freaks, and their excited fancy traced his figure in the starting shadows which the firelight cast upon the wall.

We shall take an early opportunity of speaking of other and more important works of this able sculptor.

L. L.



PUCK. BY T. WOOLNER.

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

I.

"JEAN," I said, "Lord Erlistoun is coming."

"Is he?" said cousin Jean; not our cousin, I should add, but we called her so for convenience, to save telling the not-easy-to-be-told facts concerning her and her poor father.

"Jane, my dear," said my mother,—she would never remember to say Jean,— "is that piano well in tune? Do see about it. And we must have the velvet furniture uncovered to-day; Lord Erlistoun's coming."

"O yes; I'll remember, Mrs. Browne."

"Jean—O cousin Jean—Russell and I shall miss the rook-shooting. It is to be put off till Monday; Lord Erlistoun's coming."

This last of the various interruptions made Jean stop her practising. She was fond of the two lads, and they of her.

"Never mind, Algernon. The young rooks will have four more merry May-days; and, after all, I think I would rather see a worse fellow than you shooting them."

"A worse fellow? Eh? Lord Erlistoun?"

"Well, he may be; I don't know him."

"Jane—my dear Jane!"

"My dear Mrs. Browne." But mischief was too strong in the lass; her merry eye caught mine; she repeated solemnly, out of last week's *Punch*, which lay on the drawing-room table:

"To H'Apsley 'ouse next day,
Drives up a broosh-and-four;
A gracious prince sits in that shay
(I mention him with *hor!*)."

Of course I knew as well as Jean that one of my good mother's few faults was a propensity to "mention with hor" any member of our British aristocracy. She had it, I have heard, from the time when honest Thomas Brown became clerk to Browne and Co., merchants, with many a true word spoken in jest about the possibility of changing the final *e*; the only thing in either his name or character that in his progress upward my father ever consented to alter. She was then Susan Steel, a young milliner and dressmaker—very pretty. As Mrs. Browne, of Lythwaite Hall, mother of many children,—none now living but the two boys and myself,—she was often pretty still; and she took a pleasure

—very excusable, considering all the years she had kept herself neat and spruce in cotton and linsey-woolseys—in making the best of her good looks with handsome gowns.

She made the best, too, of every thing about her,—house and carriages, servants and plate, even to “my sons at Cambridge,”—though I often thought they all bothered her at times, especially the latter. Poor dear, the only thing she could never make the best of was *me*.

I was new to the splendours of Lythwaite Hall. It was only lately that my father had bought it, and settled down among the landed gentry; only lately—probably through his active labours in the Great Exhibition, which that year mingled together all classes—that I had heard of his having noblemen among his visiting-acquaintance. I was not too pleased, moreover, that any visitors should break in upon this, one of my rare visits home,—for I take a good while to become accustomed to new people; I did even to cousin Jean. Jean and I were good friends now; yes, the best of friends.

We had taken a long walk that very morning,—in the garden to the lily-of-the-valley bed, then across the park by the trout-stream, and home by the rookeries, under the three horse-chestnuts; for Jean said, laughing, that when her “ship came home,” and she owned a park, she would have it full of horse-chestnut trees. I remember the saying, since it quite convinced me that she and I had been, both in our speech and our silence, carrying on trains of thought and plans for the future as wide apart as the poles.

Our “ships” rarely do come home, or are meant to come home; are they, cousin Jean?

I am but a plain man, I know. There is no poetry in me: if there ever was, the Liverpool Docks and Liverpool 'Change beat it all out of me nearly twenty years ago. Whether it ever might revive depended upon certain things, which I had tried that morning to find out, without troubling any body, or making any talk in the family. I did find them out; or rather, I found out in safe time that there was nothing to find. So ended the whole matter; and I was once again Mark Browne, eldest son of honest Tom Browne, the merchant's clerk; belonging to a prior order of existence from Charles, Russell, and Algernon Browne, my brothers, born after a long interval, in days of prosperity. Nice handsome lads they were; well-grown, well-educated, accustomed to ease and luxury. No wonder they got on so merrily with cousin Jane, and that Jean should have such a liking for the boys.

She was fond of my mother too, and humoured her peculiarities admirably; followed her this morning from chair to chair, taking the covers off with a most domestic and inexhaustible patience, worthy of a “poor relation;” and then with a lively spirit, very unlike any poor relation, bursting into a song or two for her own entertainment.

“Just stop one minute, my dear; don't you think Lord Erlistoun,” &c.

And having stopped and settled the important question, Jean was off again with her ditty,

“O no, O no, says Earlistoun,
For that's a thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee.”

“Mark, who is Lord Erlistoun?”

“Just Lord Erlistoun; I know no more. What were you singing about him?”

“O, that Earlistoun was quite another person; an old ballad-hero of mine. Nobody you know, nothing you would care about.”

Sometimes Jean was mistaken. She knew much that I did not know; but that was no reason why I should not care about it. True, my learning and my literature had been chiefly in ledger and cash-book, like my father's before me; and until lately, in the incessant whirl of money-making, I had had little leisure for any other interests. Still Jean was mistaken.

But I did not contradict her. I let her sing out her song,

and watched her sitting at the piano in the green-shaded drawing-room, with one slender sunbeam sliding across the Venetian blind, and dancing to the music on the top of her head. Ah, bonny cousin Jean!

To return to Lord Erlistoun.

It had since struck me as one of those coincidences we afterwards trace with some curiosity, that Lord Erlistoun should have first appeared at our house on this day. He was not expected till the morrow; and I had gone to my room. When my mother tried to open my door, it was bolted, for a wonder.

“Mark, do go down; your father's out, the boys gone walking with Jane, and I'm this figure. O dear me, what shall I do, for Lord Erlistoun's come?”

Yes; there I could see him from my window, lazily walking up and down, or leaning against the portico,—a tall slight young man, in a gray shooting-dress and a Glengarry bonnet. Nothing very alarming about him, as I hinted to my mother.

“Nonsense, Mark; for shame! Only do go down-stairs.”

Usually I dislike strangers, and especially “fine” strangers; but this morning all things appeared the same to me, and all people alike. The only thing worth doing seemed the simple necessity of small every-day duties, as they lay to my hand.

“Mother, don't vex yourself; indeed I'll go. How long am I to keep him out of the way?”

“Until dinner-time, if you can. Mercy me, and there's no game to-day for dinner!”

I thought, what mere trifles do women, even the best of women, sometimes seize on to worry their lives out! But I went down.

“Lord Erlistoun, I believe?”

“Mr. Browne. I beg pardon, Mr.—”

“I am Mark Browne. I am sorry my father is not at home to welcome you.”

“All my own fault, indeed; I mistook the day fixed for my visit. Still, may I intrude?”

His manner presupposed an answer, the only one possible. Probably his society was not usually considered an intrusion. I bade him welcome; and we shook hands, with a mutual covert inspection and dim recognition of having met somewhere; but no allusion was made to that prior acquaintance by either.

I remembered him distinctly. We of the hard-working classes seldom see, even among our women, seldomer still among our men, that noble yet delicate outline of face which is commonly called “aristocratic;” not unjustly either, for it is the best type of mere physical beauty. We rarely boast—we poor fellows, stunted in early growth by toiling in close offices and living in town-homes—such lithe tall figures, combining the strength of manhood and the grace of womanhood, even down to the long hands and almond-shaped nails: I remember noticing them. No; each rank has its peculiar advantages; physical development rarely belongs to ours. It depends on chances frequently out of our power, or prior generations, who bequeath us their personal type to start with; afterwards on rearing, education, and modes of life.

I saw at a glance what any sensible man must see, nor need be ashamed or afraid to see, that for certain qualities you might as well institute a comparison between a working-cob and a race-horse, as between Lord Erlistoun and Mark Browne. Perhaps the instinctive train of thought which led to that comparison, or rather distinction, indicated too much self-consciousness in me. But there are positions when a man will and does think of himself, and compare himself voluntarily or involuntarily with other men; such a one was mine this day.

“This is a very pretty place,” said Lord Erlistoun.

He was correct; many a nobleman's I have seen not half so fine. My father took great delight therein; and it was not without a certain satisfaction that I did the honours of it to our guest—through gardens, conservatories, plea-

sure-grounds. There was a pleasant pride in showing to Lord Erlistoun that we also—we money-makers—could love nature and art, and expend wisely and liberally what we did not inherit, but earned. And in going over the place I was myself forcibly struck with the whole thing,—with my father's princely style of expenditure, and with the contrast it formed to the little dark merchant's office in Liverpool, which originated and maintained it all.

Sometimes I thought uneasily that—but a son has no business to comment on a father, on so excellent a father.

Our walk came to an end, likewise our conversation. We talked over the state of Europe, the Great Exhibition, &c.,—topics which were possible meeting-points,—until they successively fell dead. I am not a conversationalist myself, but I like to hear others; and am obliged to own that I found Lord Erlistoun's company rather uninteresting.

I left him safe in his apartments; whence, to every body's relief, he did not emerge till dinner-time.

He must have found it a dull meal; my father still absent, my mother, brother, and cousin being all I could introduce him to. I remember the boys, strong in Cambridge ease and "knowledge of the world," coming readily forward, till quenched by the grave politeness which it was impossible to make free with; and my mother, whose hearty apologies for "pot-luck" were met by a smile which expressed by its very reserve the most amiable ignorance of what "pot-luck" might be.

My dear good mother, hot-cheeked and hurried; a little too warm and too fat for her light-coloured silk dress, and her white gloves that would not come on properly; with her uneasy attempt at ease, and her incessant stream of talk, in which the "H"—that unlucky letter, which we had never yet succeeded in safely impressing on either her or my father—appeared and disappeared at pleasure;—I wondered what Lord Erlistoun thought of his hostess.

Possibly nothing; for no outward indication testified that he ever had any thoughts at all. I have seen close-tempered men—iron-visaged fellows, whose faces were as hard as a locked chest, but then you guessed from that very fact that there was something inside; proud sensitive men, who tried to wear a countenance like a mask, yet through which now and then, by some accidental flash of the eye, you felt sure it was a mask, with the natural flesh and blood behind it;—but I never in my life saw such a smooth, courteous, handsome negation as Lord Erlistoun's physiognomy seemed this first day of acquaintance.

"What do you think of him, Jean?" I said, when my father having returned late, I was free—free to settle myself in the usual corner, and watch Jean going about her usual evening's ways, which she did not alter, nor seem to intend altering, for our grand guest. She had merely bowed when I introduced him to "my cousin." She was not usually much noticed,—and something in her manner rather evaded than attracted notice,—when we had company. And yet it often seemed, to me at least, as if she, of the whole family, looked most at ease, most natural, in the beautiful rooms of Lythwaite Hall.

"What do you think of him?" I repeated, as she stood by the tea-table, ending a long discussion, by persuading my mother it would be much better to let her make the tea, as she always used to make it, country-fashion, in spite of Lord Erlistoun.

"What do I think of him?—wait a minute. (John, leave the lamp there.) Yes, I think him very handsome, and remarkably well dressed."

"You are jesting?"

"Not at all. The latter quality is no mean one. Any man can dress like a dandy; but it takes a man of some taste to dress like a gentleman."

"And his manners?"

"I have seen worse, and better."

"My dear Jane, how can you judge? So elegant, so polite; accustomed, as one might at once perceive, to the very highest society."

"But, mother, Jean has been accustomed to good society too."

"I was accustomed for six-and-twenty years to my father's." She said this with pride, yet no unholy pride. I saw the tremble on her lip, and hastened to talk of other things.

Once in my life I had seen Jean's father. He was not a man ever to be forgotten, even by a mere lad. Why he married into the Brown family, or whether the Emma Brown he chose had qualities in herself enough to make her his fit wife, and Jean's mother, I never could learn. She died early. We never heard of either father or daughter,—save that occasionally we saw his name in newspapers and magazines; and my father would say, "That's surely poor Emma's clever husband,"—till we heard of him one day in a newspaper obituary. Authors usually die in poverty; but by some means he had secured enough to leave Jean mistress of about fifty pounds a-year. My father brought her home for a visit; and then somehow we couldn't part with her. This was all her history that I knew of.

Of herself—she was a tall dark-haired girl. People did not generally admire her, at least our sort of people; bright complexions, plump figures, well set-off by gay dresses, were their notions of beauty. If the Parthenon Athene (I have a head of her, which I bought at an old-curiosity shop, on account of some turn of the brow and trick of the hair which reminded me of Jean),—if Athene herself were to appear at one of their parties in a high black silk-gown, a little white frill round her throat, and not a ribbon or jewel on neck, arm, or finger, they would doubtless have called the goddess a "rather plain young woman," as I have heard Jean called.

A "young woman" she decidedly was, not a girl. She had seen a good deal of the world, in London and elsewhere; her character and manner were alike formed; that is, if she could be said to have a "manner," when, under all circumstances, she was so simply and entirely natural; not always the same,—few people are, except the very reserved, the sophisticated, or the dull,—but in all her various moods she was—as alone she cared to be—herself.

There was no pretence about her; no tendency to petty or polite humilities. I think she knew she was *not* plain, and was rather amused by the ill-educated taste of those who considered her so. I think, too, that, in a harmless womanly way, she took pleasure in her own classic features, large and noble,—her father's features,—and in her father's beautiful hereditary hands,—for his sake partly. She was the sort of woman to have something true and good at the root of her very vanities.

I describe her as she was to us who knew her; not to strangers. She rarely "came out" to strangers; or, except when she was really interested in them, made any show of appearing so. Nor, in the extremely quiet mood she was in to-night, was I surprised that Lord Erlistoun merely noticed her face (he, accustomed to art, must have seen it was handsome) as if it were a picture or statue, and quitted it. She bore the look; or was unconscious of it, with those "level-fronting eyelids" of hers, full of other thoughts—sometimes thoughts evidently far away. She had had a hard life, you saw that; she had gone through a great grief, you saw that too, at least some might;—but so much discernment was probably not to be expected from a young man like Lord Erlistoun.

"How old do you think he is, Jane?"

"Who? Lord Erlistoun? Really one can hardly judge so speedily. But 'Burke' will inform us, Mrs. Browne."

"I told you, my dear, that was by no means a useless purchase," said my mother, turning over with no displeasure our till lately unknown necessity, the book which some satirist calls the "British Bible." "Here it is: Nugent, Baron Erlistoun. Dear me, only twenty-four! just Charles's age; younger than you, Jane."

"Yes."

Here the subject of discussion unwittingly ended it by opening the drawing-room door, looking rather tired, but

still listening with the blandest courtesy to every word of my father's. Now my father's talk was always worth listening to; but then, like most old men, he had a trick of long-windedness; and it is trying to have the wisest sayings and the best of stories half-a-dozen times over. The young man turned, perhaps a little too quickly, to my mother, when she came to the rescue; and there was just the slightest shade of personal interest, beyond his invariably polite interest in every thing, when, among the long list of people whom he "had not the honour of knowing,"—the *élite* of our friends, whom my mother had anxiously invited to a dinner-party for his entertainment to-morrow,—she chanced to light on some whom he did know. "Lady Erlistoun" ("my mother," he explained) "was acquainted with the bishop and his lady; very nice people."

"Charming people!" (Ah, why so ecstatic, good mother of mine, for you had only dined there once, I know?) And that sweet little niece of theirs,—she's not out yet though,—the heiress, Lady Emily Gage. You know her, of course?"

"Lady Erlistoun does. Allow me;" and here Lord Erlistoun rose in a languid manner to bring my mother's cup to the tea-table. It cost him some trouble, and her a thousand apologies; but Jean's eyes had a spice of mischief in them as she looked on.

"Don't stir, Mark. A little exercise won't harm him. Let him do at Rome as the Romans do."

He stood by while she filled the cup, made some slight remark or acknowledgment, and retired. Then, in great dearth of entertainment, and with a dead heavy atmosphere of restraint creeping over the room, he was set to whist with the parents and Charlie till bed-time.

Jean and I contemplated the party in silence: my mother's round, rosy, contented face; my father's, rather coarse and hard-featured, but full of acuteness and power; and between them this elegant young man, whose exquisite refinement was only one remove from, and yet just clear of, positive effeminacy.

"I wonder what on earth he came here for," Jean said meditatively. "He must have had some very strong motive, or be sadly in want of novelty, before he—"

No, cousin, you need not have hesitated; I traced your involuntary thought; I too was aware of what our house was and its ways, also how they and we must necessarily appear to one so totally different from us as Lord Erlistoun. It is folly to disguise an abstract truth; I never do.

"I see what you would say, Jean;—before he came among such inferior folk as we are,—he, accustomed to the high breeding of fashionable life. That slow, listless, faultless manner of his, which I perceive is fidgeting my poor mother beyond expression, is, I suppose, high breeding? You know."

"No, I am glad to say I do not know. Mark, you ought to be ashamed of yourself" (and I was, seeing the indignant colour flushing all over her dear face). "I do not know, and never mean to know. What have I to do with fashionable life? I know how good you are, all of you; I love you."

Ay, Jean, speak up, frank and warm. Surely you loved us, every one, and all alike.

After Lord Erlistoun had been lighted duly to his repose, —and the greatest nobleman in the land, as his hostess privately avowed, need not have desired a better furnished or handsomer chamber,—we began to breathe. Of course we "talked him over," as families will among themselves,—and, thank Heaven, with all our increase of fortune, we had never ceased to be a family. Jean, stealing slowly into the place of the little daughters who had died, or else by the natural force of her character making a place for herself among us, took her due share in the discussion. She gave full merit where merit was; but was severe and sarcastic upon various small peculiarities which had struck the family with unacknowledged awe, namely, that under-toned soft drawl, that languid avoidance of the letter R, and that nimini-pimini "O."

"I should like to compel him for once into a good honest English round "O" of either pleasure or pain. Boy as he

is, I wonder if he is still capable of either, or of the expression of them. I wish he may be."

"Not altogether a kind wish, Jean."

"Yes it is," she said, after a moment's thought. "Any pain is better than stagnation; any expression of feeling better than the elegant hypocrisy which is ashamed of its existence."

And then she turned laughingly to put her arm round my mother's neck, and tell, apropos of nothing, how twice that day she had been addressed in the village as "Miss Browne."

But no, Jean, you could never have been my mother's daughter. I saw clearer than ever to-night that something in your mien, manner, and tone of thought which made you distinct from all of us. Perhaps you knew it, too, much as you loved and respected us, honest honourable Brownes.

So thought I; and my thought had a truth in it, but was not the whole truth. "Each after his kind" was the original law of things; and that "like attracts like" is no less an absolute and never-to-be-ignored law. But sometimes we decide too hastily, and with mere surface-judgment, upon what it is that constitutes similarity.

A WORD ON MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

By this time almost all our readers will either have heard or read of Mr. Thackeray's lectures on the "Four Georges," and have done battle for or against him, accordingly as their dispositions and occupations may have inclined them. We say occupations, because we believe that they have a great deal to do in the matter, and have considerable weight in the manner in which men are disposed to view both historical characters and social questions. It is natural that those who live by abuses should have small love for those who rise by abusing abuses. Could one wish it otherwise? Thackeray has been unsparingly condemned, not only for the subject of his lectures, but for the tone which pervades them. Apart from all narrow-minded considerations, there are reasons appertaining to professions which almost infallibly determine men on one side or the other. "Are you going to hear Thackeray?" demanded one gentleman of another. "No, I am not going to hear the Royal Family abused." "On the contrary," returned the first speaker, "I go to hear how *well* they can be abused." We do not think clergymen as a body have admired them. The Evangelical section fell foul of his portrayal of George III.; the High Church party demurred at the taste and propriety which disinterred the iniquities of the Fourth George. What Conybeare denominates the Broad Church in general testified admiration and approval. Literary people shared these sentiments; and with them were ranged most *young* thinkers who had any thing good and hopeful and enthusiastic about them: for the natural attitude of youth towards sycophancy, intolerance, and profligacy, is undoubtedly that of stern aversion. With respect to the fairer sex, opinions were divided. Thackeray is infinitely tender and pathetic on women, and yet they do not seem properly grateful to him. Perhaps they are not commonly sympathetic with a sarcastic writer, and do not quite enjoy hearing men so trenchantly dealt with, and their *beau idéal* so pitilessly dispelled.

Nevertheless these lectures have attracted large audiences, not only in London, but in all our principal cities and towns; and in Edinburgh especially, where the fashionable world,—who pride themselves on being more scientific than the philosophers, and more literary than the *literati*,—the *élite*, attended in enormous numbers. Large proportions of the middle-classes contributed; and shopkeepers, artisans and working-men, and women were not behindhand; and the applause from horny hands which followed any good sentiment was hearty and unmistakable. Those who expected a brilliant, sarcastic, fashionably-dressed man were wofully disappointed. To our mind, he presents the appearance of a profoundly sorrowful man, who has discovered

for himself the truth of the preacher's saying, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." The expression of his countenance seems to say, "I know the hollowness and weariness of all things; and the worst that can befall me I can bear and despise." Of course every question has two sides to it; but, in truth, we conceive the censures passed on Mr. Thackeray to be unjust as far as these lectures are concerned. No spirit of malignancy is betrayed, no democratic turbulence taught, no making the right appear wrong, or the wrong right. There are touches of the finest irony and of the most exquisite pathos.

The lives of the Four Georges have passed away into history. Nearly thirty years ago the last George died. The virtues of the Third George are not forgotten; the vices of the Fourth George have left their trace, as all bad actions do, especially when done in high places. Profligacy was then in fashion; and surely the stern bitter invective of genius is well employed in lashing that dastardly vice from its position. We honestly believe that Thackeray has done more than any other writer to make young men ashamed of being bad. He has taught them that it is not very difficult, not very fine, to be false to woman; that to seduce and swear and drink and gamble, to cheat and run into debt, to dishonour what they profess to honour, are but poor accomplishments, and such as a man with a very poor head, a very little spirit, and no heart at all, can easily practise. He has taught this systematically in his books; and if the lesson can be more forcibly impressed by portraying the last George, we say it is well done; and if it saves one young heart from sorrow and shame, one man from guilt and remorse, it will not have been done in vain. If he has shown us that goodness may exist along with a monotonous, dull, and tiresome life, he has also demonstrated that wickedness is not essentially lively or clever, but often more stupid and brutal than any thing else. Is there no moral to the intolerant or greedy of the present day in this passage? "What wonder, then, that there should have been a Whitfield crying in the wilderness, or that Wesley should quit the insulted temple to pray on the mountain-side?"

How fine, and yet how mournful, is the sarcasm when he speaks of Walpole's times, and of the ladies and gentlemen!—"the fine gentlemen who made coarse jokes, and the fine ladies who listened to them, and laughed at them." Is there not a lesson which speaks to all in the stern brevity with which he records the death of George II.? "At length the fit came which choked the old man. On the 25th of October 1760, his page took his chocolate into his bedroom, and behold, the king was dead on the floor." We need not multiply quotations which are probably already familiar to our readers. But a long time hence, when the shadows of many years shall have fallen over us, and made us less prejudiced; or when, as is more probable, we shall be fighting for the same things under other names, these historical readings of Mr. Thackeray will be regarded as more profound and true, and perhaps as brilliant as any of Mr. Macaulay's vivid descriptions.

IGNOBLE CARES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE HOUSE OF RABY."

"PLAGUE, pestilence, and famine; battle, murder, and sudden death;" an unrequited love, a betrayed love, an unworthy love; the death of those we hold most dear, solitude in life, political or social dishonour,—all these things, and such as these, are recognised as great afflictions; and the cares and pains which they entail no one feels to be ignoble. They call into exercise the highest powers of our nature; they set us face to face with God, and rouse the hope of immortality. We are carried by them out of the paltry every-day interests of this earthly life; we forget our lowest needs and greeds in the gratification of the higher. Sufferings of this kind dignify our humanity. Through them man ob-

tains his ideal conception of the hero and the saint. The man of great afflictions and noble cares walks the earth with self-respect, and, though sad, may still feel that he is but a little lower than the angels. Alas! that such a creature, whose thoughts can wander through eternity, whose best passions dilate his mortal heart, so that he feels like a god, and knows no end to his powers,—alas! that he should ever be a slave to ignoble cares, that a Man should ever be troubled in spirit about five-and-ninepence to pay a milk-score!

For the want of "so much trash as may be grasped thus" is the joy of life taken out of a man. The poor in purse are too often made the poor in spirit, though not in the evangelical sense.

It is all very well for people to try and put a good face upon the matter in public, and to talk big about

"The glorious privilege
Of being independent;"

or to demand, in a British tenor, and a white neckcloth,

"Wha sae base as be a slave?"

But let some invisible little demon go about whispering in the ears of speaker or singer and his audience, "*How about the payment of that little bill that the man will call for to-morrow?*" Such a question will take the light out of their countenances; at least out of ninety in every hundred, so wide-spread is the tyranny of one class of ignoble cares. The other ten per cent are of the jolly-dog kind, or of the systematic dishonest sort, who are neither of them troubled about the payment of debts until they are in prison. Their cares are of another ignoble kind, and shall have a few words presently.

It is many years now since I came to the belief, that what are called the great afflictions of life are easier to bear than the small worries; that it is positively less painful to die by a sword-thrust through the heart than by innumerable flights of Lilliputian arrows lodged in all parts of the body. Ridiculous and contemptible sorrows require a double portion of fortitude or insensibility. They have a poisonous quality which is most injurious to the best natures.

I sat last night with Forster's *Life of Goldsmith* on my knee, after I could read no more from pity and shame. I stared into a great fire, and grew cold at the remembrance of that man's youth. He had no great sorrow, no grand tragic trouble, to cast about him like a pall of state, and to add a dignity to his manhood. He had few cares in life but those ignoble ones that sprang from the necessity of earning a living. To think of him bound as a slave to such wretches as Griffiths and his wife, is far more terrible and pathetic to my mind than the thought of the tortures of Regulus or of Joan of Arc. There is a horrible mockery, a sort of devil's dance on the prostrate soul of the poet, in the details of Oliver Goldsmith's poverty that does not strengthen the reader's heart as stories of heroic deeds do; they only make it rebellious and antagonistic to suffering.

After deeply meditating these things, and finding no end, "in wandering mazes lost;" having indulged in temporary Manichæism, and a satirical view of the origin of evil, I returned once more to the point from which I had started—the contemptible meanness, the sordid trials, the ignoble cares, that environ our human life. These, be it ever remembered, are not the portion of the highest, the choicest spirits of the earth, solely; on the contrary, if they be made to succumb for a time to such a plenipotential tyranny, how much more are inferior natures kept in subjection thereby! For ordinary men and women, in this hollow civilisation of ours, the ignoble cares of life are like the circumfluous ocean to the earth. They compass it round on every side. In ceaseless waves they grumble and roar and dash against it now; then again there is a lull; the shore forgets the storm, and man forgets the taxes and the butcher's bill, the dicta of Mrs. Grundy, and the pitiful ambition of making a figure in *her* world. But still the sea is there, and will vex the shore again to-morrow; there too are the ignoble

cares of life, bidding their time to wash over the soft and lowly, and to undermine the lofty and strong hearts of men.

The ignoble cares connected with the want of money are among the most destructive of true life among us at the present time. It is very easy to talk like great philosophers about being content with such things as you have; but it is not so easy to be content. For instance, to be content when you see your children grow weak and sickly for want of change of air and natural exercise, which you can't give them for want of money. In a thousand smaller matters it is not easy for even very rational and uncovetous people to be content with what they have. Suppose you have but sixpence, and a friend wants to borrow a pound of you to pay for a train immediately to go and see his dying father; suppose you yourself are invited to meet some old school-fellow now become a great celebrity, and feel yourself bound in conscience to refuse, because you can't afford the journey or the time, which is money also; suppose you are walking in London with a lady, and it begins to rain;—she proposes that you should call a cab, and you are *sans sous*: a great philosopher might be content to tell her so; but an English gentleman would find it difficult to do it.

People of the Poor-Richard school, who preach to you about the happiness of spending only nineteen shillings and elevenpence out of every sovereign you possess, and the misery of spending twenty shillings and a penny, are in the right to a certain extent:

"Such dire results from trivial causes spring."

But to such persons it would be useless to talk about the impossibility of practising their doctrine in any given case. In a question of expenditure they see nothing but financial facts, moral right or wrong; moral comparisons of better or worse they do not entertain. Your income is so much; the whole is consumed by the yearly necessities of your family. Your wife is pining away; she should have good medical attendance, and other costly aids to restoration. "She must go without it," says your rigid economist; "for you must not run into debt." "But she will die if I do not." "O, but you will have lived within your income." "I would rather run into debt, and take my chance of getting out again," says the husband. Blame him who will. Some of us would be very sorry to cast a stone at him; some of us, too, who hate debt cordially as the fruitful parent of ignoble cares.

"Out of debt out of danger," is an excellent prudential maxim; but let prudent people remember, that prudence is not the highest virtue, and that the post of danger is sometimes the post of duty and honour. Let not every one who is able to live within his income hug himself in the notion that he is a wiser and a better man than every one who has tried to do so and failed.

But, ah, my dear friends, not of the Poor-Richard school, I shall sing in another key to you. Beware of debt. It is the most insidious fiend that roams the earth seeking the ruin of souls. Suffer hunger, mortification of vanity, nay, of affection; labour hard—yea, over much—but keep clear of debt. Once in the clutches of that first-born of Mammon, and you begin to lose your freedom of soul. The small sums that you can't pay pursue you (if you have a delicate sense of honour) like gadflies. You may be light of heart in poverty, but not in debt. Small worries accumulate like curses upon the household that can't pay all liabilities. Sensitive, noble-minded people are reduced to sordid thoughtfulness. Base cares drive away fine fancies; and small anxieties oppress their spirits, so that things lovely and of good report touch them not with joy.

To the man of letters, to the artist, ignoble cares of this sort are supposed to come as a sort of birth-wrong. And a most cruel wrong they are to him, as the lives of great men in literature and art abundantly show. Prosperous "ledger-men" are scandalised at the extravagance of authors and artists. They do not know that it is a very extravagant thing to be poor; that want forces honest people to go into

debt, which is only less extravagant than dying, when the creature who would die is an uncommonly valuable human being. It is sad to think of the many fine intellects and brave hearts that have been worsted in the battle with ignoble cares of *this* sort.

Even among ordinary men and women, as I said before, how much of their sorrow in life is caused by what are called trifles—cares for things ignoble, yet inevitable! How a man despises himself, too, for being worried by trifles! How angry he gets with his wife for being worried too! Is it possible he can't resume his study, or his letter to a friend, because of the tax-gatherer's knock, or the tailor's request for 20*l.*, which he has not in the house?

Getting a living is sometimes nothing but a succession of ignoble cares, destructive to life in the true meaning of that glorious word. For there is a great difference between *living* and getting a living; as great a difference as there is between getting a living and not being able to get it, between being content with the meat that perisheth and not being content.

There are other ignoble cares which spring from money. There is the stupid and vain care to hide that you can't afford to spend money as your richer acquaintances do; and the stupider care to spend in ostentation what is pinched out of healthful comforts. We know ladies who will keep a man in livery, while the household shivers over scanty fires, and grows thin on *soupe maigre* and rice.

It is almost as ignoble to care about having things because others have them, as it is to seem to have them, on that account. If people were but impressed with this truth, many fictitious wants and ignoble cares would be cleared away from the lives of sensible and earnest men and women, who would then lead their own lives, careless of the remarks of their neighbours concerning such "strange disregard of appearances," such "very odd ways," &c.

I also reckon among ignoble cares the heaping up riches in order to found a family, as it is called; and the living, not *to be*, but *to be rich*.

There is also a very ignoble care about the salvation of one's own soul, which is quite different from the noble care for the same object.

The best cure for ignoble cares is to rouse a care for noble and excellent things in the mind; and to be on one's guard against those self-indulgences and careless habits which put us in the power of small circumstances. Let no one desire a life free from care or responsibility. That is not true human life; that is the life of a slave. We cannot all

"Scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

because most of us lack the power as well as will to do so. Very few men in a generation are born to care for the race, for a nation, or for a new truth; those few are free from the tyranny of ignoble cares. They may fail, they may be disgraced in the eyes of men, they may be poor, reduced to beggary, they may even die of starvation; but they will be always free from ignoble care, because free from the selfish weakness which is the essence of ignobility, as loving strength is of magnanimity. Belisarius, blind and begging his bread, was still the noblest Roman of his day.

Women are supposed by better men than Iago to be by nature condemned to ignoble cares, which may be briefly summed up in the well-known words:

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But how if instead of fools they suckle wise men? Socrates and Pythagoras, Solomon and Confucius, had nursing mothers once; and theirs, I take it, was no ignoble care. As to the chronicling of beer, if they brewed College ale and Dublin stout, would men deem that an ignoble care? Do they not even take it upon themselves to chronicle much small beer of their own brewing?

The uncertainty of men's minds, and the vanity of human wishes, are forcibly set before me in the above remarks. When I began to write about ignoble cares, the subject

seemed full of matter for light jesting, and rich in absurd incongruity; but a little more reflection made me see it in its true light. The lets and hindrances, the petty annoyances, and the sordid anxieties of this wonderful human life, are not fit themes for fun, unless looked at only on the surface. I could not look only on the surface, because I have too often been obliged to work, and to see others work, below it, among these same ignoble cares, from which may your life be as free as is good for you, O gentle reader. And so farewell. Another time you and I may be more inclined to laugh at this matter than we are to-day.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

GIVE A DOG AN ILL NAME, AND HANG HIM.—“I’ll not beat thee nor abuse thee,” said the quaker to his dog; “but I’ll give thee an ill name. Hallo! mad dog!” “He that hath an ill name is half hanged,” says another English proverb; and a French one declares with a still bolder figure, that “Report hangs a man,”—*Le bruit pend l’homme*. The Spaniards say, “He that wants to kill his dog has but to impute madness to him,”—*Quien á su quiere matar, rabiale ha de levantar*.
W. K. KELLY.



WORKHOUSE VISITING.

SEEING a paper in your very agreeable NATIONAL MAGAZINE (which I have taken from the beginning), on workhouse visiting, I thought you might like in the Home column to insert my own remembrances of such visitings. They may make some of our young friends anxious, like Una of old, to make “sunshine in a shady place,” and take a few happy moments with them to the poor secluded ones there. I have been myself a constant visitor for six years past, and never am so affectionately welcomed as by my poor friends in the hospital-wards of our large union.

When I first went there it was dull vacuity: nothing to do all day long among the invalids and “poorly folk.” To see from their window the parish-hearse preparing for a funeral journey, was their only living change, and would furnish conversation for days. This shocked me. I proposed to them to make me some patchwork; they jumped at the idea. I bought about ten shillings’ worth at our draper’s—all kinds of old-fashioned and modern patterns; drove up soon again, and laid the treasures on the bed of one hopelessly crippled. Never did I see greater delight. “There now! wouldn’t I like a dress of that.” “La! if I hadn’t a apron of that pattern.” “Bless my heart! it do do one’s eyes good to see such pretty things once more.” The next time I went up, half-a-dozen were on their knees arranging the colours and patterns. “Bless’ee, ma’am, we’ve a-been happier over this ’ere work than ever we were afore.” And so it was. Even the mistress entered into it; helped them out with scraps of her own; and “sunshine” came into the dark dull ward. I have now by me, on my servants’ beds, two of these delicately-arranged counterpanes—really beautiful in their design and execution. The joy of showing me how they had got on, the anxiety to get a light bit to finish some effect, the sense of rising in the morning with something to do, was inspiring to them. I used to go, take my chair in the midst of them, read them *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, or books of some interesting kind, for an hour. Then all work put away, they would listen to me like little children while I read them a few earnest words from God’s book, followed by a five-minute prayer—such as one would utter

to one’s darlings circled for the purpose round mamma’s knee. Many a sob have I heard as I have mentioned them individually—“poor old Bridget,” “the crippled Sarah,” &c. Then the hearty shake of the hand, the loving look, and the burst of, “Now do’ee come again soon,” sent me back to my happy home happier still from the sense of having been permitted to “soothe Creation’s groans.” I established a regular system of book-lending from one ward to another; using my own books—such as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim’s Progress*, *The Wide, Wide World*, &c. This was something to amuse the weary day; and then to talk to me about it afterwards was the great charm.

I never shall forget singing to them on one occasion a simple hymn,—beginning, I think, “There is a happy land.” A poor idiot-girl who always came,—but, as I thought, mindlessly,—burst into tears, and exclaimed: “My mother, my mother; O, come to poor Mary!” They want humanising; they need the gentle influence of a lady’s visiting. They like to see a well-dressed lady come among them. They dreamt of me, of my house, &c., envying the servants who lived with me; brought me their little quarrels when I came, for “our good lady to set them right.” I found them living an aimless existence, and provided them with interests, simple and utterly inexpensive; and, could any of your young readers have looked in yesterday on my sweet young daughter and myself going among them, they would have felt with Trench—

“A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
Which, being full of duties, is for this
Of gladness full,—and full of lofty hopes.”

My child picked out of the hedge, going up, a few green leaves, and placed them in the cripple’s hands; and how her face brightened as she said, “It do seem so good to see a bit o’ green!” Should you wish to hear more, I could tell you more—much more. Enough, if I can rouse one earnest-hearted woman to mitigate such dull woe as is found in workhouse-wards.—I remain, &c.,
AN ENGLISH LADY.

GROUND AND ENAMELLED GLASS.

[THE writer of the following paper objects to the process previously described by “Alpha,” and speaks, he says, from a practical experience in the calling of twenty to thirty years. We give his own plan.]

To imitate this, white-lead of itself is too chalky and painted-like. Take a little patent dryer, with the least particle of white-lead to give it body; tint to a light-gray with black; thin with one-third raw linseed-oil, and two-thirds turpentine, to the consistency of milk; and, after cleaning the glass well, proceed to lay on the colour with a short-hair brush in the ordinary way of painting, but with as little colour as it is possible to cover the pane. Cross it and recross it till it be regular all over; then take a piece of old silk, fold it neatly up without wrinkles, dab it gently and regularly over the pane; this done, let the paint dry. Prepare pounce (which is the design drawn out, and pricked with a fine needle, on paper, to size of pane), and pounce-bag, which is finely-powdered charcoal tied up in a piece of flannel. Lay your design on pane; dab it over with pounce-bag, which you may do with freedom (the paint being dry will resist the pressure, and no injury be done to the paint); after which trace the mark left by the pounce lightly with a black-lead pencil; dust off the loose charcoal, and you have the design neatly sketched before you. Or you may obviate the necessity of pouncing altogether by drawing your design on paper with ink, and placing it outside the pane to be ornamented, and follow the drawing inside with pencil. Then take your pieces of hardwood-sticks, sharpened to the necessary thickness; breathe gently on the part you intend commencing at, and repeat as you proceed. This softens the paint, and allows the lines to be sharp and clean, which is the principal beauty in enamelling.

Thus you may execute any design, however elabo-

rate, at your pleasure and convenience; whereas, by Alpha's method—drawing the points on the wet paint—you raise the paint on each side of the lines, which conveys the foul proof that it is painted. And, according to his manner of mixing up his colour, you must finish your ornament before leaving, otherwise it will dry, and of course the labour will be lost. In conclusion, after having finished the ornamental work on the panes, take crystal or mastic varnish, with which coat the panes. This will prevent the paint being rubbed off by accident or otherwise; and it may be washed carefully with soap and water.—I am, &c. OMEGA.



deed, in all except the delicate blue of the upper surface of the wings, —which were of a deep rich brown (figure 3). From this circumstance I had imagined it a distinct species, which was excusable enough in a mere tyro; but I soon ascertained that it was the female of the *Polyommatus Alexis*, just described. The colours of many of our native butterflies differ similarly in the opposite sexes, as the "Purple Emperor" and the "large copper," but in no other genus have I yet met with the peculiarity about to be described.

BRITISH INSECTS AND THEIR METAMORPHOSES.

II.—THE COMMON BLUE BUTTERFLY (*Polyommatus Alexis*).

BY HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "INSECT CHANGES," "BRITISH BUTTERFLIES, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," ETC.

THIS beautiful little insect must oftentimes have been observed, towards the beginning of May, by lovers of nature, flitting gaily among the wild flowers of our heaths, or over the turf margins of our sunny lanes. The genus to which it belongs has received its distinctive name, *Polyommatus*, from the number of delicate ocelli, or eye-like marks, with which its wings are variegated on the under side.

At a first glance, this exquisitely-tinted insect would seem but a pretty azure-winged fly, not calling for further notice. It will, however, repay a much closer examination. The wings, like those of nearly all other butterflies, have the colouring of their under side differing entirely from that of the upper. In the present instance, the two surfaces are as strikingly diverse as the obverse and reverse of a medal, and each as perfect in its individuality of design. On the "obverse," or upper side, the delicate nacreous blue, fitfully changing to pinkish tones of lilac, is bordered on the external margin by a close silken fringe of delicate straw-colour. Within the fringe runs a bright slender streak of brilliant black; and down the front of the anterior wings is a line of purest white. The under side of all four wings have for their ground-colour a delicate dove-like ash tone, upon which are dotted the numerous eye-like spots, their pupils black as jet, within an iris of bright cream-colour. Towards the edge, just within the fringe, is a border, formed by a row of black dots upon a rich orange ground. The body, on the upper side, and the parts of the wings adjoining, are clothed with fine silken hair of paler blue; and the horns, or antennæ, are decorated with alternate rings of black and white (figs. 1, 2).

Such are the beauties which a careful observer may detect in a little insect often passed by without examination. It has also other peculiarities well worth the finding out. In my own collection I had a number of specimens agreeing in size with the insect just described, and with many of its markings,—in

On one of my collecting excursions, I captured a specimen having on one side the azure-wings of the male, and on the other the more sober brown of the female (fig. 4). This hermaphrodite example forms one of the choice treasures of my collection. Other amateur lepidopterists may hope to be equally fortunate; for that variety is not excessively rare, as the Museum collection possesses three or four specimens of the same kind.

The metamorphosis of this elegant insect, from its larva to its perfect state, is rendered perhaps more striking than that of any of the family, from the ungraceful form of the caterpillar, which certainly does not in the least foreshadow any of the beauties of its finally perfected state. It is of the class of lepidoterous larvæ termed *onisciform*, or woodlouse-shaped, as shown in the figure (No. 5). Its colour is bright-green, with a dark streak down the back, near to which, on either side, is a line of yellow varied with black specks; and there is another band of paler yellow just above the legs. It feeds in preference upon several species of medicago or upon the cultivated lucerne represented in the illustration, the curiously-twisted seed-vessels of which are a characteristic of the genus. The chrysalis is represented in the example (No. 6). It is of a pale flesh-colour, and is found attached to a blade of grass, or sprig of lucerne or bird's-foot trefoil. The first brood appears at the end of April or beginning of May; the second in August.

The warmth of the midday sun appears to be very grateful to this gay little insect; when he assumes all his flitting activity, seeming more intent upon the exercise of his azure wings than even on his repast among the tiny nectaries of the wild-thyme or other heath-flowers. He becomes, indeed, quite pugnacious in his agile and dexterous flight, frequently attacking and driving from his "beat" the bright little butterfly known as the "meadow copper," whose ruddy orange tones contrast strikingly with the blue wing-banners of his rival during the contest; and who is always subdued and driven off by his more persevering adversary. I have sometimes seen the little blue warrior attack the comparatively monstrous *Atalanta*, described in my former article; and he is generally successful even in this unequal combat, *Atalanta* retiring majestically before the reiterated assaults of his puny antagonist, just as I have sometimes seen a giant Newfoundland dog, from the yelping of some combative little terrier, make a dignified retreat.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. V.

BY DURET.

THE NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE.

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THE NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE.

BY DURET.

THE extraordinary interest and patience with which the Lazzaroni and Matelots of Naples listen to the interminable tales of the Improvisatore are well known to visitors, and have more than once been described by travellers in the south of Italy. On the Molo, and in all the maritime quarters of the city, large groups of men may be seen listening to these recitations, and manifesting the keenness with which they enter into the good or ill fortune of the heroes by yells of approbation or anger at the conduct of various characters who appear in the progress of the manifold and particoloured story. In these tales, magicians and enchantresses figure greatly; very often a damsel oppressed and a brave knight are the subjects; and it is said, that they are prolonged night after night, to the same audiences, until the Improvisatore has utterly exhausted the stores of his invention,—a matter requiring time. Astolpho, Rinaldo, and Armida, our King Richard, and even Arthur, figure with Charlemagne and Charles of Anjou in a manner not a little interesting to the mass of hearers, and bewildering to the better informed ones who pin their faith upon chronology.

These histories are almost invariably cast into a rough metrical form; for which the Neapolitan dialect, with its numerous elisions, is so well adapted. The manner of addressing the listeners is generally in a kind of recitative or occasional chant, accompanied upon such a lute as the statue bears in his hand. The attitude and expression of the figure show that he has come to a comic portion of his tale, which he dilates upon with great animation, marking a point of interest with upraised finger. The sculptor has skilfully expressed the action of a man drawing in his breath by the contraction of the respiratory muscles which is shown in the statue. The ease and wild grace of its attitude evince that he was thoroughly master of the subject, and well acquainted with the class from which he took his model; nothing shows this more clearly than the air of habit with which the arm sustains the lute.

As a work of art, this statue is a good example of the sculptures of the modern-romance school, which in one sense may be said to be based upon the later antique satyric statues; at the same time it is scarcely necessary to remark that, however equal to these latter such works may be in spirit of design, and superior to them in individuality of character, sculptures like that before us are greatly behind them in scientific and artistic execution.

There is a cast of this statue at the Crystal Palace.

L. L.

THAMES ROWING.—MY LAST "PULL."

"SHALL I take her out of the water, sir?" said he to me, as we were both standing by the banks of the river. This did not refer, good reader, to any defunct female, love-slain or otherwise; but was simply an inquiry from my boat-master as to whether I intended to row any more this season. A reply in the affirmative would decide him to place the boat under cover for the winter. But I bade him delay this a few hours; for the warm still afternoon and the sight of my favourite outrigger were sufficient inducements to take a last "pull," and once more revisit the old localities of my summer pleasure. Bidding him get her ready, and changing my dress, I was soon afloat; then, speeding along, stroke after stroke, upon a good tide, went quickly some miles away. But what a day it was! the sombre afternoon seemed grieving for the past year; and the sun, like a man declining fast, strove to break through the wanish misty clouds, struggling against the languors of approaching death,—*"Surely I shall not die!"*—and fitfully shone, but with a weak and mournful radiance, that rendered more sad the gray distance, the sere leaf-dropping trees, and the full

stream autumn-swollen, which seemed to murmur a low dirge, and complain that it glittered in his brightness no more. That long cloud above,—dappled with pale purples, and touching the zenith and the horizon,—would, if this were summer, glow like the hollow of an angel's wing;—now, how mournful it looks!

I speed along, now linger, and now stop, and endeavour to recal to memory the many scenes I have witnessed here, and the associations the river has for me. There under the trees is a nook where one can lie unseen, boat and all, screened from the summer's heat, and watch the passers-by, letting the smoke of a pipe rise slowly away into the branches above. This is the battle-ground of the regatta, where the oarsmen stretch as for life and honour to the boat anchored for a goal above. Many a stoutly-contested race have I seen here. From the high bank there among the osiers the quick kingfishers flit in and out like flashes of fire; but that is when the sun glares upon the water and the shore, and the days are twice the length they are now. At present, the very swallows are mostly gone; what few do remain hover upon the face of the water, and wheel with a sharp twitter after their prey. In another week there will not be one of them left. I fancy these are not the local inhabitants, but merely a few feeding upon their long journey from north of this, and bent upon "flying south." Do they bear the message of Tennyson's lorn lover?

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her,—tell her what I tell to thee."

If this be their charge, he has chosen most dilatory messengers; for they circle over and round one another in a manner very unsatisfactory to a lover's impatience. The first rain will start them again, however, by destroying their insect-food; and the only strange bird these waters shall see for many months is the long-winged sea-gull, which, if the winter be sharp, comes up from the coast for shelter and garbage.

The water is oily-smooth, and charged with earth to excess from the up-country floods; and myriads of leaves slowly float along, their number added to every second by the fresh fall from the trees, whence they drop without the slightest breath of their ancient playmate, the wind, and, feathering down, reach the water, dip, and are carried silently away.

Not a boat to be seen, and scarcely a sound heard, though there are houses here and there upon the banks,—most melancholy tenements, with the green damp-stains streaming down their fronts, like a girl's hair when lank and out of curl. Think of living in such places through the winter; walking on your lawn in goloshes; the young ladies practising the use of stilts to reach the conservatories; no one looking out of the windows on to the river without such a shudder as one feels in the neighbourhood of a dead body. The trees here look stark and thin, their boughs rigid and straight, standing out from one another as though each felt the discomfort and dampness of its neighbour. The same might be said of the houses: there is one heavy-ported place, just passed, which, from the black shadow beneath its pedimental brows, seems to scowl on every thing around, for all the world as if it had its feet in the mud and could not get away. The ghastly white front of this mansion looks superciliously upon each neighbour, defiantly pale, when one might imagine that common fellow-feeling would lead to a little sympathy for that cottage *ornée*, with the glittering laurels and dark arbutus, which seems fairly about to slip off the bank into the river, like a man going to swim with his clothes on.

Now a sound of oars and loud voices confusedly talking, and from round a point appears a boat, the first I have seen. It has a cargo of Westminster scholars, theircoxswain standing up to steer, as usual, and the whole affair proceeding with that reckless audacity which causes wonder that they ever return to their suppers and early beds. They row well, however, and with their usual good fortune

may escape the eels to-night. Here, as if for contrast, comes a specimen of that *lucus a non lucendo* called a lighter, carrying thirty tons of coal, and managed by a stoutish individual, dressed in a complete suit of black cloth and a round hat,—an odd dress to tug at the great sweeps of the craft in; yet he hauls away lustily, looking in figure like a corpulent rural dean, but is simply a small coal-merchant, whose workmen have got drunk, and, like a true man, now puts his own hand to the oar in their default. He inquires about the tide,—when it will be high-water,—and acknowledges the information given with a grunt and a vigorous tug at his work.

Talking of incongruities of costume, was it ever noticed that your masters and captains of little river-steamers affect an almost Quakerish demureness of dress? You will see a man who is exposed to all sorts of weather the entire year through arrayed in a black dress-coat (of the description popularly called a "tail-coat"), black trousers, and a single-breasted waistcoat of black cloth; which latter on grand occasions—say Sundays—is exchanged for one of gorgeous black satin, with glass-buttons; while he surmounts the whole with a hard-looking round hat. The commanders of colliers and other coasting-craft are to a man got up in *this style* on Sundays; and the result is almost as worthy of a smile as the outrageously vivid garments of scarlet, orange, or purple, in which a certain class of amateur rowing-men induce themselves, in preference to simple and cleanly white, which is so suitable a dress for a man taking violent exercise in hot weather, on account of its property of radiating heat. Do not let these things be contemned as trifles; for they show an equal amount of affectation on both sides, and are loopholes through which we may view human character. What can be more absurd than for a man who is obnoxious to all weather-damage to dress himself in strict imitation of what is in itself another absurdity,—that is to say, the costume of a London mechanic or handicraftsman in his "best clothes," as he calls them, which is precisely what we have described as worn by the masters of coasting-vessels? Most men of the class referred to,—in London at least,—rejoice to render themselves uncomfortable in such a costume as this; and why? The truth is, that they fancy it is the ordinary dress of a gentleman, of a class higher in the social scale than themselves. The root of this feeling seems to lie deep, and not to be without a significance, which is to be regretted. The masquerader,—for he is little else,—wishes to appear to be what he is not; renders himself wretched for a time to accomplish this effect; longing to be mistaken for one who does nothing for his bread,—an idler, in fact. He does not see that his own honour lies in being an excellent carpenter or builder; that his pride should lie in this, not elsewhere. If we are to augur from this that he hates and is ashamed of his position in society, how significant of what Carlyle calls this "Age of shams" this manifestation of feeling is!

Now in the country an agricultural labourer does nothing of this kind; when "dressed," he delights to put his head into an imitation beaver-hat, with long nap, wind-shaken like bear's fur; he greases his boots, dons a clean shirt and smock-frock (which latter has often really beautiful embroidery upon it), and the whole dress differs little from that which he finds most convenient for his labour. You see he is a labourer, and he does not pretend to be any thing else. Standing upright, he is not ashamed of himself or his trade. But the black coat of our coal-merchant has led us far, and the tide carried him quite out of sight.

It is nearly high-water now, so let me scull onwards; for there are two or three miles yet to row before getting out to rest.

Men who profess the *nil admirari*, and who state themselves *blasé* of beauty, ever affecting to shun a new sensation, should, if the profundity of their self-contemplation so permits, try to see the river under a new phase when it has few visitors. Let them start just before midnight, and row into that part of the stream where there are no houses,

and not even a sound can at that hour be heard. Rowing in the profound darkness of night is really a novel thing. All around is intense still blackness; the water welters along, just lapping against the side of your boat; while the sky, if the night be without stars or moon, is solid and opaque like a cavern-roof, such a one as we may fancy Peter Wilkins passed through into his land of misty twilight. The echo of your rowing will come backward from the bank, and greatly assist fancy in this idea. Every moment one expects the darkness of the cavern to dissipate in grayness on either hand, and the sleepy trees and level waters of that strange southern land to group themselves around you, all as silent and dreamy as this dark river now appears;—awful and full of profound melancholy is the water at that time. But wait for dawn, if you seek the fullness of a new sensation. Gradually the palpable darkness has grown gray, and you see the night-clouds parting from the deep firmament, which is lighter than they are. As the light increases, this grayness has grown silvery, and of a thousand opalescent hues, which charge with pearl-colour and metallic brilliancy every cloud-edge. Silver, seventy times refined into the radiance of pure light, has possession of all the sky; while here and there, upon the peaks which surmount the cloud-heaps and rise into the ether, a faint stain of rosy-tint has just begun to strike. For no longer a time than the falling of an eyelid (as the glory overhead remains not longer the same) look into the river which glances like a mirror of ivory, and of inky blackness,—of profound blackness; solid as ebony are the reflections of the trees upon the shore, while interspaces of whiteness come from the sky as it fills with light. Look up again, and see how the clouds have grown purplish, but changing—rosier and rosier—with every breath you draw; and that heap of clouds which has stood like a habitation of giants all night long upon the horizon, has a single streak of dull fire upon its line of summits that lingers until lost in the red light which streams through each rift, till every part from the east to the zenith seems bursting into flame. The trees, which a few minutes ago were sound asleep, now stir and shake themselves without a wind; every bough seeming to quiver with self-contained life, so that you might conceive this alone to be the cause of the moving air which comes from the west, and is like the last breath which a sleeper draws upon awakening. But let us have done with the dreamy darkness of night and the brightness of the summer morning, and make the most of the daylight which this sullen November permits. Here is Kew Bridge, where we will rest until the tide turns.

Half-an-hour has elapsed, and the water-flags, which just before bent to the west, are now inclined to the east, and the ebb-tide has begun to run. Like most things in this world (if you only know how to manage them), the tide may be made serviceable in all its humours of ebb and flow; at any rate it will serve my purpose in returning to Chelsea as well as it did in coming to Kew. Now that I am afloat again, and got into the easy mechanical sweep of the sculls,—their strokes as regular as the beat of an engine,—mile after mile is traversed with ease, and I am rapidly nearing home,—past Strand-on-the-Green, Barnes, Mortlake, Chiswick, and Hammersmith, until the widening river opens out into as fair a view as one can wish to see without going far from London.

This broad sweep of the river is Putney Reach, much used for regattas, and known to boating-men as the scene of some chivalrous actions, wherein the English character has come out bravely. It was here that a well-known rowing-club were present at a match with an eight-oared boat. The boat was accidentally swamped by the swell of a passing steamer, and was sinking with her crew of nine men. In the imminence of the danger, the steersman, a servant of the club, cried to the man sitting next to him, "Give me your oar, give me your oar, sir; I can't swim." The other, with a generosity worthy of the nation whose soldiers mustered at beat of drum on the deck of the sinking Birkenhead, replied, "Nor can I swim, P—; but here it is;" thus giving away his

best chance of life. They were all saved ultimately. It was in this reach that the writer saw, at another match, one of the crew of a boat engaged in the race throw himself into the water, because he had accidentally broken his oar, doing this in order that his comrades might not have to carry his dead-weight when he could not do a share of the work. It was here also that I, rowing down at night, heard cries for help suddenly rise from the water, and even the struggles of a man in his death agony, so close at hand was it; yet I could not by any effort, because of the darkness, discover the whereabouts of the drowning man, or by any inquiry afterwards learn who he was. The horror of those cries hung about my mind for a long time; they seemed to answer my eager shouts, and even to call me by name reproachfully, grow smothered and fitful, and with an indistinct bubbling sound were merged in the murmuring sweep of the dark relentless river. He might have been within two-oars length of me,—could not have been far; but although I leaned over at my own peril nearly to the level of the water, and looked in the direction of the cries, yet the eye could perceive nothing but the trembling black shadow of the trees, and the dark overhanging bank.

These are black and ugly thoughts, and their impressiveness is not a little enhanced by passing a spot somewhat further down, which always reminds the writer that he himself is indebted to the Leander Club for the preservation of his life, which his own heedlessness had endangered. Passing the dreary swamp of Wandsworth, and Battersea village and church and bridge, I reach Chelsea and see the Cadogan Pier, and a light (for it is quite dark now) just behind it, low down near the water, which I know is a signal to me; a few strokes, and I am alongside the landing-place. One stoops to grasp the outrigger of the boat, and a voice says, "You are the last out, sir." It may be so; I know I have taken "my last pull."

F. G. S.

AMYLENE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM.

CONSERVATISM is one of the leading characteristics of all learned bodies. Perhaps it is a necessary tenet, and a wholesome safeguard against rash or unripe innovations. And yet it is painful to see great discoveries doggedly and perversely ignored by the very men who should hail their advent with enthusiasm, until they are forced upon them by the general acclamation of public opinion.

It was thus that the possibility of preventing pain during surgical operations, by the inhalation of certain vapours, was long treated with utter neglect by the medical profession.

The ancients may have known and used several anæsthetics; but Sir Humphrey Davy was the first in modern times to suggest the possibility of suspending the sense of pain in certain cases incidental to medical practice. During the course of his experiments on nitrous-oxide gas, he discovered, incidentally, that a severe pain in the gums, arising from inflammation, was relieved by breathing it; and he then published, fifty-seven years ago, the following passage upon the subject: "As nitrous oxide, in its extensive operation, seems capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations," &c. The publication of this remarkable sentence, the first utterance of a wonderful discovery, made no impression upon the steady march of routine; and for forty years it was continually read at public lectures with no better success.

At last a grain of the good seed fell upon fertile ground, and flourished; but that ground was not British ground. The late Mr. Horace Wells, a dentist, of Hartford, in the United States of America, hearing those remarkable words, in a lecture delivered by a Mr. Colston, immediately acted upon the suggestion; and, with the assistance of the lecturer, succeeded in extracting several teeth without pain. He was, however, so much disappointed by a subsequent failure at Boston, that, deeming the effect of the nitrous oxide uncertain, he appears to have abandoned it. His first success

had, however, stimulated his partner, Dr. Morton, to the search after other agents of a similar character; who succeeded at last in discovering that sulphuric ether produced similar effects with greater certainty, and greater completeness of coma, if required. It was in 1846 that Dr. Morton established the powers of sulphuric ether by positive experiment in several important operations. Nevertheless, its use, in consequence of the prejudices of the profession, did not even then become general.

Chloric ether was tried in London, in the following year (1847), by Mr. Jacob Bell, with nearly equal success; and was occasionally used at St. Bartholomew's and the Middlesex Hospitals, and in the private practice of Mr. Lawrence; but it did not attract that immediate and general attention of the profession which might justly have been expected, not even among those of the highest attainments; while the routine practitioners, of which the great majority is always composed, of course ignored the matter altogether.

It was found, upon analysis, that the so-called chloric ether was a solution of chloroform in spirit; and it was from a Mr. Waldie, of Liverpool, that Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, who had long been in search of a safe anæsthetic agent, learnt this circumstance, and many particulars connected with its inhalation to destroy the sense of pain. That eminent physician succeeded in procuring pure chloroform in its undiluted state, and was the first to apply it with such success in midwifery cases as eventually led to its general use; but not without obstinate opposition from the public as well as the profession.

Pamphlets actually appeared stigmatising the use of any anæsthetic in midwifery cases as a direct violation of the decree of Providence,—“in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children;” and many were as much influenced by this unexpected view of the case as by the ordinary opposition of routine to innovation. Dr. Simpson was, however, not slow to reply, in a pamphlet, not only full of argument, as opposed to mere assertion, but in which he showed that he too could quote Scripture with as good effect as his adversaries.

To prove, he said, that neither man nor woman were destined to unnecessary pain, he asserted that the very first “surgical operation on record” was performed by the Divine hand under the influence of an anæsthetic agent, as proved by the passage in which it is described in the following words: “The Lord caused a DEEP SLEEP to fall upon Adam, . . . and took out the ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.” This silenced the open opposition of the most fanatical scoffers, though an under-current of prejudice still lingered in the public mind, and impeded the progress of that great discovery, so welcome to all who are unfortunately destined to suffer natural pain, or undergo the agony of complicated surgical operations.

Opposition, however, gradually died away, and the use of chloroform became very general, and at last nearly universal, in hospital-practice; notwithstanding some unfortunate cases (altogether insignificant in number) in which, from unskilful administration or other causes, it had proved injurious, or fatal. There were also the minor objections, that it occasionally caused severe sickness and other unpleasant symptoms; and many members of the profession began to look for the discovery of a similar agent which should be free from these defects. Dr. Snow was fortunate in being the first to try the vapour of Amylene, which bids fair to supersede, not only chloroform, but even the less dangerous, or rather, more manageable, sulphuric ether.

The substance Amylene is said to have been discovered some fifteen years ago by M. Cahotirs, though first described, in 1844, by M. Balard, professor of chemistry to the Faculty of Sciences of Paris. It is composed of ten atoms of carbon and ten of hydrogen, and bears the same relation to fused oil or amylic alcohol that elefant gas or ethylene bear to common alcohol.

Of the advantages and disadvantages of the new anæsthetic agent, Dr. Snow, after trying it in twenty-one cases, makes the following summary in his paper, read on the

10th of January last, and subsequently published in the *Medical Times*:

"In the first place, it has less disagreeable purgency than chloroform; so that, while a patient often complains of a choking sensation during the first inhalation of chloroform,—by which some minutes are occasionally lost,—the Amylene can be inhaled at the full strength within half-a-minute from commencing; and the operation may generally be begun within three minutes. In the amount required to produce insensibility, it is intermediate between chloroform and sulphuric ether."

Amylene has the further advantage of preventing pain with a less profound stupor than that occasioned by either of the other agents; which has been probably the cause of the unfortunate effects resulting from their use in some few cases. In the ready waking and recovery of the patient, Amylene has also the advantage over chloroform, and a still greater over ether. The most important advantage of all is, however, the nearly constant absence of sickness, and also of the struggling and rigidity which sometimes accompanies the administration of chloroform. Dr. Snow considered, at the time of writing the paper just alluded to, that the results were so satisfactory as to encourage its further trial. He has since tried it in forty-eight additional cases, making sixty-nine in all; and his general confidence has greatly increased, though slight sickness has occurred in one or two of the forty-eight new cases, while in every other respect it has been entirely successful.

Dr. Snow intends to make known the results of his further experience; and in the mean time the profession will be enabled to watch the interesting series of operations by Messrs. Fergusson and Bowman which he is superintending, under the influence of Amylene, at King's College Hospital.

H. N. H.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS, PORTLAND GALLERY, REGENT STREET.

THE Exhibitions of the National Institution differ widely from those of the other London art-societies, as being the only ones where the pictures are not entirely selected by a committee of the proprietors of the gallery. Although a right of rejection is here reserved, it is rarely exercised, and the exhibitor occupies his space upon the walls as a matter of course, upon the payment of a certain sum. For ten years this society has struggled on with more or less success; and we think never until now has it shown that its peculiar principle could bring together a majority of paintings whose merits should be even mediocre in quality. It is, therefore, with satisfaction that we congratulate the society upon the number of excellent works here placed for exhibition, and we trust that every year may add to the proportion which the good examples bear to the bad, or to the indifferent.

The frequenters of art-exhibitions will joyfully notice that there are but three portraits, two of which are excellent and solid specimens of that much abused branch of art. No. 285, "G. A. Beckett, Esq.," by C. Couzens, and the large whole-length of a lady, in the third room (without number or name in the catalogue, but evidently by this painter), possess qualities which are sadly wanting in ordinary portraiture. Here are few figure subjects, and still fewer which do not merit a hearty condemnation. Mr. J. Collinson once distinguished himself for the great care and modesty evinced in his works. Those who remember his "Charity Boy's Début," some years ago, and "The Writing Lesson," both at the Royal Academy, will feel as much surprise as regret that in his pictures this year ("The Mineral Spring" at the British Institution, and "Our Topsey" here) should show such false feeling, weakness, and insincerity. What "Our Topsey's" qualifications for the character are, beyond an enormous and distended pair of eyes, are points which the artist has not expressed. This is a kind of art which we hoped would ever be confined to the frontispieces of music-sheets, certainly never be found in a place of honour at a public exhibition.

Mr. F. Cowie's "Bolingbroke's Entry into London," No. 31, is so egregious an imitation of Mr. Hook's system of painting (without its beauties), that we cannot forbear pointing the picture out; the disproportion of the parts of figures and that which they bear to each other is most palpable. "Christopher Sly," No. 299, by H. Stacy Marks, is a well-known subject admirably executed. Mr. Marks is evidently improving in power of colouring. The textures of the drunken tinker's dress are extremely well rendered, and show some careful painting. In No. 321, "Modern Minstrelsy," Mr. C. Rosseter represents two boys, one of whom is accompanying the other's performance on the banjo with a fantasia on the slate-castanets. This is a very clever little picture, exhibiting knowledge of boyish expression and character. We wish we could speak as highly of W. Maw Egley's "Taming of the Shrew," No. 307, whose whimpering Katherine would not require a Petruchio to tame her. This artist appears to mistake the real nature of the finish which he attempts to produce. Apparently his pictures are executed piecemeal, and with much transparent colour; the result is a look as of coloured ivory. Mr. Egley must remember that hardness is not finish: his picture is as hard as a billiard-ball.

Mr. F. Smallfield has a charming water-colour, No. 170, "The Divining Peel," a girl, who (according to the tradition), in paring an apple, inquires the initial of her lover's name from the convolutions which the rind assumes; she leans her head back, smiling yet dreading to look. In execution this drawing is almost equal to W. Hunt's;—we seldom see flesh, even in oil, so firmly and beautifully coloured, or so soundly drawn. The artist's other picture, No. 440, "Fight with the Frost," representing Luca della Robbia drawing by candle-light in the cold of a winter's night, does not tell its tale, and is by no means a true representation of the effect intended. Mr. D. Pasmore has some clever and effective little pictures which, although seldom rising beyond the rank of sketches, are brilliant and skilful. His "Interior, Accrington, Lancashire," No. 315, a large room in the disorder of use, with its inhabitants, is especially pleasant to look on. No. 388 also, "The Arrival of the Guests," showing an ancient hall, wherein some visitors are received with the most elaborate courtesy by their hosts, has the same qualities; the figures in both are full of spirit and grace. No. 361, "Janet," from Scott's *Kenilworth*, by J. Bowles, is a picture which, although badly placed, merits considerable praise, as it well represents the subject, and is modestly painted. No. 477, "Getting Wood for the Winter," J. B. Burgess, shows the yard of a house, where a man is cutting up timber, which some children drag away piecemeal. This picture has sound and good painting about it, being obviously done from nature; the artist showing himself a skilful manipulator, with considerable knowledge of colour.

We never saw in any exhibition so many noticeable paintings from flower and still-life subjects as in this. We may particularise Mr. Finlinson's three pictures,—No. 151, "Winter Fruit;" No. 260, "A Kingfisher;" and No. 155, "A Bachelor's Dessert." The latter shows some fruit lying on a carpeted table, with a well-coloured meerschaum and a tobacco-jar, and is really striking for solid painting, for colour, and for truth of imitation. Fruit is too often painted to look like wax, with glossy surface; but let the observer admire the way in which the apples in this picture are done, with all their *dry* rich look of nature. Mr. Burcham's two pictures, Nos. 162 and 177, are exquisite. Let us direct especial attention to the one he calls "Wild Roses and Nest."

We seldom see two pictures by the same artist whose merits differ so widely as Nos. 132 and 286, by R. S. Lauder, "Meg Merrilies and the dying Smuggler," and "The Death of Arthur Duke of Bretagne." The first is a subject which we believe the artist has painted before. With all its mannerism of colour and effect, it is a powerful and valuable work; but the latter is ill-drawn, coarsely coloured, and melodramatic in design.

The best feature of the exhibition is the number of good landscapes. First in merit is Mr. J. Peel's "Coast Scene, Isle of Arran," No. 128, exhibiting a rough part of the coast of the Scottish island, with a rain-cloud hovering over, and the sun behind casting great sharp shadows from every bush and rock and tree. A storm is working up and roughening the sea-surface, which is slaty in colour from the reflections of the great cloud which hangs above. There is a patch of corn-land half-reaped, and some stunted trees, which are scattered about, or gather themselves into little shaws. The freshness and hearty feeling for nature which the picture shows are delightful. It has the fault, however, of not being equally finished throughout; some weeds and shrubs in the foreground are exquisitely drawn and coloured, while the corn behind is not only careless in execution, but violent in colour; the tree-shadows also, although skilfully introduced, are much too sharply defined at their edges. When it is remarked that Mr. Peel exhibits no less than ten pictures here, and three others at the British Institution, it will need no comment to explain the causes of these faults. The naturalism of No. 128 stands in wholesome contrast from its neighbour, No. 141, "The Inn Valley at Kufsteine, Tyrol," by F. L. Bridell, with its hot shadows and gaudy colour, careless conventional sky, hazy mid-distance, and coarse feeling throughout. No. 133, "A Salmon Fishery," by R. S. Bond, is, in spite of its opacity, powerful and true.

In mentioning the pictures by J. S. Raven at the British Institution, we had occasion to remark the antithetical qualities they exhibited; his pictures here are noticeable in the same manner. No. 246, "The merry merry Month of May," shows a large expanse of open land, traversed by a road, and in the sky a long promontory of cloud running down to the horizon, casting its shadow through the whole country. We seldom see so profound a knowledge of cloud-structure as this artist shows; he seems to have made it his special study. The picture, however, greatly requires colour in the foreground; that fault, with the intense blue of the firmament, giving it somewhat of a raw appearance. No. 468, "The Mill-stream," and No. 520, "A Kentish Cottage-door," are noticeable examples; the latter a great advance in colour on the artist's other works this year. More than those of any other painter Mr. Raven's works remind us of Antony's earlier productions; but his pictures are deficient in variety and force, and he has a vast deal to learn in colour before he can even approach that master. "The Funeral of a Village Maiden," No. 358, is jointly by this artist and Mr. C. J. Lewis: here the faults of a hasty and careless style predominate. The latter's picture, No. 60, "Waiting for the Wedding Party," has a certain sketchy power and fearlessness about it which takes one's fancy. It has obviously been a study from the porch of a country-church; and the effect of the *locale* is clearly and beautifully given with pearly-gray purples and faint yellows. The figure of the girl, who stands within holding flowers to bestrew the path with, has been introduced in order to make a subject, which it does but indifferently; it is wretchedly drawn, is coarse, and vulgarly showy. The architectural part of the little picture is well executed. The artist's other pictures, No. 129, "A Cottage Interior," and No. 144, "The Sunset Hour," evince similar faults and merits.

Mr. J. W. Oakes exhibits three pictures,—No. 251, "A Breeze on the River;" No. 262, "A Salmon Trap, Evening;" and No. 304, "A Mountain Path."—The second is a worthy companion to his admirable painting in the British Institution ("Caerhün, Low-water"). In the present work we have a calm evening with all things at rest. The expanse of the river spreads out above the weir reflecting the sky, while the mists creep up, and lie like level clouds hovering above the hollows of the hills behind. Against the warmly-tinted atmosphere a rocky hill-top "stands up and takes" the sun. All Mr. Oakes's pictures are remarkable as showing his love of nature and his care in execution; but none more so, we think, than No. 251, where a mountain-stream

comes rushing over broken rocks, and the birches and willows on its banks are bending before a keen strong breeze. The mossy boulders are represented in the utmost fidelity, with all their weather-stains and lichens, and the brook foaming over them white and plummy. No. 304 is also very beautiful, and its minute vegetation given with great care.

Mr. G. Pettitt's picture, "A Mountain Mirror," No. 70, shows a tarn imbedded in mountains, whose utterly barren sides are perfectly reflected on its surface. This is an admirable landscape. The whole scene is overhung with slaty clouds, through which fitful streams of light strike the rough hill-sides, whose peaks repeat one another until lost in the distance, where we catch a glimpse of more level country. The detritus from the mountains, which centuries of storm have cast down, stands heaped against their sides and encroaching on the lake. A more desolate effect it would be difficult to find. Nos. 51, 99, 296, and 303, by F. W. Hulme, are examples of a kind of cultivated sketching much in vogue amongst minor English landscape-painters. Of this artist's four works, we prefer the first-named; but here the observer will notice how the trees are executed, by a series of dots, or rather touches, without the slightest reference to the variety of nature; this is very palpable where the tree-tops come against the sky. There is enough of an agreeable and pretty character in such works to render them popular; but we must ask if this is art, or if real affection for nature is thus shown. Mr. J. Dearle exhibits three paintings, Nos. 37, 256, and 414, of which the latter pleases us most, not only because it appears to be more carefully executed than his recent works, but as showing that he has found a new phase of nature to paint from. "A Sketch in Stoke Park, Guildford," by A. Fraser, No. 417, strikes us as possessing valuable qualities, the result of care and judgment.

"An Autumnal Afternoon," by J. Thorp, No. 28, shows a rich effect, with quiet water spread out in front, and warm reflections. This is well studied from nature, and, although rather sketchy and crude in colour, is promising. No. 84, "On the Rother, near Rye," also by this artist, shows his taste for the same peculiar aspect of nature. This picture represents the still embouchure of a river, with ships at anchor, the reflections from their masts and rigging shaken as the water creeps past with slight undulations. On the banks is a town with hills behind, and the calm reflection thereof in the water; through this a boat advances with measured oar-beat, whose spreading wake breaks up the surface into light. The great fault of this picture is the unnatural and sulphury colour of the sky.

We recommend to the visitor's notice, as thoughtful works in their various subjects, No. 94, "Interior of St. John's Hall, Norwich," by S. D. Swarbreck; "A View in Surrey," by G. Crockford, No. 152; and "An old Farm-house," by A. Fraser, No. 242. In concluding, we feel called upon to observe the manner in which the *catalogue* of the exhibition is prepared. It is the most complete specimen of careless and negligent compilation we ever met with.

L. L.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

WHEN King Cheops built the great pyramid of Ghizeh, and prepared its granite chamber for his imperial mummy's grim but aromatic rest, he supposed, perhaps, that an original thought had gone out of him, as new to earth as the shadow on the Egyptian sand which would move henceforward daily round his sepulchre. But nature had been beforehand with him. On the same spot, and far beyond it; over regions not so much as dreamt of by any soul in the whole line of Pharaohs; before King Cheops or any human king could

have lived a moment on the half-chaotic world, empires vaster than his own had risen and fallen, and not their monarchs only, but their entire races had been embalmed in elements beside which the spices of the East are powerless, and laid in pyramids whose mere foundations are greater than all the works of man.

Those pyramids are the mountains of the earth; those races were its first inhabitants. There they rest in the sleep of ages; in marble chambers, on sandstone beds, in coffins of slate and clay. There is little to be got out of the dry husk of an Egyptian king. A few drops for the well of truth; a few torn pages for the book of history; a few grave thoughts about the grandeur and the vanity of man; a standing exercise for the subtle powers of research, and a passing wonder, which is at times the seed of wisdom;—these things we may find in the painted coffins and the perfumed dust; and they are perhaps enough to countenance the charitable thought that those royal races and their labours were not quite utterly in vain. But it is not with such scant and doubtful gratitude that we turn to nature's pyramids, and search the coffins where her dead are laid. They give us truth in a new fountain; history in magnificent and perfect volumes; exercise the fullest and the healthiest; a world-wide astonishment, and out of it a nobler wisdom. They do not end even here. A modern Turk may find building-materials for his ill-shaped dwelling by the Nile, among the broken slabs falling from the tombs of the Pharaohs; but the whole earth lives, the forests strike their roots and the grass grows, by virtue of that beneficent decay which has brought down from the mountain-sides the fertilising dust embalmed within them when plants and fishes, birds and reptiles, were buried there out of an elder world.

The harmonies of creation are as infinite as its variety. The innumerable parts are cast in the same great mould. This world of matter stands before a looking-glass, and its reflection is the world of mind; not an atom of the same substance, but a counterpart of every line and feature. If kings have built pyramids of stone to hand down little more than the knowledge of their own insignificance, vain-glorious souls have paraded their pompous thoughts to as little purpose and with as poor a meed of immortality. If nature, more divine than kings, has preserved the material relics of former life in rocks, upheaved them in mountains, and left them to refresh the earth by perpetual disintegration, so also ideas have been fossilised in equal safety and abundance, and human genius in its grandest ages has raised them high above the common intellectual plain, to crumble down on it year by year, as the rich soil of Egypt has crumbled from the hills.

So far as art is concerned, we are not living just now in one of these mountainous ages of the mind. The volcanos are burnt out, or they throw up lava and not alps. The mental heights to which we lift our eyes were mostly upheaved some centuries ago, and there is no immediate shaking of the ground as if another Chimborazo or Mount Meru were within an inch of the surface. We look on all sides for positive greatness, but it is not found. Many hands are pointing, lo here and lo there; but point as they please, the great peaks do not rise. Yet the times are full of beauty and full of promise. We are rolling in mental wealth, and were never further from the monotonous dead-level of intellectual barrenness. What is the secret of the age? It is not poverty; it is not grandeur. It has quite another characteristic. Its work has been to pull down pyramids, not to build them; to disintegrate mountains, not to give them birth. The rocks crumble towards us; they do not heave above us. It is an age of fragments.

Three or four centuries ago the world rang with the noise of great discoveries. Columbus was in America; Cortez in Mexico; Pizarro in Peru. New trees, new animals, new races, were coming to light every year; and the same era gave us our Elizabethan chain of mental mountains, with Shakspeare in the midst. We discover no new continents now. The kingdoms of vegetable and animal

life have been explored from side to side, and nothing more is to be expected from them that is likely to astonish us very much. We find instead distinctions many and small in species and varieties; and we stumble on Californian or Australian gold-fields, where infinite wealth lies scattered and fragmentary, like the mental riches of the time. There is such harmonious fitness in the ordering of all things, that one might almost predict the intellectual character of the age from that of its external aspects.

Go into any modern picture-gallery, and be struck at once by two remarkable facts. The executive power exhibited is wonderful, to all appearance unlimited; but it is all spent on subjects intrinsically small. There is ability to paint any thing, but there is nothing that was very much worth the painting. We have clouds that float, skies that dazzle, streams that ripple and flow; flowers that might be smelt, flesh that quivers, faces that are alive; but we have them as fragments only, not as any glorious whole. The clouds hide nothing awful; the sky shines on nothing heavenly; the streams are not sacred ones; the flowers are like Peter Bell's primroses; the flesh is not the flesh of heroes, and the faces belong to men and women who had no particular occasion to be copied. Put a great idea before these brushes and these fingers, and a great picture must be the result; but great ideas do not sit now-a-days, even to the most ambitious; and so our walls are hung with large sheets of canvas, but little pictures nevertheless.

Turn from painting to poetry, and the case is not very much altered. The beauties of modern poems are exquisite; of their kind unrivalled. There is a delicacy of touch, a refinement of perception, a purity of thought, unknown to any other era. Yet the poems are only fragments. There is the stone and the cedar, the brass and the gold; but we miss the architecture. The work of perfected greatness has yet to come.

So with our sculptors also. They carve superbly; but what do they carve? Busts of country-gentlemen, monumental stereotypes, or the worn-out gods of paganism. At times, indeed, they give themselves up to fancy; but it is dangerous ground. A great hall in Liverpool is to be surrounded with gas-lamps; a dozen river-gods rise up to hold them; they throw themselves into muscular attitudes, and strain their stony sinews to the uttermost under a weight just heavy enough to tire their little fingers. A new banking-house in a close street in Bristol is to be elaborately adorned. It is forthwith covered from roof to basement with sculpture as exquisite in workmanship as it is grotesque in taste; a medley of birds, beasts, fruits, and other matters, quite enough to make an Englishman stare in admiration, and to send an old Athenian into fits of laughter.

Where is this to end? In the physical world the eras of grand events seem over. The earth has built her pyramids; we look for no new peaks among the eternal snows. The mountains stand about us, sublime, but old, and with no prospect of any younger rivals; and broken fragments rolling down from them as years go on, are the only novelties we are very likely to discover hereafter. Is it even so with the world of art? Have we already seen the Andes and Himalayas of human imagination? Is the fragmentary character of our age the symptom of a completed cycle and the sign of a latter day; and must we henceforth be content, instead of working for the future, to live only on the fossil treasures of the past? The question would be altogether a melancholy one, if it were not for two considerations. The first is, that the resources of creation are boundless, its possibilities infinite, and the past, after all, no more a key to the future than the seed is an outline of the flower. The second is, that whatever limit there may be to the phases of the world we are born in, our souls themselves belong to another order of things, move in a grander cycle, and may rise hereafter to a height of thought and a vision of beauty as far above the culminating points of mundane genius as these transcend the lowest form of life that lies petrified in our paving-stones.



THE HAPPY AGE. BY A. LUDOVICI. (FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.)

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

II.

LORD ERLISTOUN spent a whole week at Lythwaite Hall. Why he did so, or if he found any pleasure in it, we really could not tell. He deputed himself agreeably to all; went meekly with my mother to various solemn dinner-parties; took his due share in our own company-keeping in his honour; at other times he shot or fished with Charles,—Algeron and Russell having vanished,—nay, even walked and talked amiably with me. With Jean, who had little leisure, and perhaps less inclination to spend it in doing nothing, his association was chiefly confined to, "Good morning, Miss Jane" (having discovered that her name was not Browne, but being too courteous or too idle to find out what it was), and a brief, equally civil, and indifferent, "Good morning, Lord Erlistoun."

He did not seem to take any interest in one of us more than another, if, indeed, it was his habit to feel interest in any thing. The only occasional gleam visible in those soft, large, lazy eyes was once or twice over the post-bag, on getting an accidental letter or two: "My mother's letters," as,—once when my mother, in her homely way, ventured the shadow of a jest,—he replied, with such overwhelming bland dignity, that the dear old lady was quenched for evermore.

Still, as Jean observed, it was a good sign in him to like—if he did always like, of which we were not sure, but at any rate to be interested in—his mother's letters.

We knew—from "Burke" of course—who his mother was; a member of a noble, indeed, a truly noble family; also from that most useful book, and from various things he himself let fall, that she had managed a somewhat dilapidated property through his long minority faithfully and well. There were some sisters; but he was the only son.

"I think," Jean observed, one night, when as usual, after he had gone to bed, the rest of us were sitting in committee upon him, making that domestic dissection, which, as I said before, families and friends *will* make,—and the only thing to mind, therefore, is to take care that it is made in good humour, justice, and charity,—*"I think much ought to be forgiven an only son."*

The next morning, during the garden-walk, which by mutual consent had become a habit with my cousin and me,—we being always the earliest risers in the household,—the subject was again recurred to.

"Jean," I said, "if he stays over another week,—and I think he will, for I heard him promise the Bishop to come to that child's party given for Lady Emily Gage,—you really will have to take your turn in amusing him. He hangs heavy on my mother's hands sometimes."

"Your poor dear mother!" half-amused, yet with a vexed air, at things no doubt which vexed me likewise occasionally; but they were inevitable, and it was useless to notice them. "Mark," she added seriously, "if a young man of four-and-twenty, handsome, well-educated, and by no means stupid; having been Lord Erlistoun from his school-days; having travelled a good deal, seen court-life, common life,—who knows what life?—at home and abroad; his own master, possessing a good fortune, together with a mother and sisters, whom he seems not to dislike,—though to love

them, and own it, might be a display of feeling quite impossible;—cousin, if such a young man is not able to amuse himself, all I can say is, that it is a very great shame."

"I did not know you had reasoned so much, and felt so strongly, concerning him."

"Not him; but the simple right and wrong of the question, of which he is a mere illustration."

"Yet you appraised him categorically. You must have observed him a good deal."

"A little. One cannot live in the same house with people without noticing and forming some judgment upon them."

"Do you dislike him, or his manner,—his high-bred manner, I mean?"

"On the contrary, I like it; it is the external sign of those qualities which a few have, and twice as many imitate. His case may be either the one or the other—I don't know yet. If we only could break this fine outside enamel and get at the real substance underneath, supposing there is any."

"Do you think there is?"

"I am not sure. Mark, do you understand me? I like refinement; I love it, in every thing and every body. It is really charming to me sometimes to hear Lord Erlistoun's low-toned voice, and see his quiet way of doing little civilities, little kindnesses—especially to women. I give him credit for every thing he is; and would not wish to see him less, but more; I would like to make a man of him."

"Hush!" I said; for she was too much in earnest to notice, on the other side of the espalier, footsteps, also the top of a gentleman's hat. "'Tis himself; I think he heard you."

"I think he did." Jean set her lips together, and held her head erect. Nevertheless she coloured, as was not unnatural; still more deeply, when at the path's end Lord Erlistoun crossed in front of us. Would he pass on? No; he turned and bowed.

"A fine day. You are walking early, Miss Jane," with a steady gaze, though he too seemed to have had those "hot cheeks" which are said to trouble people who are talked of behind their backs. "I have been stealing your lilies of the valley; may I restore some?"

Leisurely keeping a few, and presenting her with the rest, with a matter-of-course air, as if it were a mere "devoir," a duty owed to her sex, he lifted his hat again, and sauntered on.

"Jean, I am sure he heard."

"I hope he did; it was the truth, and perhaps he does not often hear the truth; it may do him good."

That notion of "doing good" to a person which women have—the best and sincerest women often most dangerously. "Ah, Jean," I thought to myself, "take care!" But facing those eyes, bent forward meditatively as she walked,—those eyes, neither downcast nor passionate, neither a child's nor girl's, but a woman's, with a woman's steady heart,—I felt ashamed to say of what I wished her to "take care."

I was absent in Liverpool all day; but with hard travelling, managed to return at night. We had a family-party,—a party of poor relations,—postponed a little, waiting our guest's possible departure, till at last my father decided on its being postponed no longer. By "poor," I mean not indigent, but less wealthy and in a less honourable position than ourselves; kindred whom in climbing up the ladder my father had passed one by one, and now stood towards them in the envied, yet perhaps unenviable position of "the great man of the family."

An odd heterogeneous gathering it was, as we were aware it would be. Under present circumstances, my mother had been seriously alarmed at the idea of it—"Mercy on us! what shall we do with Lord Erlistoun? What will Lord Erlistoun think of so-and-so?" and my father had invariably answered her with that dogged iron twist of the mouth which had helped him up to the top of the tree, and that merry twinkle of the little bright eyes which had kept some enjoyment for him when he got there.

"Molly,"—he still called her Molly sometimes in private,—
—"I—don't—care."

So the good people came. I found them all in the drawing-room when I returned home.

Heaven forbid I should be hard upon poor relations, even the dozens that, lying *perdu* during a man's struggling days, spring up like mushrooms every where under his feet in the summer of his prosperity; and the scores, still worse and more trying, who, unable or unwilling to help themselves, expect always to be helped by somebody—him, of course; who, wherever he goes, clings like a fringe of burrs to his coat-tails, not a whit the better or greater in themselves for sticking there, and to the unhappy rich man neither a use nor an ornament. Yet, let every man do his duty—even to these: my father always did.

It was good to see him now and then, on occasions like this, fill his house with honest folk, who no doubt spent weeks after in commenting injuriously on the grand establishment of "cousin Tom;" to watch him, and even my mother, gradually warm up into old acquaintanceships and old recollections, till at last the very tones and manners of earlier days would revive, and we would hear them both talking as broad Lancashire as any body present.

They did talk very broad—these "country-cousins;" or, so it seemed to me to-night. I was accustomed to it pretty well in the way of business, and with men—but women! And then they dressed so showily, so tastelessly; those Liverpool ladies seemed so horribly afraid of being thought any thing less than "ladies," and so convinced that the only travelling patent of ladyhood consisted of clothes. They paid great court to my mother; there was always an admiring group of listening gazers round her ruddy velvet gown; and she was pleasurably and amiably conscious of it too, dear soul! though perhaps just a thought too patronising. But with all her pleasantness, and the pains she took to amuse them, they seemed at first to have ignored altogether, and then to stand a little in awe of, my cousin Jean.

Must a man be blind with poring over a lifetime of ledgers? or deaf from hearing the incessant rustle of notes and chink of sovereigns? I was neither.

Let me give all credit to those worthy people, my kindred; many of them good wives, good mothers, good daughters, lively and pleasant in their own homes, though a little awkward and ill at ease, more so than we were ourselves, in ours. But when Jean crossed the room in her soft, rich, black dress; when Jean's low tones struggled through that awful Babel of loud voices, O, what a difference it was! And yet she came of them too; her mother was a Brown. But nature itself had made her what she was; a creature distinct from these, and, as it seemed to me, from all other women in the world.

Some one else saw it besides myself; other eyes traced her with slow observation across the room and back again. Once or twice when she was talking, I saw Lord Erlistoun quit the books of prints in which he had taken refuge and listen.

Doubtless his lordship had spent a very dull day. My father, shrewd and wise,—neither wishing to show off his titled acquaintance, nor thinking himself justified in mixing up heterogeneous classes against their will,—had desired that his guest should be left entirely free to find his own level, and join in the society about him as much or as little as he chose. Perhaps for their comfort, if not their sagacity, some of our good relations did not even know that the young man who sat so quietly aloof, and talked so little, was Nugent Baron Erlistoun.

"Ask him to play chess with you," said Jean, passing me, towards the piano, where some of the old folk had begged for one of her old-fashioned songs.

I had intended asking him; so we soon sat down face to face to our mimic battle.

Let me do him justice, as I tried to do that evening. A finer face I have never seen; not a mean line in it. Something eclectic even in his way of handling the chessmen; balancing over a poor pawn, in doubtful choice, those white expanded fingers, laden with a ring that valued—I know

in a business capacity the value of diamonds. Nay, his every action, down to his way of lounging back on the crimson-velvet chairs, had a freedom and repose—in addition to that last grace, entire unconsciousness—at once admirable and enviable.

Let me do myself justice now. I did *not* envy him. Physically, I might have done, a little: there are times when most men feel keenly nature's niggardliness; but, spiritually, never. In any great moral battle,—as in this sham one we were fighting, somewhat unequally, as I soon saw,—I had an internal conviction which would be the victor, which would hold out toughest, strongest, and longest,—Lord Erlistoun or I.

He lost, as I expected; but replaced the men, seeming to make no account of losing.

"Do you like the game, Lord Erlistoun? To enjoy chess, requires a certain hard, mathematical, calculating quality of brain."

"Which I have not? Very probably. Nevertheless it amuses *pour passer le temps*. Your move, I believe?"

He leaned back, and we began another game, keeping up the chess-players' solemn silence, nor distracted therefrom even by Jean's singing.

She rarely sang in public at Lythwaite. Either she disliked it, or her taste in music was too "old-fashioned" for our elegant friends. Now it struck home. People's songs they were, with the people's life in them; passionate or tender, merry or sad, but always fresh warm-blooded life. One felt rather sorry for those too refined to understand them.

"You like music, Lord Erlistoun?"

"Yes. You should have heard *Ernani* last winter at La Scala. It was very fine."

"My taste in music is low. I had rather hear an English or Scotch ballad than a dozen operas."

"*Chacun à son goût*," said Lord Erlistoun smiling.

Jean burst out again, like a mavis from a tree-top, with another of those ditties made for all time—such as "Huntingtower," "Robin Adair," or "the Bonnie House o' Airly." To see her, to hear her, with her heart both in voice and eyes—her true womanly heart—tried me. I could not play chess for it. Lord Erlistoun apparently could, for he won. Just as we were rising, Jean looked across at me, merrily and mischievously,—I know she did it out of pure mischief,—and began afresh—

"O billie, billie, bonnie billie,
Will ye gae to the woods with me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
And gar them trow slain men are we."
"O no, O no, says Earlistoun."

Lord Erlistoun looked up quickly; Jean went on—

"O no, O no," says Earlistoun,
'For that's a thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee.'

The ballad continued, verse after verse, in a wild plaintive tune, about this young laird's rising "i' the morn," his

"Farewell father, and farewell, mother,
And fare ye well, my sisters three;
And fare ye well, my Earlistoun,
For thee again I'll never see."

And so on, ending, I think, with,

"Alang the brae, beyont the brig,
O mony there lie cauld and still;
And lang we'll mourn, and sair we'll rue
The bluidy battle o' Bothwell Hill."

The last line fell in a faint echo, as if the singer herself was touched by the sweet old song. Lord Erlistoun rose.

"That ballad—I never heard it before; may I look at it?"

"You cannot, unluckily; I sing it from memory."

"Will you sing it again?"

"Some time, but not to-night, I think."

Was Lord Erlistoun so surprised by being refused any

thing by any body that he did not ask again? Nevertheless he still stood by the piano talking to her.

"The bluidy battle o' Bothwell Hill.' There was hard fighting in the days of our forefathers. We live an easier life now."

"Do you think so?"

"I mean—let me help you with that music-stand,—I mean, there is a difference between the men of to-day and the hero of your ballad: Alexander Gordon, of Earlistoun, I think you said?"

"Certainly a difference."

Lord Erlistoun was silent.

Presently he made another attempt at conversation.

"I rather fancy I have a legitimate right in that pretty ballad of yours. Our family is descended collaterally from those same Gordons of Earlistoun."

Jean's attention was caught. "Ah, indeed? Earlistoun near Dalry, a tall gray castle, among trees, in the bottom of a wide valley surrounded by low pastoral hills?"

"You seem to know the place better than I do myself. In truth, save the fact that the first Lord Erlistoun chose to take his title from the old castle, I know very little of those remote Scottish ancestors of mine. I have been so much abroad; have become so thoroughly a cosmopolite."

"I perceive that."

"Do you?" as if he wished to discover whether the perception was favourable or unfavourable. "You are interested, I see, in those days of gone-by romance. Yet I thought you rather condemned old families?"

Yes, he had certainly overheard us this morning—Jean felt he had. Her colour rose painfully; but she was neither ashamed nor confused.

"I would be sorry to condemn any thing for being old; or, on the other hand, to value any thing merely because it was old."

"You believe, then, there is some little truth in the doctrine of race?"

He said it, not without pride, but a pride too accustomed to its possessions to heed either condemnation or justification. Jean answered with something of the same feeling, though drawn from a different source.

"Thus far I do believe, that, seeing how fast races decline and families dwindle and die out, when a family has maintained itself notable above others for centuries, the chances are that its members must have sufficient good qualities, and the whole race enough vitality, to keep it worthy of note."

"If so, can it be a mean thing to respect one's progenitors?"

"I never said that, Lord Erlistoun. Any one who ever honoured a dear father can understand something of the delight of honouring distant forefathers—when they were deserving of honour. But,"—and her great bright eyes flashed light and life enough to kindle a whole race,— "I think it far, far beneath the honour of a living man to go trading all his days upon a heap of dead men's dust."

Perhaps never in all his days, among his English peeresses, his Russian princesses, his Paris *baronnes*,—had Lord Erlistoun seen a woman who spoke her mind out, with all her sincerity, in this way. Evidently simply because it was her mind, without any reference to, or thought of, her interlocutors. He looked certainly a good deal surprised. With some curiosity, if not admiration, his eyes rested on the dark glowing face; then he stooped to help her arrange her music.

"Dowglas," reading the lettering on a volume; "'Jean Dowglas.' I beg your pardon; is that—"

"My name? Yes; my father was Scotch. My mother's name was Brown."

Ay, Jean, lift your head; speak up proudly of that poor young mother, who had no "gentle" blood, yet who left some of the bold plebeian energy of us Brownes in you, to help you after she died.

"Dowglas," repeated Lord Erlistoun. "Spelt, I see,

with the *us*, as a very old branch of the Douglasses still persists in spelling it?"

This was meant as a question apparently; but whether she belonged to that "very old branch" or not, Jean did not vouchsafe to say.

"Jean, too. Have I not always heard you called Jane?"

"My father called me Jean. Thank you. Do not trouble yourself any more with that music, pray."

She moved away, and busied herself for the rest of the evening in entertaining the poor relations. I did not see her speak again to Lord Erlistoun. He sat in his arm-chair, occupied with his book of prints, till at length, finding some person worth talking to,—as doubtless every one present was, if only one would discover the right key to unlock their hearts and lives,—he began talking with a good will.

When we all separated for the night, I noticed that he held out his hand, which Jean had never touched before, in a manner that made it impossible for her to refuse it.

"Good night, Miss Dowglas."

"Good night, Lord Erlistoun."

III.

I WENT to Liverpool next day; but my mother made me promise to return every Saturday, remaining until the Monday. I did not look well, she said, and she thought it was a curative measure; but I myself was not so sure of that.

A week in the office, with odd evenings spent in walking swiftly up and down the busy Liverpool streets, or taking a twopenny breeze on the river, to see the sun setting behind the Great Orme's Head, and colouring into beauty the long sandy line of the Mersey shore;—while all the time I knew it was lighting up wavy grass meadows, May hedges, and merry rookeries far away, in those lovely spring evenings, which I never knew so lovely any where as at Lythwaite Hall.

A clerk in our house, speaking of my father's new place one day, said he knew it well when he was a boy. He once spent a whole May month there with a cousin of his, who was dead now. He told me how they used to agree to rise early and stroll about the garden before any one else was up; go fishing in the trout-stream, and rook-shooting in the shrubberies—only she did not like that much; how they generally went to church the field way, where he helped her over the stiles; and how he had still the clearest recollection of her face as she sat opposite to him listening to the sermon. She was dead now, and buried—had been for years. He thought he should like to get a holiday, and go to that village-church again some Sunday.

O, Jean, my cousin Jean, if you and I had been girl and boy together, years and years before now; if we could be boy and girl still, and go hand-in-hand through the gardens and over the meadows of beautiful Lythwaite Hall!

When a man lives an exceedingly practical and busy life, when of necessity the one spot—of romance, will you call it?—in his character must be reduced to a very small space of time and thought daily, close pressed down,—locked down, as it were,—it is astonishing what vitality it preserves, and how, in the brief moment or two when he allows it liberty, it can rule and sway his whole being.

I seemed to have lived a year in the short railway-transit between Liverpool and Lythwaite Hall.

My mother was unfeignedly glad to see me. She had been worried about a good many things, she said, but that was nothing new. Poor body, she was always worried. "Could Jean not help you?" I asked.

O no; she did not like to say any thing to the poor dear girl.

"Mother, is any thing the matter?"

But that minute, through the dusk of the garden, I heard Jean's laugh, and saw two figures moving slowly up and down her favourite walk—our favourite walk.

"Don't go to them, Mark; please don't. It isn't Charlie; it's Lord Erlistoun."

"Not yet gone?"

"No; nor seems inclined to go. And I can't help thinking, though I wouldn't mention it to her or any body for the world, that this visit of his may turn out a very good thing for our dear Jane."

"A very good thing!" When women say that, they mean marriage, supposed to be the best possible thing for any woman. My mother—the worthiest creature alive, and not a bit of a match-maker—she also undoubtedly meant marriage.

Lord Erlistoun wanting to marry Jean Dowglas! plain Jean Dowglas, whose mother was a Brown. Things must have gone very far indeed for even my mother to take into her innocent head such a "very good thing."

It must be understood here, that the matter struck me—who perhaps knew her better than my mother did, or any of us—solely in the light of Lord Erlistoun's wanting to marry Jean; a very different thing from her consenting to marry him.

"But if it does come to that," said my mother, after listening to all my excellent good reasons to the contrary, and then repeating her own, "what will your father say? and what will his mother say about our having had him here—to entrap him, perhaps? and what will all the world say"—a little pleasure lurking in her lament;—"our poor cousin Jane to be made Lady Erlistoun?"

"Hush, mother!" for nearer came that little laugh. They two were in full and lively argument about something; they noticed nobody till we were close upon them, and then Jean turned with a start of surprise.

"O, Mark, I am so pleased!" with an unfeigned pleasure.

Lord Erlistoun likewise, with extended hand and an air of real friendship, was "exceedingly glad" to see me.

We all joined company, and paced up and down the garden till nearly starlight. Jean linked her arm in mine; and turning to Lord Erlistoun, went on with the argument. I don't remember what it was about; in fact, I did not hear much of it. I only recollect noticing the perfect frankness and freedom of her tone, mingled with a certain decision and independence which usually marks the intercourse between a woman and a man younger than herself, and possibly younger still in character.

Twenty-four and twenty-seven. Comparatively, a woman and a boy. Often a boy worships a woman—sometimes permanently, always devotedly, for as long as the passion lasts; but it is rarely that a woman's love goes backward in the dial of life, to expend itself in all its depth and power,—as a true woman alone can and ought to love,—upon a boy.

When starlight was exchanged for candle-light, and I had full opportunity of noticing them both, I saw nothing in any way to controvert this opinion; not even when coming back into the drawing-room after all the rest were gone. Jean found me still sitting over the fire, and stopped to talk a minute or two upon the nearest and most natural topic—Lord Erlistoun.

"He is here still, you see, Mark. He appears to like Lythwaite and our steady-going home-ways. And, upon my word, I think they have improved him very much; don't you?"

"He certainly is a great deal altered."

"For the better?"

"Possibly. Yes; I think for the better."

"I am sure of it. Not all surface politeness now; you may see his kind heart through it. And he is beginning to feel the useless waste of his life hitherto; thinks of dashing into politics or public business or literature. He longs for something to live for—something to do. He says he often envies you, Mark, that you have something to do."

"Does he?"

"Cousin," after a pause, "I am afraid you don't quite like Lord Erlistoun, as indeed none of us did much at first; but we should be slow of judging. We never know how much good may lie hid in people, nor how good they may finally grow. I have great hopes of Lord Erlistoun."

I looked suddenly up at her, doubting for the moment—only a moment—whether she too were playing off the usual feminine hypocrisy, or whether she was still her true self—my spotless Jean Dowglas. Ay, she was.

"Jean," I said, feeling somehow that now I ought to say it at all costs, "take care."

"Of what?"

Could I answer? But she was no child. After a moment, I saw she had answered the question for herself.

"I understand you; and Mark, though it was not quite kind of you to say that; still, such friends as we are, I should be very sorry if for a moment you misunderstood me. No; I am not in the least afraid of what you suppose."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because I know myself, and trust myself. When we are girls," and she sighed, "out of our very innocence and ignorance we make mistakes sometimes, but not afterwards. A young man must be blind indeed, very blind, and a little conceited too, if he cannot discern at once from the manner of a sincere woman whether she simply likes him or loves him."

"That is true."

"So, cousin Mark," smiling, "do not be unjust again, either to me or to Lord Erlistoun."

No, I wished not to be. I made every effort to see things justly, and as Jean herself saw them; and perhaps her vision was clear then. Perhaps, had Lord Erlistoun left that day, or even the next, he might have merely carried away with him the remembrance of a noble and unworldly woman, who, in the totally opposite world in which he dwelt, might have been an element of purity and goodness, lasting him at intervals all his life long. But in these things, people frequently go on safe and sure to a certain point; they cross that, on some idle hour, in some unconscious way, and there is no going back ever again.

On the Sunday evening we took a walk—Jean, Lord Erlistoun, and I—through the same fields which our old clerk in Liverpool had been talking of. It was such an evening as perhaps, poor old fellow, he had enjoyed many with that little cousin of his; the sort of evening which always puts me in mind of Wordsworth's foolish-wise rhymes,—Jean repeated them, sitting on a stile, eating clover-honey,—

"O, who would go parading
In London, and masquerading
On such a night of June,
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses
Of such a night as this is?"

"Who would, indeed? But I am afraid I must soon." And Lord Erlistoun leant against the stile, listening to the soft, sleepy, far-off "caw-caw" of the rookery, looking up at the face of the "soft half-moon," and then at another face, also quiet, also rather sad, as if in the pathos of the hour Jean had gone back into former years, shut-up sanctuaries of her chequered life, whither no one could follow her.

"Miss Dowglas" (she started slightly), "I wish you knew my mother. You would like her for many things—and I think likewise—" He stopped. "I had a letter from her this morning; would you feel interested in reading it?"

"Thank you; you know my fancy for reading strangers' letters. Sometimes they let one into bits of character unknown to the correspondents themselves."

"I wonder what you will find out here;" and he lingered over it,—the delicate-tinted scented envelope, with the exquisite handwriting and large coronetted seal,—before he put it into Jean's hands. "Read it all, if you will; excepting, indeed, the crossed page. She has but one fault, this mother of mine—like her one crossed page."

Jean read and returned the letter. "But I ought to confess," she said smiling, "that I saw one word—I think the name of 'Emily' or 'Emilia,' on this momentous page."

"O no, quite a mistake!" with one passing flash, fierce and bright, that showed what fire could kindle even in Lord Erlistoun's eyes. He put the letter in his pocket,

and returned to the subject we had been lazily canvassing along the fields, as if in contrast to every thing surrounding us,—namely, London life, "high" life, as set forth in that most sparkling and most melancholy of fictions, whose very brilliancy tortures one like the phantasmagoria of disease—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"The question seems," Jean said, "is it a true picture of that sort of life? I would never shrink from any truth merely because it was painful; but is it true? I have no means of judging. Is it true, Lord Erlistoun?"

"I am afraid, in a great measure, it is."

"Then I would rather say to any sister of mine, like Hamlet, 'Get you to a nunnery; go, go, go,' than see her thrown out into the great world, to grow into the sort of woman you have described to me sometimes. I couldn't help thinking so, even in the cathedral this morning, when I looked across the aisle to the pretty baby-face of that little Lady Emily Gage."

Lord Erlistoun knocked the mud off his boots,—he could risk muddy boots now,—saying carelessly,

"Miss Dowglas, what is your opinion of that small school-girl?"

"Lady Emily? Indeed I have no possible grounds for forming an opinion at all. I only now and then have felt sorry, looking at her, to think how soon her child-life will end. I always feel great pity for an heiress. She has less than the common chances of us women."

"How do you mean,—that she is likely to be loved for any thing except herself?"

"Or if she were, she would be unlikely to believe it. Poor little Lady Emily!"

"Don't waste your pity over Lady Emily. You might spend a fragment of it upon us men,—men of the world,—who never find a woman to believe in; who are sought, flattered, hunted down as it were; afraid to look at a pretty face lest it should be only a bait to hook us with; afraid to trust a warm heart, lest it should turn out as hollow as this worm cast under my foot. What chance is there for us men, when we have lost our reverence for women?"

"Not for all women," said Jean gently; for he had spoken with passion, as certainly I never in my wildest thought expected to hear Lord Erlistoun speak. "You have told me of your mother."

"And what does my mother do, even *my* mother?" His tone was lowered, but I could not help hearing it. "She writes me that there is a charming creature just ready for me,—one whose estate joins mine, and therefore will be a most suitable match,—with a good fortune, and I am poor you know; good birth, good looks, and in short, every thing convenient—except love. Shall I go in a year or so, propose to her, and marry her?"

"I thought you said that for ten or fifteen years to come you were determined not to marry?"

"So I was. I abhor matrimony. Of course, after a time I must settle down as others do; but I will have my liberty as long as I can. When I do sell myself, it shall be tolerably dear, even though it be to this young lady. I won't tell you her name, lest perhaps I might finally marry her."

Whether he was in earnest altogether I know not, but Jean was. You should have seen her look of mingled pity and scorn.

"Lord Erlistoun, we will, if you please, discuss a less serious subject; on this you and I could never think alike."

"Could we not?"

Perhaps he felt that, regarding sideways the dark noble face, on which the last bit of sunset was shining,—a pale face too, for to-day she did not look either particularly well or young. While in his unwonted energy, stronger than ever I saw the distinction before spoken of, between the woman and the boy. Equally strong between the one who, living in the world, lived only for it, and its ideal of happiness; and the other, who, also abiding in it, and enjoying it so far as fortune allowed her, had yet an ideal, a spiritual sense, far, far beyond any thing there.

"You think, I perceive, that I am fit for nothing better than to turn out one of those people you hate so in *Vanity Fair*—a Marquis of Steyne, perhaps?"

"I never said so or thought so, Lord Erlistoun."

"What would you have me do, then? What would you have me be?"

I, leaning on the other gate-post away from them, was struck by this speech. It is not a light matter when a man arrives at asking a woman, "what she would have him be." Possibly Jean noticed it, for she replied rather coldly,

"Indeed you are the best judge of that; every man must be the keeper of his own conscience."

"But he may gain a better self, a purer conscience, to help him. Miss Dowglas, shall I take my mother's advice and marry?"

"No!" and the truth in her, the duty of speaking it, seemed to make Jean forget every thing else. "After the fashion of marriage you have told me of, undoubtedly no. For those who see no clearer, know no better, much must be allowed; but for you who do, nothing."

I saw Lord Erlistoun smile to himself. "You do not quite understand me."

"Yes, I think I do; but we see things from such opposite points of view. You have always been used to consider marriage as a bargain, a convenience, a matter of necessary respectability; I think it a sacred thing. There can be no medium in it; it must be either holy or unholy, entire happiness, or utter wretchedness and sin. For man or woman to marry without love,—not merely liking or decent respect, but downright *love*,—is in my belief absolute sin."

Lord Erlistoun replied never a word. All along the still twilight fields he scarcely made one observation. It was my hand that helped Jean over the stiles; he did not offer to do it. My hand, large and hard it might be, not like his; but a man's pulse beat in it; it could support, and it could hold fast too.

"Will you take another turn up and down the walk, Miss Dowglas?"

"No; it is too late, I had rather go in."

She slipped away. Was it with the same sort of instinct, that whenever Lord Erlistoun came near her, for the whole remainder of the evening, she slipped away?

Well do I remember that evening, and the look Jean had—her face a little flushed, with a certain unquietness in it. She sat at the piano a long time singing; it had become a custom, I found, that she should sing every night, and to no lack of listeners. What she chose, in spite of one or two hints to the contrary from Lord Erlistoun, who seemed a little surprised at our narrow notions about "Sunday" music, were songs of Handel and Mendelssohn, among which, I remember, were some of their solemnest and most spiritual,—*"I know that my Redeemer liveth,"* and *"O, rest in the Lord;"* ending, at my father and mother's desire, with an old-fashioned Methodist hymn (we were Methodists when I was a child); and how the tune carried me back to the hot chapel in Rathbone Street, where, after some fierce, coarse, strongly-emotional sermon, the congregation rose, and their stout Lancashire voices threw the chorus backwards and forwards, women and men alternately:

"For we're marching on Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And we all shall meet at Jesu's feet,
And never, never part again.
No, never part again,—no, never part again.
O, never part again? No, never part again;
For we all shall meet at Jesu's feet,
And never, never part again!"

O life,—life so full of partings! I have often quieted the pain of it with a bit out of that old Methodist hymn; with the echo of that "never part again."

I was up early on the Monday, as usual; but my father caught and carried me off to look at some horses he had bought for the new brougham; so that I did not get my early walk with Jean. She had taken hers though; for I met her in the hall laying her hat aside. She was late;

and we waited some minutes for her before she came down to make breakfast. All breakfast-time she was exceedingly silent and grave.

Lord Erlistoun did not appear till breakfast was nearly over. When he entered, I noticed that Jean blushed burning hot, in trouble and pain, a very anguish of blushing. He did not speak to her, even to wish her good morning; but took his seat near the foot of the table, and entered with my father into a long and energetic discussion on politics. In the course of it, I overheard that he had some thought of standing for a small borough in the south of England; and to do so, it would be immediately necessary for him to leave for London.

I breathed. Yes, he was going away at last. Maybe I could even feel sorry for the young man.

He did not seem much moved himself. He carried things with a high hand, and stood talking with great *empressment* of the pleasure he had enjoyed at Lythwaite Hall; but I noticed he did not give any of us the slightest invitation to return his visit.

Ay, in a few hours he would be gone. The new element he had brought into our household—as he certainly had, since different characters and classes must necessarily act and react upon one another—would depart with him. My mother might cease to put herself and her house into full-dress every evening, and my father to bring out his claret every day, as if for a dinner-party. We should go back to our old ways, and Lord Erlistoun to his. Could we? or could he? Can any new experience in any life be merely temporary, leaving no result behind? I doubt it.

Nevertheless he would most probably vanish completely out of our sphere, as if he had dropped at Lythwaite from a balloon, and gone up again by the same ethereal conveyance. Would any body miss him? Would any body care?

Of this, too, I was not quite sure.

"Liking," not loving; used in opposition to loving, rather; but most certainly she had said the word, and she did not even "like" every body.

"Mark, are you going to walk to the station? I'll walk with you."

So once again went Jean and I, under the chestnut-trees, where the white flowers now lay strewn, soiled and scentless, beneath our feet.

"You perceive; you had better reconsider the chestnuts that are to be planted in your park. 'It is not always May'—eh, Jean?"

"Ah, no!" with a slight sigh. "Cousin, you need not make public that foolish speech of mine."

"About owning a park? You never mean to own one, then?"

Whether involuntarily I put into this question some meaning below the surface, I know not; but Jean answered, seriously and emphatically, "No."

Still, as she walked along, though her head was erect and her footfall firm, and she talked easily and cheerily upon our usual family topics, I fancied I could trace at times the same unquietness of mien, as of a good and true nature not quite satisfied with itself. She was "out of sorts," as people say; out of harmony with herself and with the lovely June morning; it seemed almost to give her pain.

Waiting at the station,—for she would wait,—she took my arm to walk up and down the platform.

"O, Mark," clinging a little, "I wish you were not going away; there is some comfort in you."

I asked her, after some consideration, if any thing was troubling her; would she tell me?

"No; I had rather not. In fact, I ought not. It is, after all, really nothing; it will soon be quite over. If I were not sure of that, as sure as—There's your train."

"The next train goes at 2.40. Express, remember. Lord Erlistoun wished me to inquire. He goes by it."

"O, indeed!"

"Jean, one word. Are you sorry or glad he is going?"

"Very glad; heartily glad."

"But he may change his mind again; he has a trick of doing so. Ah, Jean, take care!"

"I have taken care."

"You are not angry at my saying this?"

"No. Good by."

My sight rested on her there for as long as the whirling train allowed, standing fixed and firm, with her shawl gathered tight round her, as if nothing in her or about her was to be left loose, subject to any stray wind of fancy, feeling, or chance.



PAYING DAUGHTERS.

DEAR MOTHER,—As you have invited remarks from all who conceive they can add something to the pleasures and comforts of home, I, as one of its members, would fain make a little statement to you of the feelings of some of its daughters, in the fond hope that through your benign influence the head of the family may be prevailed on to take our case into consideration. My claim to your indulgent hearing is founded upon the fact, that we do not think a fair share of this world's good things falls to us, in comparison to that which is bestowed on our brothers, and that consequently there is just cause for remonstrance on our part.

We belong to the happy middle-class, whose men are mercantile or professional; while the women do not require to work for a maintenance, but are, as gentlemen express it, "young ladies, with nothing to do but amuse themselves." Now I wish it to be remembered, that we are offered no choice in this matter; the men of the middle classes do not choose that their females should work for money, so we have no option; but as we are born or bred to be ladies, must just live as such.

Ask our brothers if they would exchange places with us, taking our "happy idleness" and our allowance of pocket-money; see if you would get one to agree to it, highly favoured as they talk of us being. Again, ask a similar number of girls if they would willingly take the toil and anxiety of a business-life, with its chances of making money. I can answer for it, you would find many ready, who are now pining in the monotonous round of home pursuits—busy idleness, unremunerative employment. But do not let any one fancy I mean to advocate women going into the business-world when it can be avoided; I merely suggest the idea of exchange of position by way of illustrating my subject. Neither can I allow, as some may be ready to say, that this is cherishing an undue love of money. It is simply natural, and must at least be as innocent for women as for men. I fully acquiesce in the wise arrangement that makes man the provider, and his wife the dispenser, of the household funds; but my present argument relates to the unmarried of the two sexes.

We young women have had our minds and tastes cultivated; but wanting money, we have no power to indulge them. Benevolent feelings have been implanted and cherished in us, but we are not given means to exercise them. We cannot buy a book for our own improvement, or as a gift to a friend, unless its value can be reckoned in pence rather than shillings; and so on I might go in my list of very moderate desires, whose realisation is, however, impossible to us. Turn, then, to our brothers, and see how they fare in this respect. They have been set out in the world, and not only allowed but encouraged to make money. They have taste for art or science or sporting; but mark the difference—they have money. They can buy pictures, if that be their fancy; or costly books of art or science; or they

may keep a horse or dogs or birds; or they may buy all the requisites to satisfy their sporting tastes;—any or all of these recreations which require money are thought reasonable in them. Say, what have we, their sisters, in lieu of all this? They choose that our time should have no money-value, our labour be unproductive, never thinking it unkind or selfish to deny to us what affords them so much gratification. Now my object is, to show the propriety of giving the daughters of a family a share of the family income. Let no one say he cannot afford it; a good man can always afford to be just. Let him live in plainer style, entertain less company, or do it in a more homely manner; let him keep fewer servants, and train the daughters to do all the lighter household duties. They might then be paid for their services; and thus learn to value and economise their time, because they find a direct benefit from being active and industrious. The wholesome stimulus of gain, which is the mainspring of most of man's labours, surely cannot fail to act well with woman also.

At present there are two great classes among us: the first, those who, as they have been taught, keep themselves as far as possible out of mischief (wonderfully so, I think) by employing themselves in fancy work, music, and other accomplishments; the second, those who employ themselves really usefully in making and mending their own and the family garments, in educating the younger branches, and occasionally in housekeeping. It would be for our own and the general welfare were we all to be found in the last of these classes; though far be it from me to disparage those light occupations for otherwise idle fingers, which might with fitness be the elegant recreation, but not, as at present, the employment of life,—the all of preparation that too many girls have for the earnest work of their womanhood. Such trifling pursuits do not allow sufficient outlet for a girl's natural high spirits; consequently, love and marriage are all that she has to look to for relief from her monotonous, aimless, useless existence. Men will have it so; and they reap the fruit in ill-kept, ill-managed house and children. Give girls, instead of trifles, active employment, and a share of the money they see others dispensing, and very sure I am there will be a great development of the proper qualifications for being good wives, mothers, and mistresses; and likewise, should their lot prove a single one, for being kindly, gentle, patient, loving maiden-aunts,—those much despised but useful, nay, indispensable, members of society.

A DAUGHTER.

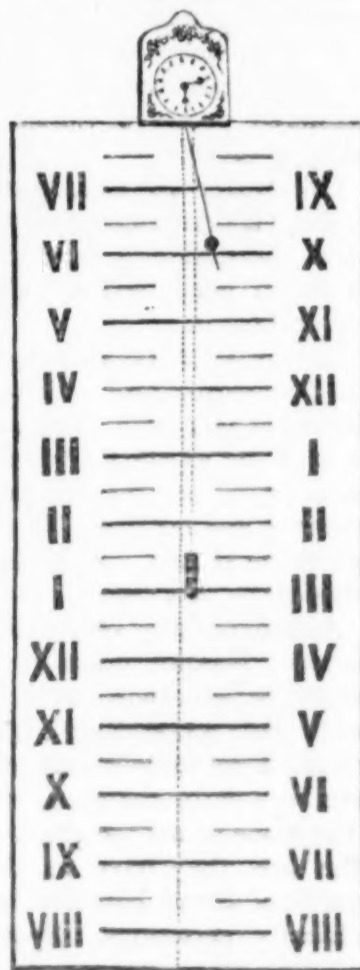
THE INVALID'S CLOCK.

IN August last, I purchased one of the six-shilling clocks at the Crystal Palace, and found that it kept capital time.

The only objection to it was, the small size of the face, it being only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches square.

To remedy this, I made a scale upon paper, as shown in the annexed drawing (so that twelve divisions were equal to half the length of the chain), and affixed it to the wall of my bedroom, under the clock. A night-light I burn is placed on a bracket, surrounded by a tin-reflector; thus throwing a light on the scale, the rest of the room being in shade.

If the clock is wound up at nine p.m., it is necessary to bring the top of the weight to IX at the upper part of the scale.



Thus, instead of fumbling for a watch, and being thereby thoroughly disturbed, it is sufficient to cast the eye to the opposite wall, and the top of the weight shows the time.

A ring at the other end of the chain does duty during the day.

E. A. COPLAND,
Bellefield, Chelmsford.

GOLD FISH.

THE first requisite for the proper treatment of Gold Fish (*Cyprinus auratus*) is a commodious and roomy (glass) globe, wherein the inmates can move about at their ease. The larger the space the better; for it admits of an abundant supply of water, and, by consequence, supplies an increased number of animalcules (invisible to our eye), which are their proper food. The next thing is, to furnish them with water adapted to their natural requirements. If this be neglected, the fish will grow sick, become unsteady in their gait, and lose all their brilliancy of colour; their tails will split, and their bodies become furred. They will then try to obtain relief by poisoning themselves on their heads, or by leaning against the sides of the glass—all in vain. Disease has attacked them, they are indifferent to all around them, and death is awaiting his victims.

Spring-water, being considered the brightest of any, is too often injudiciously chosen for the purpose. This contains iron, and is the cause of much uneasiness to the fish. It moreover changes the brilliancy of their colour, and frequently dyes it brown or black. Whenever this is observable, it is a proof that nature has been outraged. The sufferer must be removed into a more genial element. Nor must any water be supplied in which there exists either chalk or clay. Both these have the effect of destroying their vision; and this readily accounts for their eccentric movements, so often considered proofs of tameness, playfulness, and happiness. Unhappy error!

Rain-water appears, from close observation, to be most suitable. If this be not easily obtainable, use the purest river-water. No difficulty can exist in ascertaining whether your fish are in good health. Their motions and habits will at once declare it.

In the selection of your little prisoners, it is not sufficient to choose those which are of the deepest and brightest colours. If you wish them to be admired, you must consult, not only the vivacity of their motions, but the elegance and symmetry of their form and markings, closely observing their structure and outline. In this matter, there is often much negligence shown. A fat fish floundering in a crystal bowl is unsightly to a degree.

As regards any special food, there is much difference of opinion. Feeding must very greatly depend upon the frequency or otherwise of the change of water. Beyond all doubt, their proper food consists of the invisible animalcules contained in the element wherein they live. If, therefore, there be a daily change of water, and the number of inmates in the globe be not too great,—this should be guarded against,—the less they have in the way of "extras" the better. Crumb of bread contains alum, and is therefore homoeopathically poisonous. Sponge-cake is better. A small fly thrown in occasionally both amuses and pleases them. Hard-boiled yolk of a fresh egg, dried and finely powdered, is also a luxury. A wee bit suffices. All must depend upon the



deficiency of animal food existing in the water. So long as a good supply remains, all beyond is *de trop*. They are easily tamed, and readily rendered familiar. "How," will be explained in a future paper.

Here it is needful to put in a kind word for our little friends in the matter of light and heat. They can bear, and they prefer, a moderately warm temperature; but they are severely punished by being exposed to the uncontrolled rays of the sun; they are certainly tortured under such circumstances. The effect produced on the fish by the glass and water, so operated upon by the solar rays, is, probably, little short of madness. Their eyes feel like balls of fire; they stagger, and seek for some means of escape. Finding none, they rush furiously about, until perhaps observed by some of the family, who may remotely guess the cause of their discomfort, and relieve them. Fish thus treated can never be healthy or happy. Their position should be under a tree, or surrounded by flowers and shrubs. Intensity of heat or light are destructive of all their enjoyments.

The necessity for a frequent change of water is now, fortunately, altogether obviated. Natural science, amongst its other wonders, has taught us that, by in-

roducing certain plants into the water wherein fishes are located, the balance of nature is at once preserved without man's interference. This may be familiarly explained in few words.

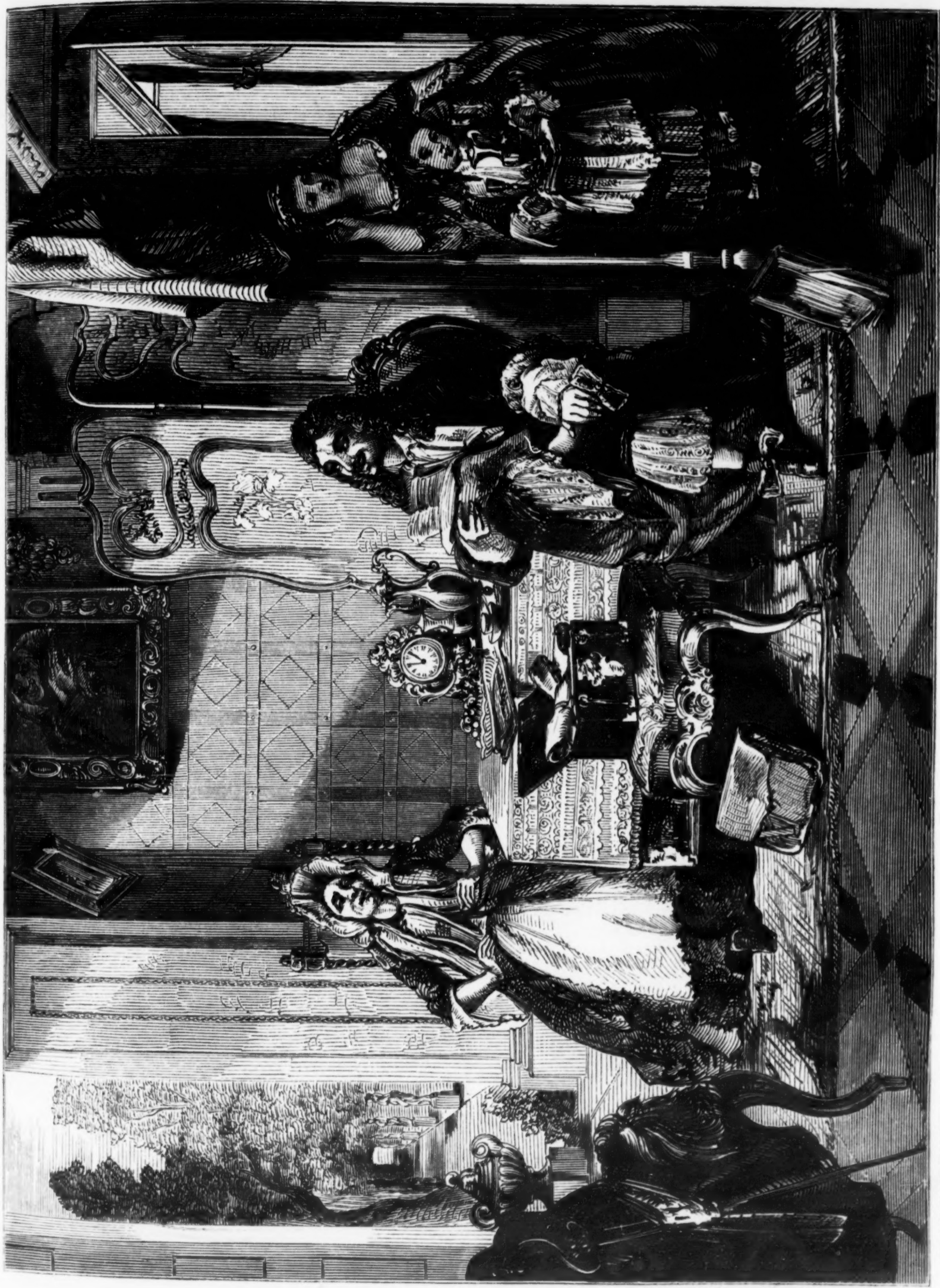
At every inspiration made by a fish the water taken in by the mouth is immediately expelled by the gills. By this act, the free oxygen of the water is absorbed, and carbonic acid given out. This operation, continuously repeated, naturally exhausts all the vitality of the water. Its constituents are now changed. It is not only useless, but dangerous. It is destructive of life, consisting principally of carbonic acid. The poisonous nature of the water soon manifests itself. The fishes rise to the surface in search of that which they cannot find below—atmospheric air. This, for a season, sustains them; but as they obtain it in an unnatural way, their lungs become inflamed; the effect is overpowering, and they soon cease to live.

To remedy the evil, there only requires "the balance" which has been before alluded to. This is effected by introducing into the bowl some suitable and pretty water-weed, such as the *Vallisneria spiralis*, which, whilst being ornamental and characteristic, immediately brings about a new set of chemical operations. These operations are of such a nature, that they prevent all necessity for a change of water. The cause is evident, inasmuch as plants absorb both oxygen and carbonic acid; and as they give out (when in health) *more oxygen than they absorb*, they thus contribute that which the fish require to maintain their powers of respiration. Fish and water-weeds flourish famously together.

One word more. Seeing that the square glass "tank" is becoming fashionable, I would strongly urge its very general adoption in preference to the globe. The form of an Aquarium is natural. It affords plenty of room for its inmates, and it removes the danger of the sun's influence on the organs of vision. The structure of a fish's eye is so delicate, that too much care cannot be taken to preserve it from injury.

It must be borne in mind that, when there is no change of water, fish require to be *fed*. Their natural supply has become exhausted, and must be replaced.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. VIII.

MOLIÈRE READING HIS COMEDIES TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

PAINTED BY T. P. HALL.

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MOLIÈRE READING HIS COMEDIES TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

By T. P. HALL.

"Molière," says Boileau, "used to read to La Foret, his housekeeper, his comedies and farces; and when he perceived that certain laughable situations did not excite her hilarity, he altered or erased them, having remarked that such passages never had any success."

THE picture which we here engrave is by Mr. T. P. Hall, and is at present exhibiting at the British Institution. It is one upon which we had great pleasure in commenting in our notice of the paintings now before the public in that gallery. We then described it as a work by a young artist from whom much might be expected, if he would avoid even the suspicion of following, or rather imitating, the manner of that school at the head of which Mr. Frith has placed himself for many years, and which is at the present day so popular. This warning we considered the more necessary, as we thought Mr. Hall might venture to strike out a line of art far enough removed from the probability of a charge of plagiarism, and also because English exhibitions have for a great while past swarmed with pictures which are even more obnoxious to that suspicion than this work of his; and lastly, as in many parts of the execution it is easy to trace the influence of the excellent painter we have named, and of those numerous artists who are either followers of, or coadjutors with, him in the extensive walk of art which is known as *genre* painting.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who called himself Molière, determined, like many men whose names resound in the world, upon following his natural instinct for the stage in direct opposition to the wishes of his family. Neglecting the route which his father had marked out for him in life, he became an actor, and ultimately writer of plays. For many years,—indeed, until past the prime of youth,—he achieved no position which seemed to give hope of obtaining that immortality which he now holds in the minds of men. It is to be remembered that in France, for nearly a century and a half after his birth, the very rites of Christian burial were denied to players; and that, in spite of all the celebrity and riches which some of them obtained, they were never looked upon otherwise than as outcasts of society. No one will therefore wonder that his parents should endeavour to divert him from the path he had so resolutely chosen. Perrault relates an anecdote of their opposition which is amusing, and illustrative of the force of Molière's character and of his histrionic powers. A certain friend of the family, who was a schoolmaster, had been deputed to remonstrate with him on his devotion to the theatre; but Molière so utterly routed the ambassador by reading some of his own compositions, and by the rehearsal of a favourite character, that the ambassador himself became a player. It is further said, that more than one of the lost dramas (for, as with Sophocles, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and many others, some of Molière's dramas have been swallowed up by time) were written in order that the *ci-devant* schoolmaster might act therein.

When Molière had entered upon the downward phase of life, and was separated from a wife to whom he was devoted, but who was alike his torment and his disgrace, he made, as Mr. Hall shows, a favourite housekeeper his confidant, or rather editress, previously to bringing his works upon the stage. The best point of the picture is the face of this woman, whose unrestrained cachinations are not overawed by the prospect of the dreadful amount of *Ms.*, or "copy," upon which she has to exercise her editorial function.

We need not dwell upon Molière's power as a humorist, nor on the force of his sarcasm against the extravagances of his day, in fashion, in law, in medicine, and in manners. To him may be attributed the more moderate and natural style of acting which prevailed in his time, taking the place of an extraordinary system of ranting and vociferation, which had reached such a pitch, that more than one actor actually died on the stage from the sudden rupture of blood-vessels consequent upon the violent manner of performance.

The great French dramatist reading to his housekeeper has so long been a stock-subject with English artists, that we hoped to see the last of it in Mr. Hall's picture; but we were hasty in doing so, for at the National Institution the same subject is repeated. This persistence is the more annoying, because, if artists *will* paint from his life, there are many subjects in it of graver interest than this; indeed, of all the biographies of great men, there are hardly any so copious or so fascinating as that of Molière. There is scarcely an incident in his life which is not dramatic, and, in some sense, like the working of a fateful Nemesis; it reads, in fact, not unlike a novel by Thackeray, and would make a splendid subject for his pen.

L. L.

SIR RALPH AND LADY JEAN.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

PART THE FIRST.

"ASH-BERRIES are turning red, Jean,
Beech-russet lies underfoot;
There is gold on the maple-bough, Jean,
And orchis about its root.
When I saw thee first on the moor, Jean,
The blackthorn was but in bloom,
And now the summer is gone, Jean,
And coming the winter gloom.
But the gorse is still in flower, Jean,—
It blossoms the whole year round;
So kiss me once ere I go, Jean,
True lips should aye be crowned.
There be roses outlive the May, Jean,—
Such roses are thine, my sweet!—
No blight on their beauty come, Jean,
'Till again my lips they greet.
And say that thou lov'st me well, Jean;
It will nerve my good battle-arm;
I shall think I am fighting for thee, Jean,
And wearing thy heart as a charm."

"Mind thou bring honour home, Ralph,
Think first of The Cause, then me;
For I scarce could welcome thee back, Ralph,
If thou should'st beaten be.
True soldier, true knight, must thou live, Ralph,
True soldier and true knight die;
So will I love thee or mourn, Ralph,
Till cold in my grave I lie."

"I swear by my spurs and sword, Jean,
By my stainless name and shield,
To die in the thick of the fight, Jean,
Rather than fly or yield!
Sooner a grave and thy tears, Jean,
Than dishonour with all thy love.
I will do what a man may do, Jean,
To win thee, my trembling dove!
Kiss me once more ere I go, Jean,
Sweet, soft as the summer thou art!
For a gage of my faith and my love, Jean,
I give thee this ring with the heart.
'Tis full of a ruby-light, Jean,
As warm as the light of our youth;
It will pale if I change to thee, Jean,
And break if we break our troth.
I had it from one who said, Jean,
That the maiden who wore this ring,
Six stalwart sons to my house, Jean,
In her matronhood should bring.
No wife will I have but thee, Jean,
To sleep in my living breast;
No mate shall thou take but me, Jean,
To lie in thy arms at rest."

Look in my face and swear, Jean,—
Swear by some pretty oath,—
By the heart in thy breast that beats, Jean,
That thou wilt be true to thy troth."

"I will swear by what is mine own, Ralph,—
My heart thou hast ta'en from me :
Say, shall I swear by *thine*, Ralph,
Which thou hast pledged to me?"

"Swear by whate'er thou wilt, Jean,
I know thou canst faithful be ;
Or swear me no oath at all, Jean,
Until I come back to thee.
Then shall thou plight thy word, Jean,
In the sight of God and men,
To live and to die with me, Jean,
And never to part again."

PART THE SECOND.

"There are signs in the sky, dear mother,
Dark threatening signs in the sky ;
Watch how the serried lances
March swiftly and palely by !
To the tumult of cloud in the westward
They rush like the sweep of a host
That is dashing down to the battle
When the day is almost lost.
Look how the glorious banners
Wave wide on the wingèd breeze,
And the burnished corslets glitter,
Like foam on the boiling seas !
Look at the white plumes tossing
In lines on the crest of the hill,
At the prance of the war-horses fretting
To charge and to trample and kill !
O, Ralph, art *thou* one of the foremost ?
Now Heaven be good to thee !
Strengthen the worthy and brave, Ralph,
And send thee safe back to me."

"What do these signs portend, Jean ?
Dost thou dream and talk in thy sleep ?
I see nor lances nor banners ;
Why dost thou shiver and weep?"

"They are gone, and the heaven is silent,—
O, mother, kneel down and pray !
Pray that the God of all battle
Will prosper the right to-day !"

"Give me thy hand, my daughter ;
What frenzy obscures thy brain ?
There is nothing of all this vision
Abroad on the silent plain.
The clouds are full flushed with crimson
In the west where the sun goes down,
And the moon is rising in beauty
O'er the quiet of Ashburn town."

"O, look where the sky is reddest !
There, there, o'er the barren they rush,
Scattered and lurid and broken,
Flying, defeated, they push !
See how the points of the lances
Drop blood-gouts along the way,
And the plumes are half shorn from the helmets,
And the banners are rent away !"

"There are flocks of sheep on the moorland,
And kine in the meadows green ;
But they are feeding in safety ;
There is no flight here, dear Jean."

"Seest thou this ring, kind mother,
What tint does the gemmed heart wear ?
Is it of ruby brightness,
Or pale like a fallen tear?"

"It is red as the heart of a rose, Jean,
That has fed on a tropic sun ;
And clear as the star of eve, Jean,
When the night is but begun."

"Now art thou living or dead, Ralph ?
O, mother, let me go weep !
If dead, I will break my heart, Ralph ;
If living, still must I weep."

PART THE THIRD.

There is no light in the sky,
No light but the light of stars,
And the red moon gleaming angrily
Across its prison-bars.
The west wind whirls through the mountain-pines,
And tosses their ghastly boughs,
Like elfish locks dishevelled,
On the night's uplifted brows.

What little foot comes swiftly,
Gliding by grange and hall,
Gliding so very softly,
That you cannot hear its fall ?
What little shadow creeping
Under the arch of trees,
Comes with a panting swiftness
Unheard through the mournful breeze ?

Comes like a ghost in the midnight
Under the churchyard-wall,
Asking the late by-passers,
"Heard ye my true love call ?"
Her hair is all pranked with daisies,
Red poppies, and golden corn,
That she culls in the dewy hedgerows,
Where she strays at early morn.

They say she is crazed who see her,
And they let her steal away,
Up to the fearful forests,
To watch the wild winds at play.
There's not one who would dare to follow
As she goes on her lonely course,
Glancing so white and eerie,
O'er the bridge that spans the Force.

Should her light foot once falter,
As she crosses the dangerous track,
There would mourning be in Ashburn ;
For Jean would ne'er go back.
The water is wan and angry ;
She shivers and glances down,
Where it pours through a midnight ravine,
And thunders from stone to stone.

The black wood is all around her,
The chillness of autumn night,
And a choir of solemn whispers
That thrill in the dim pale light.
The leaves are telling each other
Old secrets of gone-by times ;
The sighing wind in the brushwood
Sounds faintly as long-dead chimes.

She thinks of the headless gytrash,
Of the wraith by the winter byre,
Of the thousand ghostly legends
She has heard by the winter-fire.

But her spirit is armed full fear-proof,
As she steals through the darkling grove,
And her wide bright eyes are shining,—
And both with the power of love.

She comes to a hidden pathway,
Where the tangled wood twines low,
All massed with the creeping ivy
From roots to arching brow.
Her brave young heart beats faster,
Her tender hands are torn,
Groping her way in the darkness,
By many a cruel thorn.

The moaning wind in the branches
Now stays her in pallid fear;
The rush of the distant water
Breathes like a whisper near.
Down midst the ferns she crouches,
And listens, and scarcely breathes,
Till certain that all is safety,
She creeps from the clinging wreaths.

Then presses eagerly forward,
Where the path goes down a glen,
As lonely and fair as Eden
Ere death was the meed of men.
There is moonlight athwart the elm-trees,
And moonlight upon the sward,
Where a gaunt old priest is keeping
A dangerous watch and ward.

He has had a weary vigil,
Twelve nights by that painful bed,
Where Sir Ralph has lain in hiding,
With a price upon his head.
Sore wounded, and left to perish,
Midst thousands of ghastly slain,
He had found him at dismal nightfall
On the bloody battle-plain.

Sir Ralph could but beg in whispers
To bear him to Hurly Dell,
And send to fair Jean of Ashburn
A message that all was well.
And every night in the darkness
She has come by that perilous way,
And stolen home in the morning
By the wood-paths dank and gray.

He can hear the cautious rustle
Of her foot in the fallen leaves;
He can see the wave of her garments
In the fancies his fever weaves.
Through all the long hours of daylight,
The echoes of last night's cheer
Come whispering of joy and comfort
To his stretched and wakeful ear.

When she comes his joy is all voiceless,
Or breathes but in longing sighs;
He watches her face in the silence,
And worships her with his eyes.
He covers her hands with kisses,
Or crushes them 'gainst his heart:
"Ah, Jean, how the hours are flying!
'Tis morning, and we must part."

"Dear love, the red ring is faithful,
It glows like a furnace-spark;
Canst thou see it upon my finger,
Shining athwart the dark?"

"Sweet Jean, this dell is a temple,
Let Heaven our witness be;
The priest will give us his blessing,
And thou shalt begone with me."

"I must kiss my mother good-by, Ralph;
She wakes for me all the night,
And wanders forth from her chamber
At the earliest point of light."

"Stay, Jean, yet a little moment,—
Ah me, but my heart is sore!
It seems that if thou should'st leave me,
I may never see thee more."

"Nay, Ralph, this is strange and idle;
Am I not all thine own?
Come through the wood at sunset,
And meet me by Hurly Stone.
I know of one that is faithful,
Who waits with his brig at Leigh,
Who will carry us soon and safely
To some refuge beyond the sea."

She bent down her face, and kissed him
On his aching fevered eyes,
And wept some tears on his bosom,
Till the old priest bade them rise.
Then the dell was a holy temple,
And the sward was an altar green,
Where they knelt before God together,
Midst witnesses unseen:
All the soft-breathing watchers,—
The angels who come and go
'Twixt earth and merciful Heaven
In hours of joy and woe,—
All the unspoken blessings
That wait upon love and youth,
Gathered and hovered around them
To hear them plight their troth.

PART THE FOURTH.

There is joyful shouting in Ashburn town,
The people crowd round the gate;
Sir Ralph and his lady and all their folk
Are riding through in state.
Six goodly sons go in their train;
Sir Ralph is stalwart, but gray;
And Jean has passed with the passing time,
To August from blooming May.

Loud ring the bells in the ancient tower;
Sir Ralph looks up with a smile:
"Sweet wife, dost thou mind how thou used to steal
In the night full many a mile,
To bring me food to the bonnie dell
In the forest beyond the Force?
Ah, Jean, it seems but as yesterday
Since we met in the golden gorse."

Next to Lady Jean rides her eldest-born,
And three little lads of his:
"Dear Ralph," says she, "I can count the years
Only by signs like these.
Six sons of ours, all hardy men,
And twelve slight boys of theirs,—
'Tis a long yesterday, dear lord,
That brings us such blessed cares."

"Fair wife, I am young when I look at thee,
Thou hast such love in thy face!
Can forty years and more have gone
Since we left this homelike place?"

"Forty-three years of exile, Ralph,—
Of exile, but not of grief:
O, let us not count our sorrows, love,
They seem so few and brief!
No; let us reckon our blessings,
These noble and loyal sons,—
The treasures that God has given, Ralph,—
And all their tender ones."

"Thy voice is shaken and faint, love,
There are tears in thy gentle eyes.
Ah, dame, it is sweet to remember
Old troubles when they arise."

"It was that I saw a grave, Ralph,
That we could not bring away,—
A grave in the Flemish town, Ralph,
That we made one winter-day.
The sun is out on the cornlands,
The shadows play hide and seek,
How is it with that old graveyard?
Ah, dearest, my heart is weak!
I cannot but think how sweetly
Our little maiden smiled:
Forgive me, love, if I hurt thee,—
She was our youngest child."

"Dame, she went first to heaven;
God took her—O, be thou still!
See how many He left thee!
And fret not against His will."

"Look, grandam, the crimson banners,
Where high on the walls they float;
And look at the waving kerchiefs
From the drawbridge over the moat!
Why are these people shouting,
As forth from their doors they come?"
"My darling, these cries are pleasant,
Because they welcome us home."

"Who is this ancient lady
That a servant leads by the hand,
Stepping so slow and careful,
Yet looking so proud and grand?"

"God save ye, my little daughter!
Who are all these with thee?
For God has darkened my eyeballs,
And their faces I cannot see."

"They are my sons, good mother,
Six sons and twelve lads more,
And this is Sir Ralph, my husband,—
Together we are a score;
For God has prospered our marriage;
The king has vouchsafed us grace;
And we have come back to Ashburn
To rest in the midst of our race."

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

"To the Greeks," says Aristotle, "belongs dominion over the barbarians, because the former have the understanding requisite to rule; the latter, the body only, to obey." This was all very well in the days of Alexander; it is still the doctrine of every man who owns a slave;—but England has adopted a wiser creed; has carved on her white cliffs a nobler motto; has pledged her soul to the extirpation of slavery from the earth; has fought for it, argued for it, even paid for it, and is just as likely to become a South Sea island or an Indian jungle as to change her mind about the question whether men, women, and children ought to be bought and sold. Faithful to this cause, she turns with constant solicitude to her sister in the West; and if the news came to-morrow that America had emancipated her slaves, there would be a shout of joy amongst us such as few other events could possibly call forth.

It is nevertheless an astounding fact, that the news we should receive at first so gladly would, at the present moment, be more fatal to ourselves than war against a world in arms, more ruinous than all the plagues of Egypt, and as likely to plunge us into the ruthless misery of civil strife as a seven years' famine or a reign of tyranny.

We live by our commerce. Our commerce is the fruit of our manufactories. The existence of our manufactories depends on the supply of raw materials; and of these raw materials the most important by far is the cotton grown for us by the slave-states of America. There are more than 2000 cotton factories in England; they employ nearly 400,000 pair of hands; the numbers of those engaged in making the machinery, providing the coals, and carrying on the trade, is probably very much larger. One third of our whole export trade consists in the shipment of cotton goods spun and woven by these factories. We sent these goods abroad last year to the value of nearly forty millions sterling, after supplying also the whole internal consumption of the British Isles. To feed these whirling mills, to employ these multitudes, to carry on this prodigious business, we have to import a quantity of raw cotton which weighed last year about 900,000,000 of pounds. Of this vast quantity, three-quarters of the whole came from the United States. We receive, in fact, from America every day of our lives enough cotton-wool to stop the ears of every man, woman, and child on the face of the globe; and the whole of it has been grown, picked, cleaned, and packed by slaves. Our muslins, our calicos, our tapes, our cotton-thread,—the most beautiful fabrics of modern looms, and the most indispensable articles of modern comfort,—have passed fibre by fibre through the dark fingers of negroes, with the lash at their backs and the curse of slavery on their souls.

Now we know by dearly-bought experience the first effect of emancipation upon human beings whose lives have been degraded by long and hopeless captivity. Ambition has died out; aspiration is extinguished. The wants remaining are purely animal ones; and when the freed bondsman has done enough to satisfy these, he will do no more. There is no doubt whatever that if America, by any sudden act, were to liberate her slaves, compulsory labour would be changed at once into comparative idleness; and as no other labour can be had on the spot at any price; as the American cotton-plant is an annual, which must be sown, reared, and gathered within a year; as even a partial cessation of labour for a few months only would be fatal to the whole crop, and as there is no considerable stock of cotton ever laid up beforehand,—our mills, the mainsprings of our wealth, would be left without material to work upon, and must stop perforce with such a shock as England never felt before.

This fact is perfectly understood in Manchester, and it is a very ugly one in every point of view. We do not wish to dwell on its commercial significance. That is the most obvious part of the business, and ample justice will be done to it by those whose self-interest is urging them to acts of self-preservation. We would rather point out its bearings upon the wider and higher question of human freedom,—the question as to how much longer the wants of civilised and Christian nations are to depend for their supply on the forced and blood-bought service of the slave.

The growth of the British cotton manufacture is in itself a general benefit to the world. It spreads the comfort of cheap clothing and the advantage of commercial intercourse in all directions. But its effect upon the Slavery question is extremely powerful and extremely unfortunate. We are customers at good prices for any quantity of cotton that America can grow. In the present state of her population, she can only grow it by slave-labour. In Texas and elsewhere she has vast unoccupied territory, where it could be grown with great profit, if there were only slaves enough for the purpose; and the demand for them has in consequence become so eager, that the re-opening of the slave-trade with Africa has been seriously proposed by the Southern states, and may very possibly be insisted on in some shape or other. This is

not all. If the planters of America are deeply interested in the extension of slavery, the spinners of England know that the existence of their own trade still depends on the continuance of that baleful institution. The moral influence of England is great in a good cause. We may, and we ought, to give most valuable aid to that great American party whose watchword is Emancipation. But can it be supposed that England will ever throw her whole weight into the scale of freedom, will ever do her utmost to encourage the trembling virtue of a sister nation, will ever desire from the bottom of her heart the extinction of slavery in the United States, while the ruin of her own cotton trade, with all its terrible consequences, is the price she may expect to pay for the accomplishment of her philanthropical designs? It is out of the question; it is more than can be asked of human nature; nay, the very noblest souls may well be pardoned if they stand aghast and hesitating. The case of our own colonies had nothing parallel with this. Our West-Indian islands supplied us with sugar and coffee; but sugar and coffee could be had in any quantity from other parts of the world as well. The deficiency caused by the emancipation of our own slaves has, in fact, been filled up in this way; and even if it had not, the articles themselves were not the staples of manufacture, and the want of them would not have caused any serious stoppage of our industry. For American cotton, however, there is at present no substitute. We depend upon it as entirely as the silkworm depends on the mulberry-tree. This is a plain truth. It may at any moment become a fearful one. The same year which has seen a demand made for the restoration of the slave-trade has also seen one insurrection among the slaves. It has been put down, sternly, cruelly, and successfully; but it reveals a hidden gulf and a smouldering fire, where the passions of three million brutalised and ignorant souls lie heaving and burning.

There is a mountain on the borders of Tibet whose peak of everlasting ice has been trodden by no foot of man. The condor flies over it, and looks down from that frigid height over the watersheds of two great rivers. On the north the Indus, on the south the Ganges, has its source. Between them lie the plains of India; the great empire whose name and destiny England has united with her own. India, at the present moment, remains what it has been from time immemorial—the greatest cotton-growing country in the world. The East, and not the West, is the native home of the cotton-trade. Cotton is itself an Arabic word; calico is derived from Calicut; muslin, from Mosul. The quantity of cotton produced annually in India is probably twice as much as our whole consumption. If half of it found its way to England, we should be as independent of the American slave-states as we are of the Russian corn-fields. Yet we received last year from India only one-sixth of our supply; this was the largest importation that had ever been made; it was made under the impulse of unusually high prices; and if on a sudden we wanted two or three times as much, it is certain that, under present circumstances, we could not get it. How this happens is easily explained.

The staple, that is, the fibre, of Indian cotton is shorter than the American staple; it is in some respects inferior also in texture. The condition in which it arrives in England is worse, both in regard to dirt and damage, and the use of it requires a certain alteration in our machinery. The Indian product fetches, therefore, a lower price than the American in the English market. There is, in the ordinary qualities, a general difference of about twopence a pound, or twenty-five per cent. But the cost of production in India is astonishingly small. A man's labour can be had there for little more than the rice he lives on. A rupee a month will keep him from starvation; and if he gets two or three times as much, he is prosperous. Slave-labour, on the other hand, is dear labour; and though the African is a more powerful fellow and a better worker than the Hindoo, —though he works with the whip behind him, has all the aids of Saxon intelligence and capital, and produces per acre fully four times the Indian average, yet the first cost of raw

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It is not the cost of production, it is the cost of transit that is the largest item in the cotton-trade; and it is this that makes all the difference. The freight across the ocean itself is a very unimportant part of it. It is a shorter voyage from New Orleans than from Bombay; but that matters little. The real difference is, that whereas in America the means of transit by land and water from the interior to the ports of shipment are excellent and abundant, in India there are positively neither roads, canals, nor navigable rivers, by which the produce of the country can be brought safely and cheaply to the coast. Such cotton as we receive from it is brought on the backs of bullocks, along tracks impassable by any thing on wheels, across hills, deserts, and unbridged rivers, the journeys being often hundreds of miles in length, and weeks or months in duration. It frequently costs thirty times as much per mile to bring the cotton from the plantation to Bombay or Surat as it does to bring it from the plantation to New Orleans; while the injury from wet and exposure during these barbaric expeditions is enormous and unavoidable. This is the root of the whole matter; and the subject is of such national importance, that every Briton ought to make up his mind to understand at least the leading facts of the case. The cotton of India is not at present so good as that of America, but it is good enough for most purposes. It is good enough to be used to any extent while it can be had at the present average prices; and these prices would pay the grower a splendid profit, and lead in consequence to all those improvements in culture which are sure to follow the certainty of commercial gains, if there were only the means of conveying it cheaply and safely from the fields to the sea. We have held India for years with absolute power; its petty princes are our puppets and slaves; it yields an enormous revenue; we can do what we will with it, and yet we have not made a dozen important lines of road in the whole peninsula. Nobody, however, knows better than John Bull that a bad road is the road to ruin. The greatest road-makers have always been the greatest nations. In this little land of England we have 30,000 miles of turnpike-road and 8000 miles of railway. If we want an opposite example, there is Spain before our eyes. There are no roads in Spain; and she remains to this hour as poor as Job, as proud as Lucifer, as ignorant as her own mules, and at least three centuries behind the rest of Europe in every thing except her wine and her fleas.

Now a great deal is being written and said about the growth of Indian cotton, and the duty of Government to do something to increase the supply; but it is much to be feared that many years will be lost, and a vast amount of energy wasted in the prosecution of schemes, excellent in themselves but perfectly useless for the intended purpose, while the one grand evil remains. The spinners of Manchester, for example, have joined together to promote improvement in the culture of the Indian cotton-fields by every means in their power. They will supply seed, machinery, and information,—all of which are needed; but this will avail but little by itself. A single good road from Bombay to Hyderabad would do more to improve culture, quality, and production, than half-a-dozen societies. But a whole network of roads is needed before India can supply cotton enough for our wants at home. At present the vast quantities grown there are used on the spot. We export a good deal of calico to Hindustan; but the natives are still clothed chiefly in fabrics of their own manufacture. All this might

"Thy voice is shaken and faint, love,
There are tears in thy gentle eyes.
Ah, dame, it is sweet to remember
Old troubles when they arise."

"It was that I saw a grave, Ralph,
That we could not bring away,—
A grave in the Flemish town, Ralph,
That we made one winter-day.
The sun is out on the cornlands,
The shadows play hide and seek,
How is it with that old graveyard?
Ah, dearest, my heart is weak!
I cannot but think how sweetly
Our little maiden smiled:
Forgive me, love, if I hurt thee,—
She was our youngest child."

"Dame, she went first to heaven;
God took her—O, be thou still!
See how many He left thee!
And fret not against His will."

"Look, grandam, the crimson banners,
Where high on the walls they float;
And look at the waving kerchiefs
From the drawbridge over the moat!
Why are these people shouting,
As forth from their doors they come?"
"My darling, these cries are pleasant,
Because they welcome us home."

"Who is this ancient lady
That a servant leads by the hand,
Stepping so slow and careful,
Yet looking so proud and grand?"

"God save ye, my little daughter!
Who are all these with thee?
For God has darkened my eyeballs,
And their faces I cannot see."

"They are my sons, good mother,
Six sons and twelve lads more,
And this is Sir Ralph, my husband,—
Together we are a score;
For God has prospered our marriage;
The king has vouchsafed us grace;
And we have come back to Ashburn
To rest in the midst of our race."

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

"To the Greeks," says Aristotle, "belongs dominion over the barbarians, because the former have the understanding requisite to rule; the latter, the body only, to obey." This was all very well in the days of Alexander; it is still the doctrine of every man who owns a slave;—but England has adopted a wiser creed; has carved on her white cliffs a nobler motto; has pledged her soul to the extirpation of slavery from the earth; has fought for it, argued for it, even paid for it, and is just as likely to become a South Sea island or an Indian jungle as to change her mind about the question whether men, women, and children ought to be bought and sold. Faithful to this cause, she turns with constant solicitude to her sister in the West; and if the news came to-morrow that America had emancipated her slaves, there would be a shout of joy amongst us such as few other events could possibly call forth.

It is nevertheless an astounding fact, that the news we should receive at first so gladly would, at the present moment, be more fatal to ourselves than war against a world in arms, more ruinous than all the plagues of Egypt, and as likely to plunge us into the ruthless misery of civil strife as a seven years' famine or a reign of tyranny.

We live by our commerce. Our commerce is the fruit of our manufactories. The existence of our manufactories depends on the supply of raw materials; and of these raw materials the most important by far is the cotton grown for us by the slave-states of America. There are more than 2000 cotton factories in England; they employ nearly 400,000 pair of hands; the numbers of those engaged in making the machinery, providing the coals, and carrying on the trade, is probably very much larger. One third of our whole export trade consists in the shipment of cotton goods spun and woven by these factories. We sent these goods abroad last year to the value of nearly forty millions sterling, after supplying also the whole internal consumption of the British Isles. To feed these whirling mills, to employ these multitudes, to carry on this prodigious business, we have to import a quantity of raw cotton which weighed last year about 900,000,000 of pounds. Of this vast quantity, three-quarters of the whole came from the United States. We receive, in fact, from America every day of our lives enough cotton-wool to stop the ears of every man, woman, and child on the face of the globe; and the whole of it has been grown, picked, cleaned, and packed by slaves. Our muslins, our calicos, our tapes, our cotton-thread,—the most beautiful fabrics of modern looms, and the most indispensable articles of modern comfort,—have passed fibre by fibre through the dark fingers of negroes, with the lash at their backs and the curse of slavery on their souls.

Now we know by dearly-bought experience the first effect of emancipation upon human beings whose lives have been degraded by long and hopeless captivity. Ambition has died out; aspiration is extinguished. The wants remaining are purely animal ones; and when the freed bondsman has done enough to satisfy these, he will do no more. There is no doubt whatever that if America, by any sudden act, were to liberate her slaves, compulsory labour would be changed at once into comparative idleness; and as no other labour can be had on the spot at any price; as the American cotton-plant is an annual, which must be sown, reared, and gathered within a year; as even a partial cessation of labour for a few months only would be fatal to the whole crop, and as there is no considerable stock of cotton ever laid up beforehand,—our mills, the mainsprings of our wealth, would be left without material to work upon, and must stop perforce with such a shock as England never felt before.

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be changed; we might bring the whole of their cotton to England, and return it in calico, to the advantage of both parties; and there is room enough and labour enough in the Deccan and in Guzerat to grow tenfold the present quantity; but the only magic that can bring about such a change is the magic of road-making,—and road-making on such a scale as nothing but the direct efforts of the Government can accomplish within any calculable time.

This, in truth, is the disheartening part of the business. For any thing in the shape of public works the Indian Government is one of the worst executive machines in the world. From the collector to the Board of Revenue; from the Board of Revenue to the Local Council; from the Local Council to the Supreme Council; from the Supreme Council to England; from England back again through all these dismal stages;—such is the hopeful journey on which almost every project has to start, when it involves the idea of something actually to be done. It is no use despairing, however. The work might be accomplished. Even an Indian government might be badgered into activity.

It will not do to be beguiled with the promise of Indian railways. They will do incalculable good; but they are slow and costly works, and will hardly be formed into a complete system in half-a-century. There are at this moment only three lines of railway open in all India, and their aggregate length at the present time is little over 300 miles. They are designed, moreover, rather on a military than a commercial plan, are the property of companies, who are ravenous for immediate dividends of ten per cent, and will be worked on a scale of charges far too high for the true interests of the country. Good common roads and bridges in all directions, the improvement of rivers, and the construction of canals,—these are the grand and pressing wants of India. Such works as these could be done at once, and at a comparatively trifling cost. A despotic road-maker, with a staff of engineers, sufficient authority, the necessary funds, and no restraint upon him except the obligation to get his work done within a given time, would cover India with passable roads, and arrange a practical system of tolls and repairs in the course of five years. He would make mistakes, of course; there would be jobbing and there would be waste; but the thing would positively be done, and would be worth ten times the outlay. The money can be borrowed at any moment. Ten millions might do it, or it might cost twenty; if it cost a hundred, it would repay itself in a single generation. We do not scruple to borrow for the necessities of war; why not for the necessities of peace? Common roads can never be dispensed with by any extension of railways; nay, the railways themselves depend very largely for their success on the avenues by which traffic can be brought to them from the country on either side.

Some trifling improvements in the means of transit have actually been made in India. The most aggravating thing about them is, their marked success; for it shows how much is possible, and how much is neglected. Between India and Ceylon, for instance, a reef of sunken rocks, too near the surface for ships of any size to sail over them, caused the traffic between the island and Madras to be carried on by means of very small vessels at a heavy rate of expense. A few years ago these rocks were blasted, and the channel deepened by some five or six feet, to the disgust, it is said, of certain oysters, but with an astonishing result in its effects on trade. The simple blasting of the rocks, so as to allow larger vessels to pass, immediately reduced the freight on corn between Ceylon and the peninsula about twelve shillings a ton, and increased the traffic ninefold. The river Godavery, again, flows right through the cotton-fields of the Deccan and falls into the Bay of Bengal some distance north of Madras. It is not properly navigable; but there is nothing to prevent it from being made so for hundreds of miles. Near the mouth of it improvements have really been begun, and their success, as far as they go, has been striking. The only pity is, that they go no farther, and that while water-

communication could be had so easily with so important a district, the work is so long delayed.

The case stands thus before the British nation. India will give us as much cotton as we please as soon as we give her roads to carry it on, and will improve her culture as soon as we improve her gains. The moment that an abundant supply is sent to us from the cheap free labour of the East, the dear slave-labour of America will be stripped to a great extent of its profitable character, the greatest stimulus to the demand for slaves will be taken away, and while we relieve ourselves from a continually impending danger, we shall at the same time remove one of the chief obstacles to the liberty of the African race. Let every one who speaks of India speak of roads. In ethics, there is a road to perdition as well as a road to glory; but a practicable road of any kind in India is assuredly a road to freedom and civilisation.



LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IV.

BUSINESS kept me in Liverpool for three weeks without intermission. My father could only find time to go down once to Lythwaite for a day and a night. The incessant burden and responsibility of money-making, money-turning, and money-spending,—the cruel slavery of riches,—sometimes weighed heavily upon even his stout heart.

"Mark," he would sometimes say to me, when we were laying our heads together over business-matters in the small parlour till long after office-hours, "I sometimes think I'd ha' done better to ha' left thee a clerk, as I was myself when thee wert a bit of a lad, going back'ards and for'ards 'twixt this and the little house at Everton. Heigho, my boy, I hope thee'll get more good than thy father gets out of Lythwaite Hall."

It did sometimes seem to me strange that he and I, working here, in this musty room, under the coarse flare of gas-light, sometimes lifting our eyes from the mass of papers and mazes of figures to exchange a word or two, then again silence,—it seemed passing strange that he and I should have any part or lot in the splendours of Lythwaite Hall.

For its splendours, they might go to the winds; but then it had some sweetnesses too. Every Sunday,—that being the only day I had time to let them come,—I used to be haunted by wafts from the May-hedges, by the sound of rooks cawing, or the soft single twitter of young thrushes going to sleep in the rustling trees.

On Monday, when my father came back, I asked him if all were going on well at home.

"All well, and particularly quiet. Your mother," with a twinkle of his keen eye,—“your poor dear mother has quite given up telling folk how very much she misses Lord Erlistoun.”

He was gone, then, safe and sure. Well, let him go, and prosperity go with him. He was a fine fellow in his way; but he could have done us little good, or we him. Why he came among us at all, whether from self-interest (yet rich and influential as my father was, common justice condemned me for suspecting the young nobleman of that), or whether it was one of those mere idle adventures which an idle young man is prone to, I still was ignorant; and, to throw no further mystery over the matter, I remain ignorant to this day.

Sometimes in the dull round of business, which chained my father and myself as effectually as if we were two horses in a mill, or two convicts working hand-fast side by side, there would suddenly come across me a vision of that easy



THE MAGDALEN. BY CORREGGIO. (FROM THE DRESDEN GALLERY.)

enjoyable life, pictures from which Lord Erlistoun had given us at Lythwaite,—and I had seen Jean's eyes light up on listening,—pictures of summer sunrises in the Alps, of summer sunsets over the Euganean hills, of exquisite moon-lights, brighter than our dull northern days, while lazily rocking on the blue Mediterranean seas, or skimming in and out among the lovely isles of the Grecian Archipelago. All pleasure, nothing but pleasure; bounded by no duties, burdened with no cares.

Yet, would I have exchanged lives? No.

One Saturday afternoon, when I was just thinking of him,—thinking, too, whether it would be possible to get away by the last train that night for a little, a very little, pleasure,—my notion of pleasure,—our housekeeper ushered into the back parlour "Lord Erlistoun."

I was surprised, and probably I showed it; for he looked awkward, that is, awkward for him.

Again, as I seem always to keep on saying, let me be just to him; let me not deny that delicate courtesy, that charming grace, which made the least thing he did well done; which, after the first, forced the little dark parlour

and me to brighten up in his company. He gave no reasons for his visit, except a slight apology for "interruption;" but sat down as if determined to be friendly and at ease.

We talked upon ordinary topics; then, on his inquiring after my "family," about Lythwaite Hall.

"You go down every Saturday, I believe?" he said.

Was that the reason of his coming? Was it only through me that he could hear,—as, in spite of all his calm politeness, he seemed nervously eager to hear,—any tidings of Lythwaite Hall?

At my age, a man is seldom without some penetration, especially when his observation is sharpened by certain facts which concern no one but himself. I think I can detect falsehood in feeling or expression, and can likewise respect any feeling which is evidently honest and true.

Jean had "taken care," she plainly said. Perhaps one might even afford a little temporary regret for the temporary pain of young Lord Erlistoun.

I told him I did not go every Saturday; but intended to be at home to-night.

"Ah, indeed! It must be a pleasant thing to be able to say, as you say it, that thoroughly English word, 'home.'"

Thereupon we diverged, in an abstract way, upon different branches of this same subject. I detected in what Lord Erlistoun said many turns of thought, nay, even of phrase, which I recognised as my cousin Jean's. I have often noticed this fact,—how one person will involuntarily imitate, not merely the tone of mind, but slight peculiarities of word or gesture belonging to the one other person who has most influence over him or her.

Again, I say, both on this account, and from a certain restlessness which, well as he disguised it, pervaded his whole manner, thoughts, and plans,—for he poured out to me, unwilling and unresponsive confidant, a great many of these,—I could not help feeling sorry for Lord Erlistoun.

Rising to leave, he said suddenly, "You are going home to-night; might I burden you with these?"

Two letters; one addressed to my mother, the other to Miss Dowglas. Probably he noticed my surprise; for he continued:

"They are, you perceive, from Lady Erlistoun. She wished them delivered to-night; and I think I have reason to believe your Lythwaite post is uncertain. May I ask of you this favour on the part of my mother?"

He always spoke somewhat haughtily when mentioning the word "favour;" and yet to-day there was a hesitating humility about him too.

"I was not aware of any shortcomings in the Lythwaite post; but I will deliver these safely."

"Thank you. And you return on Monday?"

"I really cannot inform you, Lord Erlistoun."

All these miles the letters seemed to lie burning in my pocket. Men, especially young men, visit about as they will, in circles higher or lower than their own. If honourable in themselves, there is no reason why they should not be accepted and acceptable; but with women it is different, or society thinks so. What on earth did Lady Erlistoun want with my mother and my cousin Jean?

I reached home late: they had not expected me. The drawing-room windows were dark. However, in the little breakfast-room I found them both presiding over a large heap of new household-linen, my mother looking busy and pleased, as she always did when, on any excuse, she could put off the fine lady and be the housewife once more; Jean rather pale and anxious; but she brightened up when she saw me at the door.

"Ah, cousin Mark!"

"Mark, my dear boy!"

Lord Erlistoun had said truly; it was pleasant coming home. I did not for an hour or more deliver the two letters. My mother opened hers in a flutter of curiosity.

"Dear me! Bless my heart! Why, Jane!"

But Jean had taken up hers, and gone out of the room.

When she came back, it was merely to say, "Good night, Mark;" and she said it hastily. Two hot roses burnt on each cheek; but her hand was very cold. It struck to my heart.

I am no advocate for the romantic dignity of silence, that is, between two people who, however much or little their mutual regard, understand and believe in one another. With such, silence is often no virtue; merely cowardice, selfishness, or pride.

"Do not go," I said; "I want to speak to you."

"I can't; I must not stay."

"Only a minute. Sit down;" for she was trembling. "Lady Erlistoun is coming to call here on Monday. Did you know?"

"Yes, he told me."

He! that little momentous word. But I passed it over; it would not do to stand upon trifles now.

"Cousin, I should like to know,—not that I have the slightest right to ask, and you must not answer, if you have the slightest objection,—but I should just like to know, in explanation of something he let fall, whether, since he left, you have heard from Lord Erlistoun?"

She paused a moment, and then said slowly and sadly, "He has written to me almost every day; but I have never answered a single letter."

No need to ask what the letters were about; no need to guess what their effect must have been, coming thus, every day,—and strong must have been the impulse to make Lord Erlistoun do any thing regularly every day,—coming from a young man, fresh in all the passion, the poetry of his youth.

I stood silent by the chimney-piece, meeting in the mirror over it a familiar face, well-known in Liverpool warehouses and on the Liverpool 'Change; seeing, too, in the distance beyond, that poor flushed face of Jean's. At last she turned, and hid it on the sofa-pillow.

"Do help me, Mark. I have been so very miserable."

I took a chair and sat down, opposite the grate, with my back to her, and said—something or another. Then I waited, and waited in vain. My mother called from the staircase, "Mark, it's bedtime; see that the house is locked up;" and I answered from the parlour-door, to prevent her coming in.

"Now, Jean, tell me."

She told me: just what I had feared, nay, expected. There is no necessity to give her precise words; indeed, she explained no more than the bare fact that she might have been Lady Erlistoun.

"I thought you said you had 'taken care.'"

"Ay, that's the thing. It was my pride, my wicked self-reliance; I thought I was doing him good; I wanted to do him good; I liked him to like me. But I never thought—O, Mark, if I did wrong I have been punished!"

Punished! Then even though his letters came day after day,—even though by some unaccountable means he had persuaded his lady-mother to come and condescendingly investigate his choice, there was no fear. I had judged her rightly. Our Jean would not marry Lord Erlistoun.

"I know it will not last; he is too young. After a little it will seem to him no more than a dream. And I may have done him some good, after all. Was I so wrong, Mark?"

I attempted not from any false kindness to compromise the truth. I said, it was likely that she had been in some way wrong, since, as she had herself acknowledged, in similar circumstances the woman is rarely free from blame.

"Ay, that is it; that is my self-reproach and fear. Yet, O Mark, if you knew what it was to feel your youth going—to feel, too, that you never had had its full value, that there had been no love in it, and now it was going, gone; and if some one came and loved you, or thought he did, said you were the only creature in the world who could make him happy, make him good; if you saw, too, that there was some truth in what he said, that if you had been younger or he older, or if other things had been more level between you both,—you might—"

"Jean," I said, startled by the expression of her eyes, "do you love Lord Erlistoun?"

"I am afraid I do."

So in a moment the whole face of things was altered; so, in less than a moment, that "ship" which Jean used to laugh about, as being with most people so long in "coming home," went down, down, without the flapping of a sail or straining of a mast, to the bottom of the sea.

Otherwise I might have perceived something unnatural in those five slow words, something not right in any ear except the lover's being the first to hear them. As it was, I simply heard them, in all their force and significance to both our lives; and, so recognising them, entered upon the duty of mine.

This was plain as daylight. There are none who feel more sacredly the absolute right of love for love, than those to whom fate has denied its possession.

Jean came behind me, and laid her hand on my shoulder. She might. Henceforward I could no more have touched it, except cousinly or brotherly, than I could have put out my hand to steal the crown-jewels.

"Well, Mark."

"Well, Jean."

"I think 'tis time we said good night."

"Good night, then." A look up into her bending face, which was pale, drawn, and hard, "You will be happy, never fear."

"No; what I told you has no reference to—to *that*. If any thing, it prevents it, and makes easier what I did upon instinct for his good as well as mine. No, Mark; I shall always remain Jean Dowglas."

With a smile that made her face saint-like in its sadness, she passed out of my sight.

But we cannot be in a state of saint-hood always. Certain facts which four dun walls might that night have borne witness to, till such time as the rookery was all astir in the weary dawn, gave me a clue to certain other facts, which Jean's exceeding paleness next morning alone betrayed.

There was happily no one at home but us three. I kept my mother safe out of the way the best part of Sunday, and on Monday forenoon.

My good mother,—she behaved admirably. Only a few nods and winks in confidence with me, and an affectionate lingering over Jean, indicated her perception of what was going on, or her prophetic anticipation of what was undoubtedly coming. After the first expression of pleasure, she did not even refer to Lady Erlistoun's visit, and, moreover, gave me a hint to the same purport.

"You see, she doesn't like to be noticed. Very natural; I was just the same myself when your father was courting, Mark, my dear."

Monday came. My mother was rather fidgetty; dressed herself directly after breakfast in her gayest silk gown, and strongly objected to Jean's, of some soft gray stuff—mouse-colour—her usual morning-dress.

"O don't, please," Jean answered, in a weary tone. "What does it signify?"

"Well," my mother commented, after watching her stand arranging the drawing-room flowers, her customary daily duty, and then sit down to work in the far window,—
"well, I don't think it does signify. Poor Emma Brown! I wonder what she would have thought of her daughter."

And my mother wiped her eyes, for all she seemed so proud and pleased.

Not many minutes after, she rushed back into the drawing-room, all in a flurry. Lady Erlistoun's carriage was coming up the avenue.

"Who is in it?" I asked. Jean did not stir.

"Only herself. Dear me, how very odd of Lord Erlistoun!"

I thought differently.

Lady Erlistoun was a very handsome woman. You saw at once where her son had inherited his delicate profile, his full soft eye. The likeness might have been stronger when she was young, or would be as he grew old. In their world, the years between twenty-four and forty-four effect much.

She resembled her son in manner too. She paid various elegantly implied compliments to my mother on the exceeding beauty of Lythwaite Hall, and her own desire to see it; then went on graciously to explain how she happened to be staying a night at the Bishop's, and was unwilling to return north without having had the pleasure of making Mrs. Browne's acquaintance; and so on, and so on, never alluding to any particular object of her visit, nor noticing, except by the customary acknowledgment, the lady who was presented to her as "Miss Dowglas."

Nor when, after this formal introduction, Miss Dowglas slowly retreated to her seat, could a less sharp eye than mine have detected the occasional wandering of Lady Erlistoun's—keenly inquisitive as women are of women—anatomising her at a glance from top to toe.

Jean sat still, proudly quiet, unmistakably fair.

"Miss Dowglas, will you take me to see your rosery? Erlistoun has spoken much of your beautiful roses." This was the first time she had mentioned her son's name.

Jean crossed the room. Lady Erlistoun watched her,

every step, every trick of gesture and action of hands, as she showed the flowers in the vases; listened attentively to every word that fell from her lips, dropped easily in that low-toned, pure English, not, alack! as my dear good Lancashire mother talked.

Let another mother meet equal justice. She, who had been used all her life to these external refinements, valuing them far beyond their worth,—and yet they are worth no little, as indications of greater things,—let her be judged fairly. Nay, I doubt now if even my mother's son and Jean's cousin had a right to feel his heart so hot within him while this noble lady stood conversing with and investigating the other lady (yes, she recognised that self-evident fact, I saw), whom her only son desired to set in her own place, as Lady Erlistoun.

And for Jean?

Once or twice, at the bent side-face, at some accidental family tone, which you can detect in most voices, I could see Jean's composure stirred; otherwise she was, as she was sure to be, simply herself. Her mind she could disguise, or rather conceal, and in degree her feelings; but her character never. To attempt it would have been to her an ignoble hypocrisy.

I followed them as they moved slowly up and down the garden, talking of books, pictures, Continental life,—as Jean could talk, if necessary, and did so. In no way could I detect in her the least faltering, the least paltering with what she owed to herself, or to us Brownes.

Us Brownes! Though Lady Erlistoun was extremely gracious, though she had too much self-respect not to fulfil to the last letter whatever courtesy she had evidently set herself to perform, still one felt, if one did not see, the soft, intangible, but inevitable, line she drew between Jean Dowglas and "us Brownes."

In leaving, she held out her hand, "I trust we shall meet again, Miss Dowglas."

"You are kind to wish it, Lady Erlistoun."

And so they parted. When, after seeing her to her carriage, I returned to bid my mother and cousin good-by,—for I was starting,—I found Jean had gone up at once to her own room.

Two days after, my father showed me a letter from Lord Erlistoun, enclosing another from his mother, and from himself a formal application for Miss Dowglas's hand.

A very extraordinary thing, the old man said—quite unaccountable. If he had known what was going on, he should have set his face against it; he didn't like those sort of marriages. But in this case, when the other party had shown such respect and consideration towards the dear girl, and towards us likewise, when it must be a thoroughly disinterested affair,—for he remembered telling the young fellow himself that, except her fifty pounds, Jean had nothing,—why, he hardly knew what to say about it.

I suggested that none of us ought to say any thing. Jean was her own mistress; she must decide.

"You're right, my dear boy; of course she must." And not sorry to have the responsibility lifted off his shoulders, my father, in his own honest way, wrote to that effect.

In four days more I learnt, or at least judged from obvious evidence, that she had decided. Lord Erlistoun was again my father's guest.

That Saturday I did not go down to Lythwaite Hall.

* * * * *

Youth and love—first love;—let not those who have passed them by turn back and deny either: they are glorious things.

In time I became accustomed to the new order of circumstances: could go home and see those two pacing the garden of mornings, or talking of evenings in the summer Sunday twilight, without feeling that their position towards each other was unnatural or wrong.

This came easier to me, perhaps, because Jean looked happy. Not at first; but when she saw how happy her lover was; how gradually, under her influence, his whole

tone of mind seemed changed; how his character settled and deepened, the fine qualities in him strengthening, and the frivolous ones vanishing away,—then Jean, likewise, became at ease, and content. She evidently loved him; and love alone will make people happy for a time; not permanently; at least, not that sort of love.

Even now sometimes I fancied—could it be only fancy?—I could trace a doubt, like as when she had asked me so pitifully that very night, “Mark, was I so very wrong?” We had never spoken together confidentially again; indeed, it was an understood thing in the family that Jean did not like to be spoken to on the subject of Lord Erlistoun. When and where she was to be married, my mother said, she herself had not the least idea; it seemed “rather odd of Jane.”

But, either from the inherent weakness of human nature, or something different in the girl herself, every body in the household treated her with great consideration, and offered not the shadow of a reproach to the future Lady Erlistoun.

I was not of them, and had no call to be. Their Jean Dowglas was not mine—never had been; it was a very different thing. And one day, when she was mentioning something she intended to alter in the Lythwaite garden “next year,” I determined to find out the truth about her engagement.

“Next year?—you forget.” And I looked at her left hand, where, as I had noticed, she wore no ring.

With a rather sad smile, she turned to me. “No, I did not forget. I know what you are thinking of; but you are mistaken. I told you the truth that night.”

“That you should always remain Jean Dowglas?”

“I believe I always shall.”

I could not just then find words, or her manner stopped me. She went on—

“Mark, I wish to tell you one thing,—which is all that any body has a right to know, and I have said it from the first, only nobody here seems to believe it,—that Lord Erlistoun is not engaged to me.”

“Jean,” I cried,—for it was hard to think her less than the woman I had always thought her, and yet keep silence,—“for the third time I say, ‘Take care.’ You are attempting a dangerous game; you are playing with edged tools.”

“Am I?”

“Beware! Two people may go on together easily and friendly for a long time; but after love is once confessed, or even suspected, they *must* be lovers, or nothing. I speak as a man. You women know not what you do; you are toying with burning coals when you play fast and loose with a man’s heart. It is worse than folly—wickedness. Let there be no half measures; take him, or reject him; love him, or let him go.”

I spoke hotly, out of the bitterness of my soul; but she was neither hurt nor angry. A little reproach there was in her eyes, as if in me at least she had looked for something she did not find.

“Mark, cannot you understand the possibility of loving and letting go?”

THE THEATRES.

ON Balzac’s novel of *Eugénie Grandet*, MM. Bayard and Dupont, some time since, founded a drama, entitled the *Fille de l’Avaro*; and a few seasons back Mr. John Bridgman made a version of it for the Olympic, while under the management of Mr. Farren. A new version has been prepared for the same theatre by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, apparently for the purpose of adapting the character of the miserly parent to the genius of Mr. Robson. This actor has for a time held an anomalous position on the stage, as a broad-farce and burlesque actor who raised his edifice of humour on the basis of tragic passion. Not a few have felt that this same basis was the real element of his genius, its very substance, indeed; and that the comic superstructure was, in a vulgar as well as in a philosophical sense, merely accidental.

The revival of *L’Avaro* has gone far to prove this, and, if such proof be necessary to any really critical mind, to convince the doubter of the fact. Mr. Robson is a tragedian; and, in the part of *Daddy Hardacre* (such is the title of the new adaptation), he is furnished with opportunity for evincing his emotional power. The tragic scenes are introduced by some comic ones, in which the avaricious feelings of the old man are cleverly illustrated, in connection with the affection which he bears for his only daughter. Hardacre finds it impossible to decide whether his love for his gold or his child is the greater. Nature herself, it is evident, holds the balance even. But in the course of the dramatic action the normal equilibrium is disturbed, and a fearful conflict ensues, that must end either in its restoration or the death of the subject. Does Hardacre love to increase his golden heaps, to touch their constituent units, and to gaze on the glittering pieces both separately and collectively, toying with them in admiration and fondness? Even so he cherishes his daughter, fondles over her, and presses her to his bosom and his lips with devoted passion. Fain would he teach her to love money as he himself does, and learn not to “let it slip through her fingers,” which, in her pardonable inexperience, he fears she may. Hardacre loves also to possess land, but it gives him a pang to pay for it—to part with the bright gold for the dirty earth; it costs him blood to effect the exchange, but the anguish makes him richer in the end, and is therefore endured as a portion of the means for accomplishing the final cause of all his being. He has just completed the contract for a bargain which will make him at least five hundred pounds more wealthy, and the money is set apart for the purchase. Mean time the daughter’s sympathies are wrought upon by the distress of an uncle, who, for the want of five thousand pounds, is about to commit suicide. She takes the sum from her father’s stores, and sends it to her uncle. Hardacre discovers his loss; ere long, too, he discovers the thief; then it is that the struggle of emotion commences. His reason, his life, is threatened by the vehemence of his passion. We fear, too, his vengeance as he raises the chair to dash it on the poor girl’s head; we tremble while he commences a malediction, which, however, he does not complete; we listen to his implorings with interest; we share his passion as he grovels on the ground in search of the hidden treasure, and hangs over the aperture from which it has been taken; and when he crawls up the stairs in the climax of his agony, we feel relieved from the weight of an intolerable suffering. Feebly do these words describe the scene; they can only enable our readers to guess at the acting of Mr. Robson. They must therefore imagine the coalescence of all that art and nature can accomplish to give perfection to the histrionic expression of complicated emotions like those we have indicated, and they will then form some conception of its completeness and depth; but nothing short of actually witnessing the scene can realise it to the mind of any one, however fertile in anticipations and invented probabilities. The money so stolen turns out, after all, to be by right the girl’s own, and this fact proves the turning-point of the emotion; and when the mischief done can all be healed by marrying her to his nephew, whose presence on the scene has been the occasion for the distressing incidents which all parties have survived, a gleam of comfort penetrates Hardacre’s poor racked brain, and the torture gradually subsides. Peace returns to his mind and heart, and a certain satisfaction, too, in the result. It is, however, at the cost of his daughter, whom he must part with—whom it is better, after such a breach, to part with; but as to the rest, he is solaced by the conviction that his other loss has only been imaginary, that he has really lost nothing, that she has only stolen her own property; and with such a chuckling sense of superiority over his fellows, and fortune into the bargain, he rejoices that he has still enough to complete his intended purchase and realise the profit on which he had calculated; and to this philosophic phase of the conclusion Mr. Robson gives as much effect as to the tragic force of the main situation. Beyond

doubt, in such a part as we have described, he is the greatest actor on the modern stage.

The dramatic season at the Lyceum has been brought to a close by the temporary transfer of the theatre to Mr. Gye for the purposes of Italian opera. The continued illness of Mrs. Dillon interrupted the run of the new works in which she was engaged, and the lessee had to fall back upon revivals. Amongst these *Virginius* and *Hamlet* have been conspicuous. We have not seen Mr. Dillon to greater advantage than in the Roman Father of Knowles. The performance was equally chaste and powerful. As to the former quality, indeed, we think Mr. Dillon carries his dislike of what he thinks "stagey" into excess. The indignation of the patriot at the end of the third act, and the devotion of Appius to the "infernal gods," in the fourth act, were consequently under-toned; but the grief and passion of the father were rendered with a natural truth and intensity that roused the house to enthusiasm. The passage in which Virginius sees in thought the arms of the "Second Tarquin" coiled round his child was one of the most striking displays of histrionic power that we have witnessed for years.

In his personation of Hamlet, the same performer has no superior on the boards. From the bias already noticed, some of the soliloquies—the "To be, or not to be," in particular—were given with even too much simplicity, and would have gained in effect by a more set elocution. On the other hand, the charms of genuine emotion and fresh thought were present throughout. Although Mr. Dillon, on the whole, eschewed new readings, his Hamlet in its general effect is decidedly original. The ardent and loving nature of the princely Dane, aspiring to meet in life with that ideal of truth and sympathy which, except in the case of Horatio, he never finds, was most truly and affectingly portrayed. The celebrated scene with Ophelia, in the third act, deserves the highest praise. The "noble mind o'erthrown" at first vents itself in an agony of invective. It is as if there, where Hamlet had "garnered up his heart," he discerns that lurking poison of self and falsehood, the fruits of which he had elsewhere proved so poignantly. "Get thee to a nunnery," he cries, bitterly at first, for he fears that even *she* cannot else escape the fatal contagion; but before he parts from her the old memories of affection revive, the thoughts of all that she has been to him come back, and it is with a voice faltering from tenderness that he at last repeats, "Get thee to a nunnery," and turns away from her as from a fading vision of youth and love. There is far more than conventional merit in such acting as this. In the play-scene, and on the reappearance of the Ghost, Mr. Dillon showed a power to grasp the sterner elements of the part no less admirable than the pathos which he had previously evinced. We take leave of the Lyceum management for the present with congratulations on the result of the experiment to the lessee, and on the dramatic gain which has accrued to the public.

Since the closing of Sadler's Wells, Mr. Phelps, and one or two of his company, have migrated to the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch. In such a neighbourhood the refining influence of the poetic drama fitly presented can hardly be overvalued. By force of high and consistent purpose, and great ability as a Shaksperian actor, Mr. Phelps has not only superseded in the north of London a low and meretricious entertainment by a pure and intellectual one, but he has given an almost classic fame to his suburban theatre, and attracted thither persons of intelligence and taste from all parts of London. It is with much pleasure, then, that we find the same actor now aiding the civilising ministries of art and poetry in the East. No small portion of his present audience is drawn from classes to whom the theatre is the sole recreation from else incessant toil, the one illusion amidst the hardest realities of life. Minds untaught except by the sternest experience, and too often embittered by the lesson, are amongst those who throng to the Standard Theatre; and who, amidst the images of beauty or passion which a noble drama affords, feel there at least that they are something more than hired machines, and that the

hopes, struggles, and triumphs of the heart there portrayed belong also to themselves. There one sees the fustian-jacket, the worn, it may be the dingy, visage, lit up only when the genius of the actor embodies that of the poet, and by the "touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin" enfolds the humblest spectator in the bond of a common nature. We know not whether such a sight can compete in externals with the gorgeous shows that prevail elsewhere; but we must be allowed to think that it has the advantage of them in moral use and dignity.

Glancing for a moment at the drama of spectacle, we may observe, that an equestrian version of *Henry IV.* has been produced at Astley's; and that in this, as in previous cases, the words of Shakspeare are positively delivered. Curiously enough, while theatres professedly dramatic have tended in the direction of pageants, a theatre professedly devoted to pageant has thus become in a measure Shaksperian. We do not profess to inquire whether the balance thus struck is a very consolatory one; but we suppose, if Shakspeare must be held to do little good in "legitimate" establishments, it may at least be granted that he can do little harm in equestrian ones.

A FRIENDLY VISIT TO CANTON.

WAR is a wonderful master of the ceremonies. Like individuals constantly meeting in the same drawing-room, but perseveringly ignoring each other's existence, because the magical words of introduction have not been pronounced by the common friend in whose house they meet, nations may stand face to face, and even keep up a certain degree of intercourse for centuries, without seeming to know aught of each other. But let war bring them into contact for a moment, and they become at once eager and interested about each other's affairs, and sedulously cultivate acquaintance. If this be not true of all nations, it is most assuredly true of the English, which,—whether it be from its insular position, or, as foreigners are prone to think, from an overwhelming degree of self-esteem,—during times of peace receives with listless indifference any attempt to make it acquainted with foreign manners, life, and modes of thought; while in times of war, the very turn of the noses and twist of the moustaches of the people with whom we are engaged in deadly struggle become of interest to us; and every scrap of information, old or new, concerning them is caught up with avidity.

Presuming that, in consequence of this peculiarity in our national idiosyncrasy, an interest in China has by this time been created, which all our tea-drinking, and the various excellent works written about that country, have hitherto failed to awaken, we venture to invite our readers to take a glance at Canton through the eyeglass of an intelligent French officer lately stationed in the China Seas.

It is not until the bay to which our Anson gave his name, between the mountainous promontory that terminates the peninsula of Chuen-pi and the point of Anung-hoy, spreads out before him, that the European, advancing up the Chou-kiang and approaching Canton, becomes strongly impressed with the distance of time more than of space that separates the empire he is about to visit from all that he has until then known. For the Chinese fleet, perchance lying at anchor under cover of the forts which crown the summit of the promontory, at once brings home to his mind the strange immobility of the race with whom he is coming into contact. The vessels of Nearchus must have been less primitive looking than these long rectangular boxes with three spars in the middle, looking more like dead saplings than the regular masts of a vessel, and the whole construction of which is such as would make the very mummies smile that repose under the pyramid of Cheops. Their poops rising in stories like a child's card-castle, bear on their escutcheons the imperial dragon with its greenish folds and its blood-tinged jaws; their prows are ornamented with scarlet flags, and

with two haggard eyes, without which it is supposed the vessel could not find its way along the water, and which give to its formless mass a ludicrous resemblance to a frightened seal. All the details of their construction and rigging make these war-junks curious specimens of the art of navigation in its infancy; yet they differ very little from the large commercial junks which visit the distant ports of Singapore, Batavia, and Siam. How they can achieve successfully such long voyages it would be difficult to understand, had not complaisant nature undertaken to solve the problem. One monsoon carries the helpless junks to their port of destination and another wafts them back again; and if, when close to the coast, the breeze ceases to favour them, they patiently await the tide, and float in upon its bosom like the sea-weeds that are the toys of the waves. Let no one suppose, however, that the deficiencies in the construction of these vessels are owing to the incapacity of the Chinese ship-builders. The same men who construct these primitive arks build the swift and admirable clippers and schooners which navigate these waters under English and American colours, and the agile mandarin-boats which are constantly plying up and down the river, cutting through the water with incredible swiftness by the aid of their forty oars. But the sacred rites and time-hallowed routine which hedge round the ancient civilisation of China extend their sway over the art of ship-building also; and though the imitative Chinaman may construct for the use of foreigners vessels on a level with the requirements of the nineteenth century, his countrymen he only furnishes with such as are built upon a model twenty centuries old.

The passage of the Bogue is less than a thousand yards wide, and though there is a somewhat broader channel to the west of the little islands of Wantong, both these straits might be long defended against a hostile squadron by a well-directed fire. Indeed, the Chinese seem to have been quite aware of the importance of guarding their inner waters against barbarian invasions, and have spared neither stone nor iron for the purpose. Having erected batteries on every available summit and point, they have further constructed massive walls at the foot of the hills of Anung-hoy, and behind these they have accumulated an amount of artillery sufficient to demolish all the fleets in the world. But having done so much to intimidate the barbarians, they deemed all further trouble superfluous. However, the events of 1856 may have impressed the lesson which the defeats of the years '40, '41, '42, and '47 failed to teach, and the Celestials may by this time have become convinced that fortifications and cannon, without men to back them, are poor means of defence.

Be this as it may, the Bogue Forts form an imposing feature in the river scenery, which, between these and Wampoa, twenty-five miles further up, assumes a somewhat different aspect. The verdant hills crowned with tufts of trees, and the cultivated valleys winding their sinuous path among them, now withdraw further inland, and vast rice-fields, won from the alluvium of the river, and skirted by rows of banana-palms, extend on all sides and hem in the course of the stream, which is further obstructed by numerous banks, that render the navigation very difficult. Small boats, with one man in each, stationed along both sides of the deep channel, warn the mariner off the shoals; and the Chinese pilots that navigate the ships through these upper waters are so skilful, that a wreck in the Chou-kiang is said to be a thing almost unheard of.

Wampoa is the roadstead of Canton. Hundreds of foreign ships assemble here every year; and around these, in thousands of boats that circulate in the numerous channels that intersect the land, and along both banks of the river, swarms a population that lives exclusively by the barbarians. In spite of the interest presented by the spectacle of restless activity that prevails at Wampoa, we must, however, hurry on to Canton in one of the small steamers which ply between the two places, and represent the inroads of Western civilisation upon the stronghold of Eastern stagnation. As

the steamer rapidly ascends the Junk River, verdant rice-fields climbing up the hill-sides in terraces, villages peeping out from amidst bambou-hedges, pagodas half hidden under the gigantic branches of the banyan-tree, meet the eye on both banks; and in the distance clusters of many-storied turrets with polygonal roofs and galleries announce the presence of a large city. As soon as the feeble barrier is passed, which, in 1840, was thrown across the river, and the oft-humiliated forts that defend it, the red masts of the mandarins, the first houses of the suburbs, built upon piles and hanging as it were over the river; large squadrons of junks, lying side by side, with their banners fluttering in the breeze, and the ever-increasing crowd of tankas, give notice that the port of Canton has been reached. Soon after this the city presents itself, but not the Canton beheld from afar, buried amid the heavy walls that surround the Tartar city; not either the Canton rising out of the mud of the Chou-kiang, which often overflows its streets; but Canton, such as the Chinese artists love to represent this Venice of the Celestial Empire. In the background, the imposing edifices of the European factories (for, be it remembered, we are describing the city before the outbreak of the recent hostilities), the flagstuffs of the consuls, and the proudly waving flags of England, America, and Denmark; in the foreground, the floating city, with its avenues of palaces, with gilded façades and delicate tracery; its long streets of cottages with wooden walls and bambou-roofs; its gambling-houses and pleasure-gardens, lighted at night with gaudy paper lanterns and silken globes; its teeming population; its swarm of boats, playing the part here that carriages would play on firm land;—a truly picturesque city, dazzling with colour, dizzying with movement, fantastical as a tale in the *Arabian Nights*, or as a scene at the opera.

But the steamer passes on, and approaches *terra firma*. Making way for itself through the crowd of tankas that hover round the quays, it deposits its passengers at the entrance of a large square planted with trees, and in the middle of which waves the flag of the United States. Grand as is this entrance to the European quarter of Canton, it furnishes a deceptive measure of the extent of liberality extended by the Celestials to the restless progressive sons of the West; for an area comprising between 400 and 500 acres of swampy ground is the utmost extent of territory that was granted to them, and beyond the limits of this they ever walked on enemy's ground. The factories and other edifices raised upon this area, which had to be filled up and consolidated at great expense, are divided into thirteen distinct groups by intersecting streets. Two of these streets, running at right angles to the course of the river, and denominated Old China Street and New China Street, are occupied by Chinese shops; and here are gathered together in fabulous quantities the divers and innumerable objects of Chinese art and industry which are so much prized in Europe: silks manufactured in Kiang-nan, and enriched with heavy embroideries in the suburbs of Canton; ebony boxes inlaid with gilt or ivory ornaments so minute that the beauty of the designs can only be duly appreciated when seen through a magnifying-glass; water-colour paintings with tints so soft and brilliant that they seem borrowed from the butterfly's wings, and representing gods brandishing thunderbolts, or warriors shooting with bow and arrows, or condemned mortals writhing in the tortures of a Buddhist hell, or mandarins seated in solemn grandeur on their curule chairs, or lovely ladies hovering like the fabled birds of paradise between heaven and earth. Then there are lacquered tea-caddies, fans, and trays of every variety of form and hue; porcelain of exquisite delicacy, bronzes of most capricious form, and carved ivories, exhibiting more taste in design than delicacy of workmanship. And from among all these articles you are to make your selection; and, in a strange compound of English and Portuguese, with elision of all not strictly necessary words, and in soft and liquid tones, that make you think this Anglo-Portuguese alliance remarkably harmonious, the Chinese merchant wheedles you

into spending much more money than prudence approves of. Who could resist the old opium-smoker when, with a caressing smile that almost imparts to his aged visage the gracefully naïve expression of childhood, he bends his sunken sallow cheek upon his shoulder, and says: "*You ale my friend; me talkee true; forty tolla*"? Forty dollars are given for what is not worth more than twenty; but it is only experience that can teach you what "talkee true" means to a Chinese mind.

Old China Street and New China Street are broad and regular, and paved with large flags of granite; but being only frequented by Europeans, they bear a deserted appearance, in spite of the lines of low shops that border them on each side; and they form a striking contrast to the bustle and noise of Physic Street, a narrow irregular lane that winds its crooked way from east to west, between the European quarter and the labyrinthine islands of the suburbs, and through which an incessant stream of passengers and merchandise is flowing. Here you make acquaintance with all the dainties that tickle most agreeably the Chinese palate: Mandarin oranges with soft crimson rind, water-melons from Amoy, pears from Shantung, and jujubes from Pe-tche-li, are displayed in tempting order. Living fish from the Chou-kiang disport in large basins; and the wild-dogs, destined for the tables of the Luculluses of Canton, fret their short hour of life in baskets made of ratan. Here also are smoked ducks, but flattened so as to be almost unrecognisable, and bunches of dried rats and strings of cats' shoulders, hanging most amicably side by side, and vying with the more substantial attractions of quarters of beef and mutton and sides of terribly fat pork.

What a running to and fro, what a jostling, what a clamour, in this the noisiest street of Canton! but no quarrelling and no fighting; for patience is one of the most salient traits in the Chinese character, as you may judge from the look of passive endurance with which yonder rich merchant, seated at his counter, has been submitting for the last half-hour to the unceasing noise kept up by a blind beggar who has entered his shop, and who, by way of giving something in return for the alms he is soliciting, is striking together two sticks of bamboo which pass in Canton for a musical instrument.

No Chinese woman ever appears on foot in Physic Street; nor are the buttons of the mandarins ever seen mingling in the motley crowd there. The small-footed ladies and the big guns among the men are carried about in palanquins on the shoulders of vigorous coolies. They are not, however, the only members of the population that enjoy this privilege; for there is no student, be he ever so poor, who does not at times indulge himself in a promenade in one of these bamboo vehicles, and his porters upset the passers-by with the same aristocratic *sang froid* as do those who are preceded by lictors and runners announcing with fearful din the coming of a mighty lord. Indeed, the bearer of any thing seems, in Canton, to be invested with superior importance; for even the fellows that come tottering along under the burden of heavy baskets of fruit, slung on poles carried on their shoulders, trample down whoever may be in their way with all the indifference of conquerors trampling on a despised race.

Calculations based upon the daily consumption of rice fixed the population of Canton a few years ago at 1,200,000. The city of boats alone is said to number 300,000. A crenelated wall about eight or ten yards high surrounds the space occupied by the Mantchou Tartars when, in 1650, after a siege of eleven months, they gained possession of Canton, the last place that bent to their yoke. It is in this interior city that reside the viceroy and the other authorities of Canton, and within shelter of its precincts also the greater part of the respectable Chinese population withdraws at nightfall; for the tradespeople of Canton, like those of our own city, abandon their shops at night, and seek more quiet and comfortable quarters, either in the suburbs or in the Tartar city. From the latter strangers have always been

most rigidly excluded; and those who have visited it have done so at the peril of their lives, and have found little to reward them for their daring. It remains to be seen whether Sir John Bowring and Sir Michael Seymour will be more successful than their predecessors in opening to us the range of the entire city of Canton.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

YOU CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR TREES. "The houses hinder one from seeing the town" (French).—*Les maisons empêchent de voir la ville*; i. e. the attention is so distracted by a multitude of details, that one cannot comprehend them collectively. In its primary meaning the English proverb may have been equivalent to the French; but it is scarcely ever used now except in an ironical sense, like the Spanish, "He cannot find water in the sea,"—*No halla agua en la mar*.

W. K. KELLY.



BRIGHT POKERS.

WE do not hesitate to set forth by asserting that we are utterly opposed to the whole class of articles of which that named above is the shining head. Although we thereby draw upon us the compassionate displeasure of many thousands of admirable housewives, we must be candid, and confess that bright pokers, and the whole catalogue of such "things not used," are our abhorrence. They are specious hypocrites, household shams, and deserve to be scouted from the society of those honest working-day sons of toil, their serviceable brethren. These latter, in daily familiar use, which do all the labour, become blackened, battered, bent in the service, for which, with half the world, the useless polished dummy gets all the credit,—yet who would not rather be the last than the first? Who would not rather be a tea-cup of the homely ware, constantly in requisition round the fireside, than one of the splendid set only brought out on state-occasions, when company comes, and every body is stately and stupid accordingly? What apartment possessed of heart and feeling would not infinitely prefer the estate of the cosy family-room, where the children are allowed to play about, and where, of evenings, the father and mother, in their easy-chairs each side the hearth, chat over the events of the bygone day, than that of the grand drawing-room upstairs, sacred to strangers and formalities, where the chairs and sofas and curtains are alike pinafores in brown holland,—where the looking-glasses and pictures are veiled with yellow lino, and the carpet is kept from profane feet by a layer of green baize?

But setting aside our sympathy with the things themselves (and, indeed, we are ready to admit that there may be many narrow-minded rooms, and many household articles, so mean and pretentious in disposition as to like the gilded state of a useless existence), we must be permitted briefly but emphatically to protest against the system which permits them to be. The principle is surely a mistaken one from the first. Use, and not idleness, should produce the only true and effectual polish. We should admire things, as persons, for what they *are* rather than for what they appear to be. "Handsome is as handsome does" is a homely proverb, equally applicable to the bright pokers of the household *ménage* as to human beings, we submit. Also, there is another wrong at the root of the custom,—the wrong which assumes that "any thing will do for us

when we are by ourselves," in order that the eyes of visitors may be dazzled by the household splendours on company occasions. It is this feeling, or a phase of it, which invests the drawing-room draperies and chair-covers with their unsightly wrappings about 360 days out of the 365. It is this, too, which keeps the pretty dinner-service in almost perpetual imprisonment with the silver tea-service and the fine damask table-linen, while the family dine daily from ugly willow-pattern plates, and drink their tea from an ungainly and pewtery-looking vessel out of tea-cups, cracked, mismatched, &c., as the case may be. There is danger, too, that where these material externalities are thus careless and un-beautiful, the family manners may likewise deteriorate and fall far short of the proper standard. With children especially this danger would be imminent.

Let no one rashly assert, that the theory hinted at here is transcendental or unreasonable. It is no part of our present purpose to advert to it at length; but they who doubt may be assured *en passant* that more "education," in the true sense of the term, is achieved for good or ill by such so-called "little" things than even by the great ones. Children are quick observers and apt imitators; see, therefore, that, so far as it is possible, there be nothing in the daily habits and customs of family life which it would not be advantageous for them to perceive and draw unconscious influence from. For this, therefore, among other reasons, reserve not the handsome china, the damask curtains, and the satin dress, for "company," while in your own home-circle, which should be dearest and holiest of all to you, you are content with shabby, ungraceful, common things to use and to wear. Rather have *no* best. Let there be no satin for the gala-dress, if only duffle-gray and coarse stuff can be afforded for "every day;" and let the drawing-room hangings and chair-covers be of simple moreen for company, rather than they should be of brown holland, cold, ugly, and comfortless, for the family.

In other words, have no bright pokers, if you dare not use them at the household hearth to raise warmth and light around and among your nearest and best-beloved.

HABITS OF GOATS.

In a late charming paper of yours you stated with some emphasis, that *goats never drink*. That statement I must venture to contradict. We kept goats for years, and I am able to speak from personal observation. Our goats con-



DESIGN FOR A GAS CHANDELIER. [GARDNER.]

stantly drank water, preferring that in which a lump of brimstone had been placed, and greatly enjoyed warm ale-posset, such as is sometimes given to horses; and after milking, were the bowl carelessly left within their reach, they would soon drink up their own milk; and sometimes, while one was being milked, another would come behind, and nibble away at the groom's coat. Paper they were very fond of. I once left a volume of Cowper on the window-sill of their house, and on returning discovered that they had found it no *task* to swallow the "Sofa" and the "Time-piece," as well as "Truth" and "Charity;" and this was not from hunger.

Their love of horses is well known. If the stable-door were left open, our goats would immediately rush in, nor be ejected without difficulty. One of them, while dying, crawled to one of the horses, and resisting all efforts to remove

her, died almost under the horse's legs.

They seemed afraid of nothing—save the cat. Her they seldom dared to attack; and when they did, she had only to *spit* or *hiss*, and away they scampered, cured of their bellicose attempts (against her at least) for the next month.

I will only add, that I know no creature more beautiful and engaging than a young kid. A baby is not to be compared with one.

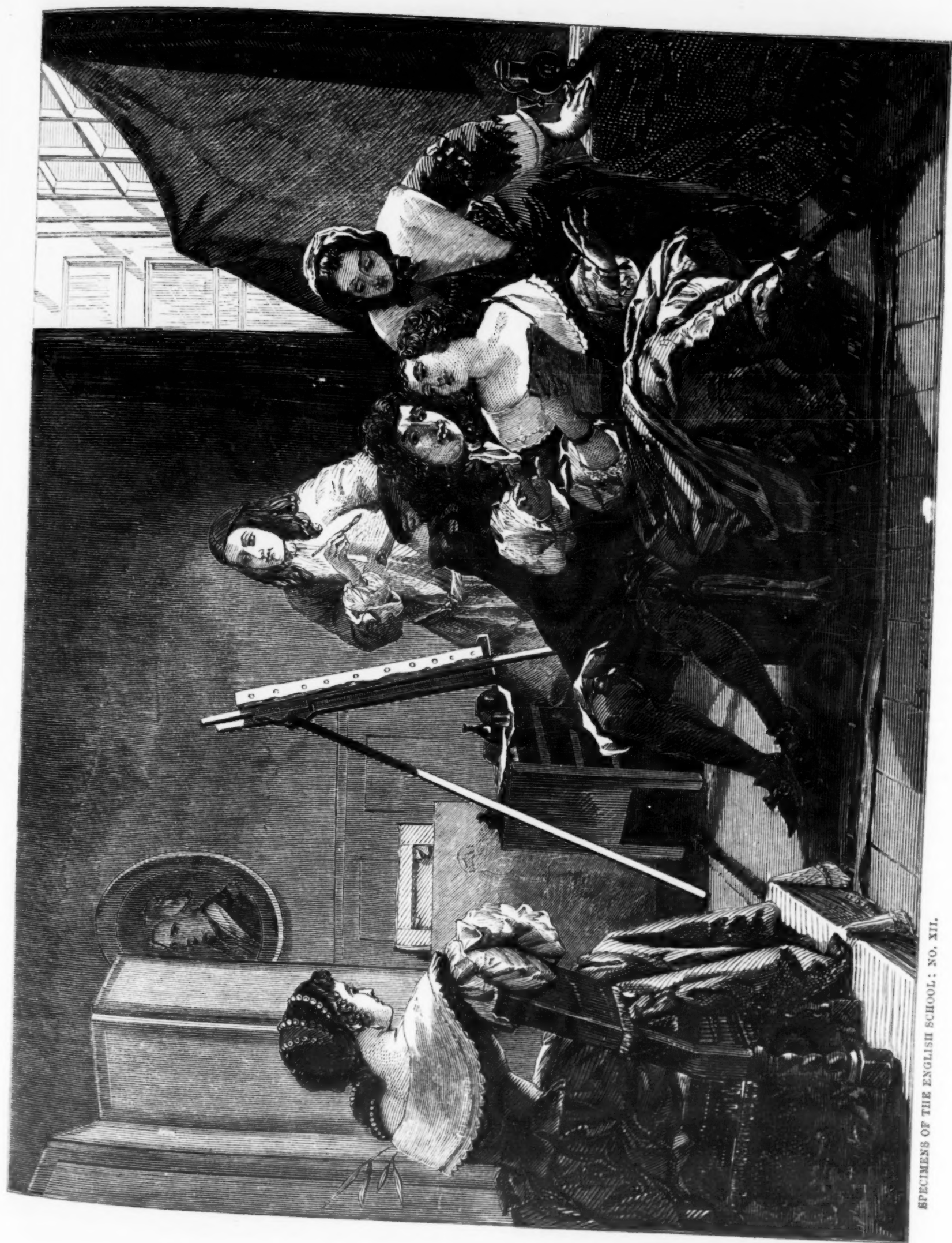
W. THRELKELD EDWARDS.

9 Downing Terrace, Cambridge.

[My remark, as the context shows, applied to goats in a state of nature. They are not the only quadrupeds which ordinarily abstain from drinking; many of the antelopes do the same when they obtain sufficient green food. She-goats in milk will sometimes drink, once a fortnight perhaps, and then only when fed on dry food. If goats get sufficient succulent diet, they do not drink; in fact, have an aversion to water. This is not intended in the sense of opposition or contradiction of our correspondent's statements; we admit that, in exceptional cases, goats do drink. It is the *rule* that gives interest to this fact in natural history. I could match the one that swallowed the "Sofa" and received the "Truth" without disputation by another that *chews tobacco*, ay, and swallows it too; in fact, she will eat any quantity of the vilest mundungus, and enjoy it.

As to the opinion of our correspondent as to the playfulness of the kids, let him turn one loose in a plantation of roses or fruit-trees, or any choice things that should *not* be barked, and then judge if it is *more engaging* than a baby. Fie! what will the ladies say to the comparison?

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XII.

PAINTED BY A. ELMORE, A.R.A.

A SUBJECT FROM "PEPYS' DIARY."

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A SUBJECT FROM "PEPYS' DIARY."

By A. ELMORE, A.R.A.

"Feb. 15, 1665-6.—Mr. Hales begun my wife's portrait, in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a Saint Katherine. While he painted, Knipp, Mercer, and I sang."

THAT eminently respectable man, Samuel Pepys, Esq., secretary to the Admiralty of Charles II., left behind him a voluminous and most valuable Diary, which has been for many years a delight to all students of human nature, and, indeed, to every one who cared to observe the humorous side of mankind; and which is also extremely curious as an historical document relating to an important period of the history of England.

Among other entries, is the one quoted above as supplying the subject of Mr. Elmore's picture, from which our engraving is taken. Mrs. Pepy's, "poor wretch," as the diarist often calls her, sits patiently enough, making the best she can of the circumstances, but not without a glance of dissatisfaction at the singing with Knipp. Her husband is utterly absorbed in his share of the performance, beating time with his hand, as his companion does with hand and foot, to the song. Mr. Elmore has made a good point of design in showing this repetition of action in both. Knipp's face is characteristic and pretty, though rather out of drawing; the *minauderie* of her figure and action is very excellent; so is Mr. Pepy's face, as characteristic of his gross and sensual nature,—not, indeed, without a certain kind of goodness. Hales goes on, undisturbed by the singing, with a disguised smile on his face.

In the early progress of Mrs. Pepy's portrait the difference was so great between it and that of Lady Peters, that Mr. Pepys rather doubted if the latter could have been really painted by Hales. It progressed, however, more to his satisfaction; and afterwards he records, that it "is at last come very like her [Mrs. P.], and I think well done; but the painter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to matters of skill in shadowes." Poor Hales! When the work was quite finished, he grew delighted, and "not myself almost." These were the difficulties of the artist, but Mr. Pepys did not escape; for he says, on the very day of the commencement of the picture, "and by and by comes in Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her valentine, which will cost me money," it being the custom at that time to give jewellery to ladies on such an occasion.

On the completion of the portrait, Mr. Pepys inquired of Hales what was the price; and notes that "he [H.] says 14l.; and the truth is, I think he do deserve it." He had his own likeness painted soon after by this artist; and observes, that "I do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." We suspect that here was the revenge which Hales took for the criticism his sister had previously favoured him with. The reason Lady Peters, and after her Mrs. Pepys, chose St. Katherine as the character for their portraits was, in order to pay a clumsy compliment to the queen, Katherine of Braganza.

Mr. Elmore has exercised much discrimination in showing Hales to us as a mere man of business executing a portrait, not wasting an expression of ideal capacity on his head; an error into which many other artists might have fallen, and which there are no facts to warrant. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852, and is now at the Crystal Palace.

L. L.

FAST MEN AND THEIR FOUNDER.

In the dictionary of popular terms, "fast" implies a quality that has an inevitable tendency towards ruin; and yet its opposite, "slow," is only applied as an epithet of contempt. But prudent people connect *sure* with *slow*; and being aware that there is nowhere such a thing as perpetual motion, and that a man cannot be fast and seem fortunate for ever, the prudent people may be said to have by far the best of it.

A fast man resembles, in a certain degree, those coats of heraldry which dazzle by their varied and contrasting colours. Such scutcheons are known to the initiated as being the least honourable, and a competent judge is not deceived by the vulgar blazonry. Like a tulip, the fast man is showy, but also useless and unprofitable. The one is of ill odour, the other of evil reputation. Nevertheless, as in the tulipomania foolish amateurs wasted a fortune on a flower, so silly admirers of the professors of fastness pay dearly for their taste. It was said of a celebrated author, that he touched nothing which he did not adorn; the fast man comes in contact with no one without marring him. He does not merely shine, he burns; he destroys others, and consumes himself. He is like the balloonists, who rise high by flinging sand in the eyes of the world. He tosses overboard all principle, and is then like a ship whose ignorant crew have lightened her of all ballast; there is more appearance of solidity, and very much less of safety. The fast man, however, prefers appearances to reality; and yet what appears in him, to an observant eye, is real ruin; and his reality is empty show. He is like a torch flaring in a draught; the wilder it blazes, the swifter it consumes; and there is no honest warmth in him, nevertheless; yet does he wear a smilingly calm though cold countenance. But his heart is even colder than his face; and, in this respect, he is not unlike those lakes which, under certain conditions, show a liquid surface marked by a gentle ripple of smiles, and which are all solid ice below. If he has a fine head, illogical admirers will be ready to conclude that he has a fair heart; but with him appearances are especially deceptive. The very slips of his tongue spring from the corruption of his heart. You may trace one to the other, even as in paralysis we know that the side of the body is affected which is opposite to the side of the brain which is attacked. The conceit of the fast man is on a par with his selfishness. He is as daring in the former as Goethe's philosophical friend, who used to maintain that had he existed at the Creation, he could have given some useful hints to the Divine artificer. And we may add, that if the fast man is often daring in his conceit, he is quite as frequently ridiculous. There is no great work accomplished but he fancies he could improve upon the achievement. He is like Green, the Oxford watchmaker, who, just a hundred years ago, published a specimen of a new version of *Paradise Lost* in a "particular metre," by which he professed to have "brought that amazing work somewhat nearer to the summit of perfection." Generally speaking, however, the fast man lacks capacity for intellectual work. He is as foolish as he is fast. If his conceit equal his selfishness, his ignorance is often as great as the sum of both. If he be attached to any philosophy, it is (and that without knowing it) to the system of the Pythagoreans, who declared that many things were best learned late. The fast man defers instruction till he dies ignorant of all things save his own ruin. There are some men of the class who affect indeed the virtues which they do not really possess; as Pompey built a gaudy theatre, and thought to reconcile serious people thereto by calling it a temple. Under similar false titles, there are especial individuals of the class of fast men who ride triumphant for a time, and fancy that their triumph shall not end. And therefore do these require to be reminded of a fine saying of Farendon, one of Charles I.'s chaplains, that "there are some whose chariot-wheels God striketh not off till they are in the Red Sea."

The period is not so very remote when fast men occasionally found their career brought to an end on the scaffold. One thus placed laid blame on his sire whose indifference in his paternal office had resulted in this catastrophe to the son. But even the most anxious of sires now and then exhibit unskilfulness in dealing with their vicious offspring. They lack the dexterity of Alcon the Cretan who, when he beheld his son in the killing embrace of a serpent, aimed an arrow so justly as to kill the reptile without injuring the child.

What made the first fast man the founder of the order?

Simply that which has ever since increased the evil brotherhood—discontent and ambition in inordinate degrees. Why does one star in the Pleiades shine with less lustre than the rest? The star of Merope is dull only because, of all the seven sisters, she is the solitary maiden who was not wooed by a god. Happiness is very much like the golden tree of felicity in the Paradise of Mahomet, a branch of which reached to the very extremity of creation. There was fruit of various sorts for all, and all were required to be satisfied with the share which it was in their power to pluck, to keep their own, and not count their neighbours'. All dispensations have walked beneath the shadow of a similar tree, only to show how numerous are they who would rather live fast than live well. It is under the very earliest of dispensations that we find the original founder of the fast brotherhood, and his career has never been equalled for brilliancy and brevity.

The Abbé Banier was a man who made matter-of-fact of the grand mysteries of mythology. Gods and goddesses become under his hand simple gentlemen and ladies; Olympus is a hill, and Jupiter a squire of not irreproachable manners, who lives in a country-house on the summit. There is not a mythological hero whom the abbé does not strip; he takes the hide and club from Hercules himself, and shows us the performer of the "dozen labours" in the attire of a private individual. We see hero and heroine in their respective garrets; they have played their parts; but, the play ended, the abbé takes us to sup with them, and then we discover that the ambrosia and the nectar, the helm and the tunic, the eagle of Jove and the owl of Minerva, were but mere symbols, and that the actors were by no means so great or so genuine as they seemed to be.

But the abbé has failed to satisfactorily elucidate the instruction given in the story of Phaeton. Now Phaeton was the founder of the order of fast men; and we are the more surprised that the abbé did not discern this fact, seeing that in the abbé's time France gloried in gentlemen whose way of life was the reverse of slow. Indeed such had been the case long before the age in which Banier flourished. What a sublime sample of the fast man, for instance, was that Duke of Angoulême, the officers of whose household once ventured to apply to him for the payment of their salaries!

"Why, what sorry and unreasonable varlets ye are!" exclaimed the duke. "My house stands where four roads meet; every road is frequented by travellers with rich cloaks and heavy purses; and yet you have the impudence to ask me to provide you with money."

The penniless gentlemen of the ducal household understood their fast master; and with a finger on the nose and a hand on their swords, they went forth singing, "Hurrah for the road!"

Of the order of fast men, of which this duke was so accomplished a member, there is no doubt that Phaeton was the founder. An examination of his story, as it is told by the Sulmian who sang of the Metamorphoses will tend to prove that our assertion is not groundless.

The first thing we learn of Phaeton is his intimacy with Epaphus. The latter was the son of Jupiter and Io; and he affected to look down upon the glittering boy whose mother was the nymph Clymene, and whose claim to call the sun his sire was laughed at by the proud offspring of Jupiter. This assumption of superiority on the part of his friend made Phaeton blush. To prove his quality and equality, he did just what fast youths are apt to do,—he applied to his father for means to make a figure, and he resolved to accomplish his end at any cost.

If the lad was weak, his sire was foolish. The latter could not withstand the boy's flattering appellations addressed to him; and Apollo, trusting that Phaeton would not ask too much, promised to grant whatever he might demand. When the boy requested to be put in possession of the chariot and horses of the sun, Apollo exhibited the characteristics which distinguish the foolish fathers of too rapid sons; he chose rather to ruin the boy than let him be disappointed. He des-

poiled himself in order to glorify his child. The latter scarcely heeded the counsel given him by his sire. He was too impatient to make a figure either too heed good counsel, or to count the cost. He thought his sire slow, and dreamed only of outshining the fop Epaphus. When he felt the reins in his hand, with the cruel ingratitude common to fast fools, he was ready to drive over the father who had stripped himself in order to deck his son.

The whole after-story is the narrative of a fast career. The father timidly suggested that Phaeton would do better by taking his sire's counsel rather than his chariot,—*Est tibi consiliis, non curribus utere nostris*; but Phaeton, dazzled by his possessions and prospects, replied only by cracking his whip, and dashing forth upon his way before him. He created a sensation,—of that there is no doubt whatever,—and his vanity was intoxicated by the result. There were many, however, who neither admired nor welcomed this first of fast young men; but these were sneered at. Some, who left town to avoid exposing their children to his example, and went to the sea-side under the plea of bathing, were pronounced *cold*. Such were the *gelidi Triones*. Others, equally reluctant to form an acquaintance with him, were pronounced not only cold but stiff; Bootes was voted slow, "*tardus eras*," for no other reason than because his honest soul was frightened at the ruinous course of an obstinate and headlong youth. And the time speedily came when that youth became alarmed for himself. His short hour of splendour was soon over; ruin stared him in the face; safety lay neither before nor behind him; and when he beheld the bailiff Scorpio, with both arms stretched to arrest him, the sight of the long, ill-smelling, and insolent official so affrighted him, that Phaeton hurriedly disappeared from the scene of his glory, leaving naught behind him but an evil name and hideous ruin.

The consequences of his career are to be found in the catalogue of his devastations. They are all emblematic. Beauty has perished before him; he makes poverty take the place of wealth; where he has passed, the nymphs bewail his passage with dishevelled hair, and the aged deplore his presence with equal reason. Cities suffered through his extravagance; and the gold of Tagus has melted away under his touch. The ruin also brought upon himself is well depicted in the broken harness, the smashed axletree, and the fragments of the shattered chariot, which are strewn around the proto-fast man on his final fall. A modern Banier, perhaps, would find in the words,

"Excipit Eridanus, spumantiaque abluit ora,"

some allusion to the restoration of Phaeton by the process of what is technically called "whitewashing." The process is not unfamiliar to fast men; but the ruin of their founder appears to have been permanent. He had his admirers of course. The foolish Hesperian Naiades said of him, that he had only failed in a dashing attempt,—*magnis excidit auris*. But also, of course, his own family wept bitter and fruitless tears over him to whom they were indebted for their ruin. The ruin which he brought upon his sisters in particular is suggested by the metamorphoses which they are described as having undergone, by being changed into trees; that is, they ceased to live, and thenceforth merely existed, or simply vegetated. And mark the pretty involution employed by the poet to describe the lowliness of the condition into which the sisters of the original fast man permanently fell. "From the trees into which the sisters were converted," says Ovid, "tears began to flow; and these tears, distilling in drops of amber from the new-formed boughs, harden in the sun, and, received below by the limpid stream, are thence sent to *shine in the dresses of the dames of Latium*." What is this but to say that the sisters of Phaeton were reduced to the condition of needlewomen? To this day, the tears of the sisters of that sad community may be traced on the garments which they make for bread.

The example of Phaeton has had many a follower. The brotherhood of fast men drive the chariots which they

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bold on credit, create ruin where they pass, and, like their prototype, go to Eridanus at last. We have them, indeed, in our days "with a difference." A century ago, fast men, when "hard up," threw their main at White's Chocolate House, mounted their "thorough-bred," and cantered quietly down to some suburban heath, where they waited for passengers and purses. These were bold fellows who perilled their lives in their rather fast vocations. Fast men have other methods now; and the variety of the men, as well as of the systems which they pursue, baffles description. Some are evangelical bankers, who live like Oriental princes, plunder like pirates, and quote Scripture like the gentleman who is said to have a facility in doing so, when it suits his purpose. Others look like trustworthy officials; they are the pleasantest of Amphitryons, are genial chairmen of benevolent institutions, and are the most stupendous of felons. To maintain a look of respectability, a fast Quaker, not long ago, committed a murder. There is a tribe of Beloochees with whom it is a religious and profitable delight to slay every Christian who comes within reach of their hospitality; their belief being, according to their own phrase, that "his belly is full of gold." Fast men, at home, are even less scrupulous than the Beloochees. They will sooner slay a golden friend than a foreign heathen; and strychnine and the gallows close the tale. Finally, in the most contemptible class of fast men we must reckon him who dishonours an honourable name, prefers rather to be splendidly vicious than richly respectable; who knows not how to obey, and is perfectly unfit to command; who glories in his shame, positively enjoys his own evil renown, and whose best joke is to run up an account with a tradesman, and try to wriggle out of paying him by some rascally plea. When the fast Prince d'Henin exposed himself to the remonstrances of his friends, who were startled by his prodigal gallantry towards Sophia Arnould,—one instance of which was his presenting her with a new carriage-and-four every month,—he answered them by showing his coachmaker's bill receipted, and impressing on them the satisfactory fact, that he was living within his means. Such a fast man may have been a fool, but he was not a knave. Too often, in these latter days, your fast man is both one and the other.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,

SUFFOLK STREET, FALL MALL.

As usual, we find here, among many bad pictures, some whose merits sparkle like little oases in the desert wilderness, and on these alone do we propose to comment.

Numerous small landscapes, apparently by young men, are noticeable, as showing a more heedful manner of study than prevailed of yore. Of these we shall direct the visitor's attention to No. 14, by F. Buckstone, "On the Llugwy, North Wales." Although over green, there is much truthfulness in this picture; its water-reflections are extremely good. "A Study from Nature," L. G. Cawher, No. 15, an old gate overhung with briars, is skilfully painted, although lacking colour. No. 74, "Bridge, Ewell, Surrey," by Mary Bleaden, a stream spanned by a single-arched bridge, is a charming little bit of nature, painted with much clearness of tone and fidelity. Similar merits belong to No. 126, "Rabbit Warren at Burnham Beeches," W. Luker, showing an old group of beech-stems, mossed and sunlight sprinkled; and also to No. 188, "A Pathway in the Wood," by Miss Witcomb, which is very clear and fresh. No. 218, "A Lane at Albury," G. Cole, is a pretty little picture of a sandy road overhung with trees, and full of shadows and sparkling lights. There are other pictures by this artist which merit observation. No. 585, "Study on the Banks of the Rother," A. Evershed, a full stream with meadows on its banks, and glimpses of distant country seen between trees, is a pleasing little work. Nos. 777, "A Weedy Nook," 798, "A Corner of

the Lake;" and 799, "At Burford Priory, Oxon," by L. H. Micheal, are most charmingly painted from nature, each one being exquisitely finished. The young green wheat seen over the hedge in the first is quite a novelty in landscape-painting; the second shows a punt moored among weeds: its reflection in the water is one of the most scientific and pictorial effects we have seen. The prevalence of a pale-greenish tone is very detrimental to these beautiful water-colour drawings. A little still-life picture, with the motto,

"The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall,"

No. 669, W. J. Bolton, and No. 781, "Sketched from Nature," J. Hayllar, showing the verge of a wood, appear to be executed with much feeling and care.

Although containing numerous figures, we presume No. 36 may be included among the more ambitious landscapes; it is named "Delights of Summer," A. J. Woolmer, and represents a sort of medieval, or rather dreamland, picnic, with ladies and cavaliers lounging about in gorgeous raiment. Without the slightest pretension of resemblance to earthly nature, there is much cheerful and solid brilliancy about this picture, though retaining the ordinary *bizarre* qualities of colour for which this artist is celebrated. He has seven other pictures here, which are exactly what the public have been accustomed to from his palette for so many years. "Calves and Landscape," No. 65, by G. W. Horlor, has the animal portion of the picture capitally executed; but its landscape is inferior in quality. "Broadstairs Hovelers going out to the Goodwin Sands," No. 67, C. B. Hue, has the sea rendered with great truth,—a rare thing. Mr. W. Williams's painting, "Holme Chase, on the Dart, Devon," No. 69, shows a moorland valley, with a broad stream and rocky swelling land beyond: this is admirably painted. The artist's other pictures, of which there are four, will repay examination. Mr. Alfred Clint's "Recollection of the Thames," No. 80, a view below the Pool, is worthy of his ancient reputation. This artist exhibits ten pictures.

Nos. 121, "Mont Blanc, from the Col de Balm," and 346, "Near Annecy, Savoy," are by an artist, J. P. Pettit, whom we have more than once had occasion to commend. These pictures display Alpine prospects, which are represented with great fidelity and care; the truth of aerial perspective in both is capitally rendered. "Evening," No. 254, by the same, represents the sun setting—purple, orange, and crimson—behind some tree-trunks, which grow on the margin of a stream. This is a most effective and impressive little picture. Mr. West, who is celebrated for his Norwegian subjects, this year fully sustains his ancient reputation by No. 158, "Waterfall, Romsdal, Norway." A Norwegian river breaks between rocks,—its snow-sources visible in the distance,—while below the fall the water spreads calmly and still. The enormous masses of rock, upon which giant trees appear but as shrubs, display their horizontal strata piled mass above mass, and defy alike time and the ceaseless fall of the water. It appears to us that the shadows in this picture are over purple, an opinion, however, which we express with much diffidence. This painter exhibits seven pictures, amongst which "Water-worn Rocks, on the Conway," No. 347, is most remarkable; but all are excellent. No. 223, "A Summer's Noon, Llyn Givernen, North Wales," by H. G. Boddington, although replete with the peculiar manner of a class of artists whose works are so well known, and being moreover charged with purple tints much beyond the truth of nature, is, despite these mannerisms and exaggerations, very effective and interesting. It is greatly to be regretted that so accomplished an artist should continue to repeat himself until it is hardly possible to find a novel feature among the very large number of works he produces every year.

"Early Spring," No. 475, W. J. Webbe, is a novel subject for a picture, but so admirably painted, that we earnestly commend it to the visitor's study: it shows the base of

a mossed bank wherein a robin has his nest; the bird himself is here attending upon his mate, whose head peeps out between the tall grasses. Primroses, violets, the fronds of the adder's-tongue fern, and many lustrous broad-leaved plants, some caterpillars, and a splendid moth, are painted with the utmost discrimination and care; thrusting amongst all this are some boughs of hawthorn full of bloom. The painting of these flowers is the only fault we can detect in the execution of the whole picture; they are hardly "moonlight-coloured" enough, to employ Shelley's exquisite phrase, for May-blossoms. A strange subject is that of a picture by H. J. Rolfe, "A Committee of Taste," No. 511, wherein a worm on an angler's hook is submitted to the judgment of certain roach and bream, the majority of whom look askance, but the biggest and greediest turns on his side preparatory to a bite. This picture requires brightness. Why the glimpse of landscape above the water-line should be so dull in colour we cannot divine.

Mr. J. W. Chapman's "Dead Pheasant," No. 189, and a "Brace of Partridges," No. 78, will be found to be most elaborate studies. No. 107, "My Basket," by Miss L. S. Rimer, shows a white camellia lying in a little basket, and opposed in colour by a red flower: a little picture which is executed throughout with skill and taste.

In "The Son and Heir—the Birthday," by J. Clater, No. 70, is a daring innovation upon a rule of art which we thought sanctioned by nature herself. The picture represents a farmer's family embracing the first-born son, and preparing the anniversary feast; but the artist, determined to be original, has so drawn the faces that no single eye is on a level with its companion; the effect of this, although peculiar, is not pleasing. "The Playfellows," J. Morgan, No. 61, a child tied in a chair and playing with a puppy, is painted with much solidity, force, and clearness of colour: the infant is a little gem. No. 75, a girl reading "The First Valentine," J. H. Naldor, is a somewhat ugly but tolerably faithful rendering of nature in a coarse way. No. 102, "A Rosebud," Miss A. E. Blunden, the head of a little girl smiling demurely, has the expression rendered with feeling, although evidently by an inexperienced painter. "Anxious Suspense," 327, by P. R. Morris, shows an amusing incident: a boy climbing a tree has lost his hold, but escaped a fall by the toughness of his smock-frock, which, catching over a bough, keeps him suspended in mid-air. The expression of face and attitude is capital, as hanging half in hope of a deliverance, and half in fear, lest a person whom we see approaching from behind should be his master, whose advent might convert his suspense into a painful certainty of a "hiding." Under these circumstances, the expectant look of the culprit's face, and the way in which his feet, in their huge boots, dangle wide apart, is inexpressibly ludicrous. The execution of the picture is not unpromising. Mr. H. A. Bowler's "Scene from *As you like it*—Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando," No. 269, has a great deal of skilful painting in the foreground of the landscape, and much taste in the arrangement of the figures; but their faces are of the lay-figure cast, extremely pretty, but unlike life. This artist's picture at the Academy in '55, "The Doubt," a lady meditating over a grave, did not prepare us for the conventionality of character to which we now refer.

Mr. E. Eagles' painting, No. 153, "Il Ritorno della Contadina," is executed in a style which will astonish most English observers, being a reproduction of some of the peculiarities of the Roman school, such as is rarely seen in this country. It shows an Italian peasant-woman wading through a brook with a basket on her head, in which lies a child playing with some red berries; this she steadies with one hand, holding by the other a boy, who stoops to make a flash with his hand in the water. If we put aside all idea that art should be the interpreter of nature, and that the first duty of an artist is to reproduce something from her vast storehouse, choosing whatever may express the motive of his picture,—having done this, we say, we are bound to state that the picture before us has very promising

qualities, being broadly and skilfully drawn, the expression successfully rendered, and the design having an element of grandeur such as one rarely sees surpassed now. Our surprise will, however, be great, if Mr. Eagles wishes it to be understood that he ever saw a sky (which we take as a key to the colour of the whole painting) like the one here represented. True, we have seen such things, but it has been through the reek of a brick-kiln; otherwise we do not believe there was ever any thing like it on the earth.

"Turning a deaf Ear," No. 138, S. Anderson, is an example of the manner in which the idea of Pre-Raphaelitism is abused: the subject is a child playing with a heedless cat. The extreme care with which this picture is executed makes its faults the more lamentable; these are, that the colour is gaudy and hard, violently opposed and unnatural, with the flesh opaque and coarse in texture. The carpet is surely wrong in both aerial and linear perspective. To this artist's other picture,—No. 445, "I'm helping Mamma," a child pulling to pieces some crochet while reclining in a large chair,—every visitor will turn with delight, and long remember. We have rarely seen a painting more exquisitely finished, more richly subdued in colour, or where infantile expression was more charmingly rendered. The drawing throughout the work, from the face and limbs to the wonderful minuteness of the pattern of a shawl which is carelessly thrown over the chair, is unsurpassedly correct and beautiful. This picture is the gem of the whole exhibition; and it was with surprise and regret we observed on the day of our visit that it remained unsold.

No. 778, "The Day after the Play," children repeating a performance; and No. 802, "The Lover of Art," an errand-boy regarding a print after Raffaele in a shop-window, by R. W. Chapman, are very capital water-colour drawings, of which the former pleases us most, both for design and execution; the latter, despite a dash of sickly sentiment, is, however, so good that we should rejoice to see more like it in this room.

We shall end by introducing to the reader two pictures by J. Campbell, Jun., whose admirable work, "The Askings," was here last year. "Waiting for legal advice," No. 379, shows the interior of a country lawyer's office, wherein is seated before the rail of the clerk's sanctum an impatient litigant, whose private affairs are under discussion by two vulgar clerks behind. Their audible whisperings are no alleviation to his impatience, as he sits with a bitter hardness on his face that speaks highly for the artist's power of rendering character. The blemish in the picture is the figure of a boy, who vainly endeavours to call the attention of the suitor to a teetotum he has set spinning on the floor. This figure is out of drawing, distorted, and coarse. Mr. Campbell ought to repaint this figure, and turn a blemish into a beauty. The artist is young. He comes from the north of England, which has recently produced such notable painters as Messrs. Windus and Sterling. The latter's picture, "Scottish Presbyterians in Church," exhibited at the Academy in '55, strikingly resembles in many qualities the one before us. No. 750, also by Mr. Campbell, shows a man seated in a stable repairing some harness, the dilapidated condition of which promises that any thing but "a tidy job" will be the result of his labours. The expression is fully equal to, and more finished than, that of the former picture; but the colour, although in perfect keeping with the subject, appears a little overloaded and black. L. L.

THE FIRE-REPORTER.

By STEPHEN HUNT.

THE phases of London life may be likened to the changes of a kaleidoscope, presenting us with something new at every turn, and occasionally exhibiting eccentricities so striking that it is no wonder they should have provoked elucidations in prose and verse, for the edification both of drawing-room and nursery readers, from the pens of many clever writers.

Of the poetasters, however, it may be remarked, that some of them have made singular omissions, particularly the authors of those amusing little books entitled *London Cries*, not one of which contains the least mention of the cry of "Fire!" the most exciting of all outdoor cries, especially at midnight. No sooner is it heard than up go the windows of almost every house in the street, and the heads of the awakened inhabitants pop out as simultaneously as if they were suddenly seized with the whimsical mania of looking at each other's faces in their nightcaps. "Fire! fire!" Surely it must be a hoax:

"No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven,"

and the windows are being closed, when suddenly a dense smoke rises from behind the roofs of the opposite houses; then a shower of sparks; and then up shoots a tongue of flame, and young and old hasten to dress and betake themselves to the scene of conflagration.

Of all sights there is not one more generally attractive than that of a fire; it is at once picturesque, grand, and appalling. People will run miles to behold it, and display the utmost eagerness to get to the scene while the flames are yet raging with their wildest fury; but should they be disappointed, as they sometimes are, by mistaking the locality, they console themselves with the reflection, that the daily papers will be certain to give a full account of the occurrence. At breakfast, only a few hours afterwards, they get it,—a vivid description of the fire itself, number of houses consumed or injured, names of occupants, value of property destroyed, lives lost, narrow escapes, and other particulars, so minute that they could have been recorded only by some very painstaking person on the spot; the London fire-offices doubtless keeping in each brigade a competent scribe—a sort of literary fireman—to do the reporting. To those who are unacquainted with the mysteries of a newspaper-office this may seem a reasonable way of accounting for the details that are given of the numerous fires that occur after midnight. The majority of readers, however, do not trouble themselves to think about the matter, and will probably learn with surprise that the graphic accounts which so deeply interest them are not supplied by any one specially employed either by the fire or newspaper-offices, but by casual reporters, who, as though they bore an affinity to the reputed peculiarity of the salamander, depend upon fire for their existence; ay, more, even their wives and families subsist upon it, their welfare and felicity increasing with the number and extent of the fires they may be able to revel in during the year, or rather three parts of it, the summer being a season of perfect torpidity, and affording nothing but such poor substitutes as one or two railway-accidents and an occasional murder or suicide. This, however, is very listless unprofitable work, and affords our reporter little more than a discontented domesticity at his lodgings, which are invariably within a few doors of an engine-station; whence, at all hours, he receives intelligence of every fire the brigade are called out to, and, like the fireman's dog, being considered as belonging to the establishment, he is allowed the privilege of conveyance free of cost wherever the engine and its attendants may be going.

The season for fires begins about November; and then, limiting his nocturnal repose to a sort of dog-sleep, and having prepared every thing in case of a call, he is up and dressed almost before his alarm-bell has done ringing. Off he hurries, in dread of exceeding the limited three minutes during which the horses are being put to; and should he, in his haste, escape such hindrances as a slip on the stairs, a collision with a lamp-post, or an immersion in the gutter, he presently finds himself being whirled off to the scene of conflagration. No matter how repulsive the weather,—be it a cutting north wind, with sleet, hail, and snow, or a soaking south-wester, or a dramatic combination of thunder, lightning, and rain,—he braves it all. The idea of "a good

fire" in perspective, especially if the first of the season, would cheer him through fog, frost, or any amalgamation of inclemencies, albeit in keen contrast with the cosy warmth of the bed that he has just turned out of. Yes, it is a good fire; the glare in the sky is beginning to spread; possibly it may even be good enough to admit of "further particulars" for a second edition; and the idea of this dispels at once every sense of discomfort, however seemingly oppressive.

On a dark or foggy night, when the swarthy faces of the brigade, their glittering helmets, and the fiery-red of the engine, are illumined by the glare of torches smoking and blazing in the current of air created by the furious speed at which the horses are galloping, our fire-reporter presents the imaginary impersonation of some condemned victim of the Inquisition on the road to his *auto-da-fé*; and, in truth, his life is perhaps sometimes seriously imperilled; for there is no saying to what casualty he may be subjected in obtaining the particulars indispensable to the completeness of his report. Arrived at the fire, he has first to ascertain the name of the owner and value of the property that is being destroyed; and who so fit to give those particulars as the sufferer himself?

"Mr. Tomkins," says somebody; "there he is, making his way with yonder fireman into the counting-house."

Note-book in hand, off darts our reporter, heedless alike of impropriety and of every other more palpable and personal impediment. "Beg your pardon, sir;—very sorry indeed. *Times* reporter,—trust you will excuse my inquiries. Hope you are insured. What amount shall I say, sir?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"Thank you, sir. And the value of the property?"

"Double that, at least."

"Any idea how the fire happened, sir?"

"No."

"Nor in what part of the premises, or at what hour?"

"Don't pester me, sir!" cries the irritated sufferer, hastening to depart with the books he has saved out of his iron-safe, and followed by the "*Times* reporter" through a dense volume of smoke which threatens to inflict instant suffocation.

For further information, our scribe applies to some of the crowd, and to such of the neighbours as have come to their doors. Having thus learnt all he can in as little time as possible, he is off on the look-out for some place where he can write his report, on his road to the newspaper-offices. At three or four o'clock in the morning, and probably in a neighbourhood innocent of night-houses, this is rather a perplexing matter, especially if rain, snow, or hail preclude the possibility of using one of the fixed tables, such as we see in front of many of the public-houses in the Kent Road, or of converting the step of a street-door into a writing-desk. The incredulous reader may laugh; but some such transformation, pantomimic as it seems, is very often performed by the fire-reporter, with the aid of a thick oblong piece of tin, about five inches in width and seven in length. To insure a smooth and level surface for writing, he lays this between the doorstep (or whatever other support he can find) and the manifolds which he has brought with him,—alternate sheets of white and lamp-black tissue-paper,—already arranged and pinned together. His pen consists of an instrument professionally termed a "stylus," having a wooden stem like a pen-holder, with a beautifully smooth though rather sharp point of hard steel; and thus, at one writing, he makes six copies of his report, unless the length of it happens to exceed a single page, when a dive into his capacious pocket-book will probably produce another set of blacks and whites ready for use on the instant.

Should the weather be wet, he avails himself of the best accommodation he can find—such, perhaps, as one of the sheltered shambles of a market; or, failing in this, he ties his handkerchief round his head, and makes a writing-desk of the top of his hat, unless, indeed, his road home lies westward, and then he knows where to find plenty of houses

that are open; but he has no time to go out of his way to look for them in a strange neighbourhood. His report being now written, he flies round with it to the different offices; and, after all this toil and positive suffering, to say nothing of injury to health, sometimes finds that, owing to the pressure of parliamentary debates, or other imperative matter, the editors of the papers have condensed his account, and cut down his earnings—literally a penny a-line—from pounds to a few shillings.

As a compensation for this, however, they will, when their pages are less crowded, accept his account of the first ferocious murder, or other exciting event that may occur; and should it be any thing legitimately in his own line, such as the destruction of a theatre or other public building, will allow him to extend his report to any length he pleases, taking also "further particulars," almost *ad libitum*, as long as the public mind continues to evince an interest in the occurrence.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE question which has lately been raised in the *Times* as to the Efficiency of the Pulpit in our National Church, is one of the deepest interest.

Abstaining as we do from argument upon those points of doctrine on which Christians differ, we hold ourselves quite free to remark upon the best means of enforcing those great truths to which all Christians assent; and we may say further, that we should care little for the interests of science, imagination, or morals, with which we especially deal, unless we could refer all, directly or indirectly, to a common ground of religious life and influence.

While granting on the whole the earnestness and devotedness of our clergy, we fear that, as regards the great function of speaking home to the hearts of the people, there is too much reason for complaint; nor can we admit that in this particular Dissent has any superior claims to boast of. The names of MELVILL and DALE, MAURICE and KINGSLEY, in the Establishment; of CAIRD, GUTHRIE, and DICKSON amongst the Presbyterians; of LANDELS and (viewing rather the intensity than the width of his mind) of SPURGEON amongst the Dissenters,—prove, indeed, that we have still preachers who can rivet the sympathies of their congregations; but such men are the exceptions. In hundreds of cases it is too plain that cut-and-dried theological phrases form the whole apparatus of the preacher; that the man beset by religious doubts is met with a dogma instead of an argument; that the "hope that is in" the Christian is affirmed, without that "reason" for it which the Apostle enjoined; that the aroused conscience, the enlightened mind, the melted heart, are effects seldom produced; and that infidelity, though weak in its own sophistries, continues the fight uncowed, not because itself is invulnerable, but because its opponents are unarmed.

For this deficiency, so widely felt and deplored, several remedies have been proposed; the chief one being the education of candidates for the holy office in the art of popular appeal, or at all events a previous examination of the candidate to test the degree of his natural gifts in oratory.

Now we cannot but think that this is a somewhat shallow way of looking at the difficulty. Preaching is so often ineffective, not simply because of the speaker's manner of saying, but because he has so little to say. We have, moreover, a repugnance to the notion that the influence of the pulpit is to be restored by the aid of the elocution-master. The issues of religious leading are in Higher Hands than ours; but the consoling truths, and the wide scope of our faith, will, so far as the instrument is concerned, make their

own way, however plainly stated, provided they be enforced with intelligence and earnestness.

The real obstacle to ministerial success is, we apprehend, the narrow views which prevail as to the functions of the pulpit, and the disposition to sever theology from the ordinary feelings and aims of life, instead of regarding it as a central principle which applies to the entire nature and pursuits of mankind.

The great themes of human redemption, and the conditions on which it is to be obtained, are, indeed, not only vital, but the very basis on which Christian hope must rest. Yet we may well ask whether there be not too great a tendency to suppose that the preacher's work is done when the Christian plan is set forth. Man's sinful state, the deceitful bias of the heart, our helplessness but for the provisions of Divine mercy, are surely not only views to be entertained, not only internal feelings to be cherished, towards God, but, as a natural result, motives to holy and noble action towards man. Christianity, it will be conceded, is designed, not only to rescue us from a penal state, not only to produce gratitude for that rescue, but to flow as a sacred current through our whole experience; to leaven, not to destroy, our habitual interests; to direct, not to limit, our feelings and powers.

Yet how lamentably true is it, that in modern preaching religion is often treated as if it were a something apart from man's nature and his daily pursuits; as if there were certain faculties—that of imagination, for instance,—certain callings—that of the politician, for instance,—on which Christianity had no direct bearing, and from which it was practically distinct!

We would speak reverently; and it is because we feel reverently that we ask whether a system which ignores the concerns of our daily life can be a meet offering to Him who appointed it? Do we honour that Divine One, whose name it is our privilege to bear, when we view His religion as a thing apart from our joys, sorrows, and vocations? Is it the truest gratitude, to muse upon the benefits He has bestowed, and our own security for their enjoyment, and yet to look upon His world as unconnected with Himself; to admit Him into our closets and into our sanctuaries, and not into our marts, our senates, our walks, and our recreations; to shut Him out from the philosophic thought, the poetical conception, the scientific discovery; to repair to Him as if He dwelt in a corner of His universe, instead of pervading it? The attempt were as reasonable as to fence in the sun. A man cannot wall-in *that*, although he may himself.

Can it be denied that our contemporary preaching is too often liable to the charges we have advanced? Do we find it habitually incorporating Christianity with life? Does it try our politicians by the standard of Christian rule? Does it exact from our poets the conception of Christian self-sacrifice and purity? Does it demand (except in theory) that marriage shall be a sacrament, not a barter? Does it hold out to the young the ideals of reverent self-denying and heroic character in manhood or womanhood as the fit objects for affection? Does it inculcate innocent joy from the beneficence of the Creator? Does it add to our delight in natural beauty the zest that it is the work of His hands? Does it tenderly visit the recesses of the mourner's heart, remembering Who it was that once wept? Does it draw from the yearnings of the bereaved new arguments for a life to come, and so confirm the truths of revelation by the instincts of man? Too often, even by good and sincere teachers, these interests are neglected, or treated as if they were merely secular; and the minister of religion leaves the heart void because he does not apply religion to its wants.

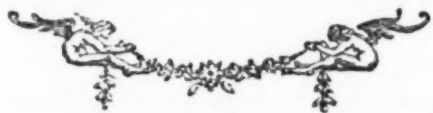
With its Divine revelation of self-sacrifice, as at once the means of salvation and the guide to holiness, we can see no condition of our affairs, no faculty of our being, no labour of the hand, no device of the brain, which should not be referred to Christianity for their motive. As a central principle of life, its nature is to permeate, not to check, human endeavour; to raise the ideals of imagination, to dictate the policy of cabinets, to become integrity in the



THE COLOSSAL PAIR, THEBES. BY FRANK DILLON. (SEE PAGE 375, VOL. 1.)

counting-house, love by the fireside, charity every where, forbearance under wrong, peace in affliction, immortality in death.

So apprehended and taught, we cannot doubt that truths which lie at the very core of life would no longer leave their hearers cold or their practice formal. But rightly to expound them, not only earnestness and spirituality are needed, but a large grasp of thought and sympathy. It ought at least to be felt that to such a task a man must be divinely commissioned, not self-appointed; that his office is, in the highest sense of the word, a vocation, not a profession.



LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

V.

TOWARDS the end of the season, which lasted longer than usual that year, we all went up to London for a month; not with any great show, or to enter into expensive gaieties: my father, without assigning any reason, forbade that. He returned to Liverpool, leaving the family under my charge at a handsome lodging in Baker Street. There was only my mother and Jean, Charles (now the Reverend Charles—we were very proud of that "reverend") having gone to his curacy and promised living, and Russell and Algernon being away on a reading tour.

Lord Erlistoun called at Baker Street almost daily. In the Park I had continually to lift my hat to that handsome carriage, where, placed beside Lady Erlistoun's smiling fashionable face, was one I knew; not altered,—no outward circumstances could alter Jean,—except that by the contrast it seemed sometimes a little graver than it used to be.

Well, she had chosen her lot; she was old enough to know her own mind, and to be the arbitress of her own destiny.

Frequently, in my duty as temporary head of the family, I took my mother and cousin to the receptions at Erlistoun House. There, having nothing better to do, I used to moralise on the sort of life they led—this noble old family; nobler in strict purity of blood than many modern dukes and earls. And theirs being a type of many others, though of none other had I ever any experience, I often in that whirl of society, which makes a centre of contemplative solitude for any man who chooses, took notes of a few facts which we *parvenus*, we daring swimmers who have struggled into unknown waters by the main strength of our hands, are rather slow to learn.

It seemed to me that we are looked down upon, not so much for what we are as for what we assume; that the secret of "aristocratic" ease is its conscious possession of so much, that assumption becomes needless. Alas, if we in our generation were as wise as these children of the world; if we valued our sterling ore, our honest manhood and womanhood, as much as they their lovely filagree-work of external refinement; if we were never ashamed of ourselves,—I think these, "our betters" in breeding and education, if such they be,—the only tangible betterness they possess over us,—would be shamed into acknowledging that nobility which worth alone possesses, that power which needs no asserting, since it "cometh not from man, but God."

I know that night after night I, Mark Browne, whose father was a clerk, and whose mother was a milliner, have gone among the best of the land,—the high, the wise, and the fair; the higher I went being the more courteously entertained. That there, amidst velvets and diamonds, I have watched Jean Dowglas, always Jean Dowglas, in her simple attire and free noble manners; speaking as she chose, dressing as she chose,—for she obstinately refused to spend a shilling more than her own humble income,—different from all, fearless of all; yet compelling for herself, and more than herself, an invariable instinctive reverence.

Let no one belie truth by doubting the power of it. In the foolish strife between patrician and plebeian, jack-daws and jays, it is only our sham feathers that make us despised; and deservedly, because all shams are despicable. We that keep our own honest plumage shall always be respected and respectable birds. I never heard one sneer, or saw one covert smile, against either poor Miss Dowglas or "those wealthy Brownes."

This was one view of the subject, but I noted another.

Splendid as this sort of life was, having apparently no aim beyond that of the old Athenians,—“to tell or to hear some new thing,” to seize on some new plan of beauty or delight,—it seemed to me exceedingly sad and strange. Not for people in their first youth, when the faculty of enjoyment is so intense that it must needs be right rationally to enjoy, but afterwards. I dwell not here on the dark underside of such a life, but simply on its brightness,—a glare like living in a house all glass with no shadowy corners in it, or tossing from wave to wave upon a dazzling sunshiny sea without anchorage or rest.

Sometimes coming from one of those assemblies, where in the whole of Erlistoun House you could not find a single nook to make a fireside of,—not a single bare jewelled neck where you could fancy a child nestling to and lisping "Mother,"—I would catch from Jean's corner in the dark carriage a faint half-involuntary sigh.

No wonder Lord Erlistoun had been struck by the pleasantness of our middle-class "home." In his sphere, except as an order to the coachman, they seemed hardly to know the meaning of the word.

Lord Erlistoun came to us, or rather to Jean, as I have said, incessantly. And now, catching an occasional flicker of the fire that smouldered in his dark eyes, indicating the "substance underneath," which Jean had once said she should like to get at,—ah, foolish Jean!—I began to perceive some reason why, for his own sake, it was better that he should be allowed to come.

His mother never hindered him; all her plans for him seemed to have vanished in air, conquered or made void by his own impetuous will. She was a wise woman, Lady Erlistoun; something better than a mere woman of the world, too; for Jean always said when questioned that she "liked" her.

One forenoon, Jean and I sat together in total silence; for I had business-letters to attend to; and the present surfeit of pleasure made me feel business to be even a respite of rest. Jean was by the window, watching the rattling confusion of the London street; she hardly looked like the rose-cheeked active Jean Dowglas who used to loiter about with me of early spring mornings, before Lord Erlistoun had ever been seen or heard of at Lythwaite Hall.

Those far-away days we never mentioned now. Happily I can put aside times and seasons, thoughts and feelings, when I will, that is, when my conscience wills. Not destroying aught,—nothing save evil need be destroyed; but locking all up, and keeping the key. I never contest any thing with any body; I simply resign, absolutely and utterly. Let small rights go with the great ones; I never would claim, or beg, or struggle, for one iota that was not freely and solely mine.

Thus Jean and I rarely talked to one another more than habit made necessary; thus to-day, hearing a knock at the door, I merely observed that it was doubtless Lord Erlistoun, and began putting aside my papers.

"No, it is Lady Erlistoun; I was expecting her. Mark, do not go; I wish you would not go."

Of course I obeyed.

Lady Erlistoun had never before called at this early familiar hour, rarely alone as now. She saluted Jean, French-fashion, in her lively loveless way; thanked her for admitting herself so early; hoped she was not weary with her exertions last night.

"But really, *ma chère*, your singing is perfection. Mr. Browne, why did you not tell me of it before? Such charming simplicity, and yet thorough finish of style. Your cousin might have studied under Garcia himself."

"I did for a little while." (Lady Erlistoun looked surprised.) "At one time I meant to be a professional singer."

"O, indeed!"

"It would not have been quite the life I would have chosen; but it appeared necessary I should earn my own living. I had only my voice, and I would thankfully have used it. However, I had no need, and may not have."

"No, certainly not;" and the visitor began talking graciously to me—would have talked me out of the room if she could, for that was the usual result of her benignity towards me; but Jean's directness ended all difficulty.

"I believe, Lady Erlistoun, you had something to say to me? Need I banish my cousin Mark, who is as good as a brother to me who have none?"

Lady Erlistoun bowed a negative. "My communication is very simple; possibly Erlistoun has told you, his lady-confessor. Nay, he said his decision depended on yours. Truly, there could not be a more devoted worshipper than my son at this fair shrine."

Her light recognition, implying the lightness of the bond, did it hurt Jean? However, she replied steadily,

"Lord Erlistoun is kind; nor could he leave any decision concerning him in safer hands; but, as you both know, I claim no right to influence his plans."

Lady Erlistoun smiled. "I see he must make his own confession, implore his own absolution."

"I trust he knows me better than to do either."

Jean's earnestness surprised the mother into something of the same. She asked in a low tone,

"Miss Dowglas, am I to understand that no tie exists between you and my son? Is the engagement broken?"

"There never was any on his side, as I thought he had long since told you. He has always been free, perfectly free."

A glitter came in Lady Erlistoun's eyes; faint reflex of that in her son's sometimes. "Do not let us argue nominal points. I will tell you this plan of mine, which I have long desired to carry out. It is, that my son and I should take a tour together through Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land. A charming country—the Holy Land."

This last remark, addressed to me, I answered by one or two more, to give Jean time. After a minute she said,

"Would it be a long tour, Lady Erlistoun?"

"Only two or three years, or a little less."

"And when should you start?"

"Immediately."

Jean inquired no further, but sat quiet. Something—it could not be colour, for she was now always pale—faded out of her face, like the light cast on a window when the sun goes down,—faded too gradually to indicate that it was unexpected, or in any sense a sudden loss; still it was a loss—a something that had been, and was not.

"Tell me, what do you think of this plan, Miss Dowglas?"

"I think—if Lord Erlistoun wishes it, and since his mother wishes it, he will—there can be no doubt that you ought to go."

"Ought," your favourite word; nay, you have engrafted it on a certain young friend of ours. He is always talking of what he 'ought' to do. Seriously,"—and there was kindness under her sportive air,—"a mother owes thanks for any good influence which at a critical time of his life is exercised over her son."

Jean's mouth trembled.

"I am really sorry to take him from you for this tour; but you know him as I know him, my dear Miss Dowglas—a noble fellow, the soul of honour, both in principle and practice; but a little, just a little—However that will amend."

What would amend? Jean must have known; for she answered slowly and firmly, "I believe it will."

"Once,—I may speak before your cousin, I know?—once I wished Erlistoun to marry early; and even now, I think"—hesitating, with a passing survey of the face and form, less fresh and fair than it was under the first maternal investigation in the Lythwaite drawing-room—"I think sometimes if you would listen to him—"

"No," Jean interrupted hastily, "he had better not marry early. It would not be for his good that he should marry me."

"Have you told him so?"

"From the first; but he will not hear it. He will not let me go. He loves me, now."

O, what depths of meaning lay in that half-uttered,—I know she did not mean to utter it,—that quickly smothered "now!"

Lady Erlistoun might have heard it, or might not. I suspect she did, and understood it likewise. Taking Jean's hand, she said, out of the heart that may have beat truly, or even passionately, some time—possibly, since she married at twenty, for another Lord Erlistoun,—

"I never wish my son to love a nobler woman."

From that day I ceased to avoid Jean's lover so much as I was accustomed to do. The lover in him interested me in spite of myself: this persistent pursuit and absorbing worship of the woman who had taken hold of his best self as well as of his imagination, and had become to him higher and purer than a passion, an ideal.

Yet there was no lack of passion either—quick jealousies, brief angers; all that sparkling and crackling of a fire which burns fierce, bright, and fast; but one cannot readily detect that while it is burning.

A young man passionately, deeply, and disinterestedly in love, has always in him something worthy of respect. Nor,

while women are still women,—and to be loved touches and ennobles their nature, as to love ennobles a man's,—did it seem any marvel or shame that this devotion of his was not altogether wasted on a mere idol marbly cold. For all Jean said, I, catching many a look and tone, less sedulously guarded now that the time of parting drew near, began to feel sure—though she might test her lover's faith, or for his own sake refuse to bind him by a formal engagement—that soon or late she would marry Lord Erlistoun.

The day before his departure his cab was at the door by nine o'clock. I heard his quick footstep springing up the stairs, and his familiar entrance into the back drawing-room, where Jean stood watering her flower-stand. Of all the gifts he would have loaded her with, she refused every thing but flowers.

"I am come to stay all day; may I?"

Jean smiled; she was busy over a sickly heliotrope withering in London air. "I can't keep it alive, you see."

"Never mind it; keep it while 'tis worth any thing, and then throw it away. But you did not answer me. Say, may I stay? or do you wish me to go?"

"No!" Her hand slipped into his. "This last day? No."

He had never spent a whole day in Baker Street before. He soon became very restless, pacing up and down the dull drawing-room suite, which was all our establishment. No charming nooks to sit and talk in as at Erlistoun House; no sunshiny garden to make love in as at Lythwaite Hall;—if, indeed, Jean had allowed any "love-making," which she did not. Only in the eyes that, however quiet she was, seemed always to take note of him and his enjoyments, you could see the utter unselfish love which, abhorring all coquetry, found its best demonstration in silence.

At last, when he had sat listening amiably to my good mother's long-winded confidences of our lodging-house woes, Jean put her work away, and proposed we should all go once more to our frequent haunt, the Crystal Palace.

"But it is Thursday—one of the people's days."

"I am one of the people. I should like to go."

So we went.

Already it is half forgotten; soon it will become a mere tale to tell our children, that People's Palace of 1851. Yet, O the beauty and wonder of it when you came out of dusty London, and stood in the lofty nave, with its captive trees, green but motionless; its lines of white statues; its crystal fountain;—the fairy-land it was! till advancing, you caught the "hum innumerable" of the moving crowd, which thenceforward never left you. Such a grand, touching, infinitely human crowd; its huge mass giving an impression of solitude; its confused incessant noises producing a sense of silence.

I liked to be carried along by that living sea; or else from one of the end galleries to watch it rolling on, each atom bearing its unknown individual burden of pleasure or pain. I liked to recognise, by my yearning over them, that every one of these was my brother or my sister; noble or ignoble, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, sinful or innocent, no less my brother and my sister; and as such, never to be overlooked by me, since not one of them was forgotten before God.

Sometimes, too, when the great organ began to sound, I would try to solve many a troubled problem concerning myself and these by thinking of them, not as now,—the most of them laden with useless sorrow, or tainted with apparently irredeemable sin,—but as that "great multitude which no man can number," which out of all "nations and kindreds and people and tongues" shall yet make the innumerable company of the Church of the First-born.

Feelings like these dwarfed all minor ones, and caused me, when every hour or so I saw emerging from or disappearing in the throng its only two units in which I had any personal interest, to look on them much as I should have done on meeting in that wondrous Company, where we believe we shall have lost all personality that is not too pure to suffer pain.

I think they enjoyed that day. I myself can still see, as then, Lord Erlistoun's tall head, and Jean's slender sober-hued figure, moving down the long transepts, or loitering in the gorgeous courts. And once, fixing a rendezvous, I found them sitting among "the people," who were dining out of big baskets, and filling clumsy drinking-cups at the crystal fountain. Nay, Lord Erlistoun rose, and took much pains to do the same for some cross child-laden woman, whose sole answer was a gruff "Thank'ee; you be civiler than most o' the young gentlemen."

Would he have done it of himself, I thought, or only for Jean's smile? Anyhow, it was better done than undone.

Day waned; a semi-twilight shadowed the courts, while quaint refractions of sunshine flitted about the many-coloured carpets and motionless banners of all nations hung along the aisles.

"Let us all come and sit quiet somewhere until the bell sounds."

They two went and sat in the alcove: many will remember it—made of iron-work from Coalbrook Dale. They talked earnestly—of what, I did not hear, nor ever wish to know. Let no one desire to break in upon the sanctity of another's past.

I can think of Jean even now as sitting there, her hands crossed, her eyes declined on her lap, listening or speaking, with sweet eyes lingering on his face—a face beautiful in itself, and beautiful to her, Heaven knows. I will not deny it, or him. God love him! he was Jean's first love.

The gong of dismissal sounded. It made her start: she was often nervous now. That dull heavy boom seemed to pierce her through and through. When she rose from her chair she could hardly stand.

"She is worn out," I said; "we must take her home."

"Yes, yes. Only five minutes more, for one last walk through the beautiful nave. Can you, Jean?"

She smiled assent.

So, leaning on Lord Erlistoun's arm, she walked slowly through, till at the door she stopped, and turned to look back.

Last year, crossing to Kensington Gardens, I too stopped, as it might be, on that very spot, and called to mind how we three stood and looked back on that fairy palace, with all its glory of colour, form, and sound. What was left of it? Nothing! Save,—and I thought, happy for those to whom this is left, after the clearing away of their youth's crystal palaces!—save free space, light, and air, where the sun may still shine and the grass grow.

Coming home, Lord Erlistoun found a note from his mother, which, with a gesture of annoyance, he passed on to Jean.

"But I will not go; I wonder she can expect it. This my last night to be wasted at the bishop's; she knows I hate going there. Jean, if you knew—" He stopped.

"I know one thing," said Jean's persuasive voice, "that you will not refuse your mother; it is her right."

"And have you no right? Not even this last night!—you are cruel."

"Am I?" Jean took out her watch; her hand shook much, but she spoke decisively: "You will have time enough for both. See; one, two, three hours longer with us, then you shall go."

A few more restless reproaches, such as she often had to bear and to smile down, as now. But her smile always calmed him, and—another of those facts which sometimes set me pondering as to the future—her will always ruled.

A quiet hour or so in the slowly-darkening drawing-room. I read at the window for as long as I could; my mother dozed on the sofa. Lord Erlistoun protested against lights; so we had only the fantastic glimmer of the street gas-lamp dancing on the wall. By it I could just trace Jean's motionless figure leaning back in the arm-chair; another figure sitting beside her, lastly on the hearth-rug at her feet. One would have smiled, remembering the first

dignified behaviour of Lord Erlistoun at Lythwaite; but it was a matter beyond smiling at now.

"Will nobody talk?" said Jean, after a long silence.

Some desultory conversation ensued about people and books, and then,—his thoughts deserting him, or assuming lover-like forms that were necessarily limited in expression, though on the whole he observed little restraint in the presence of my mother and me,—Lord Erlistoun took to repeating poetry.

What a voice it was, rich, deep, and low! how, stealing through the dark, with intentional emphasis, it must have gone direct to any heart that was young, and loved him! Even me it touched in a measure; some fragments in particular; because I afterwards found them in a book, and because of the deeper meaning they carried than I then wist of. It was a love poem, of course:

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought:
And some were fair, but beauty dies away;
Others were wise, but honeyed words betray;
And one was true,—ah, why not true to me?
Till, like a hunted deer that could not flee—"

The young swain goes rambling on in language intoxicating with loveliness, half-earthly, half-heavenly, till he finds the one, the last love, and thus describes her:

"Soft as an incarnation of the sun
When light is changed to day, this glorious one
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And called my spirit; and the dreaming clay
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
Was penetrating me with living light;
I knew it was the vision veiled from me
So many years; that it was—"

"*Emily*," supplied Jean, with a little soft laugh. "Why did you pause over it? 'tis one of the sweetest names I know."

"I hate it."

Lord Erlistoun started to his feet, and would say no more poetry. Certainly it had struck me as odd that a lover on the eve of parting should expend his feelings in another man's words, or, indeed, in any words at all; but love takes so many forms, that what seems false to one nature may be essentially true in another.

He continued his old restless walk up and down the room. Jean sighed, and then went and opened the piano.

"Do you remember this, Mark; you used to like it, though you do not care for music?"

Not every body's music; but this—it was a "song without words,"—Mendelssohn's. She had played it with the sunbeam dancing on her head that May forenoon at Lythwaite. Before many bars, it was broken in upon by Lord Erlistoun.

"'Tis too tame, too quiet; Jean, play something *I* like, or rather do not play at all. Hark!"—the church-clock struck—"only one hour now."

He seized her left hand, the other moving vaguely over the treble keys, and began talking to her in a low voice, as lovers do.

I went back to the window. In the middle of the street, singing in a high voice, cracked now, yet not without the ghost of former tunefulness, stood a woman with a baby in her arms, and a boy at her side. Clustering round the gin-palace farther down was a knot of still wretched women, some with children likewise, dragging in or out refractory husbands, or worse; while, appearing and disappearing under the doctor's red lamp opposite our door, passed score after score of all sorts of faces, hardly one in the whole number a contented or good face,—which make up the phantasmagoria of London streets of a night.

Without, such sights as these; within, those two repeating delicious poetry, and whispering together over soft music! "God help us!" I said to myself, "is there nothing in the world but love, nothing to live for but happiness?"

O, Jean, I was hard to thee!—hard even at that mo-

ment; and blind, as we almost always are, when we severely judge. I caught Lord Erlistoun's voice, so impetuous that it was impossible not to hear.

"At least you will write to me. You will not forbid my writing to you as often as I please?"

"Did I not promise long ago?"

"I know; you have made every promise I could desire, though you will take none from me. Once again, why will you not? Do you think me changeable?"

Jean repeated, half-jesting, half-sadly, the lines—

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought."

"I was not the first of these, you know."

"But you will be the last. O, Jean, do you not believe I love you?"

"I do; yet—"

"Stop; I know what is coming—the old argument, that your experience and mine have been so different; that you have lived for work and I for enjoyment; that my youth is but just begun, while yours—"

"You brought me back my youth," she murmured. "O, yes; I have been very happy!"

"Have been! 'Tis always *have been*," and he said something more, rapidly, incoherently, his manner being fierce and tender by turns.

"No," Jean replied; "it is not these things I am afraid of. External differences are nothing with union at the core—love, and trust, and faithfulness."

"Enough; I know," he said bitterly. "I am not one of your 'faithful' temperaments. You judge me—O, most wise woman!—by the tinge of my skin and the colour of my hair."

"Lord Erlistoun!"

"No, I deny it not; I am a very different person from your cousin Mark there. I am southern to the core; my blood seems to run like fire sometimes; and you set it alight—you stand by and watch it burning. Jean, you do not love me; you never loved me!"

Jean did not answer for a minute. "Then you think when I promised—you know what—I was false to myself, and worse, to you, after the cruellest falseness any woman can show?"

"Forgive me—O, forgive me! I love you; yet I am always grieving you."

Again Jean paused before replying. "I take the grief with the love, and would have done the same twenty times over, because I have hope in you."

She did not say "faith"—faith, the very root and foundation of love; but he never noticed that. "Yes," Jean repeated, "great hope. That is the way with us women; we care less for your loving than for what you are; we can be content if, quite apart from us, we see you every thing that you ought to be. I could."

"Jean, I will be any thing, every thing, if you will be my Jean."

He tried to clasp her, apparently; for she shrank visibly from him.

"O, do not!" in an accent of pain; "I feel as if it were not right; I could not unless"—she dropped her face upon her hands. "I know we shall never be more to one another than we are now."

What he replied I cannot say, nor what farther last words passed between them. Let all rest sacred, as last words should.

When Jean called me from my room to bid him good-by, Lord Erlistoun was standing by the lighted lamp exceedingly pale, but proud; more like the Lord Erlistoun of Lythwaite times than as we knew him now. My mother, out of her dear warm heart, extended her hand with a good wish and blessing; when, very much to her surprise, he lifted the hand and kissed it.

"Thank you all for all your kindness; I hope to return it one day, two years hence. Two years; and remember,"—

* * * * *

A defalcation, in its character worse than mere recklessness, and involving years of long-concealed systematic fraud, was brought to light concerning a partner in our firm of Browne and Co. His name matters not; it is now blotted out from the face of the earth; the wretched forger destroyed himself.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Attention is now being drawn in France to the best method of preparing bread for military purposes; the chief object being, to convey the maximum of nutriment in the minimum of space. The general result arrived at is a confirmation of the views of Parmentier, enunciated by this philanthropist in a pamphlet printed, though unpublished, upwards of sixty years ago. Parmentier held the office of *Pharmacien-Inspecteur-Général* under the first Republic, and was a member of the Military Council of Health. The subject-matter of the pamphlet was read on the 21st of Brumaire, year V. This *brochure* of Parmentier demonstrates that it is advisable to separate the greater portion of bran, or husk, which can never be made really nutritive, however finely it may be ground.

Louis Helot, one of the French Jesuit missionaries resident for some time past in China, has forwarded to his superiors at home some important points in connection with certain Chinese industrial secrets, and has made himself acquainted with the process of manufacture of a beautiful green pigment, the "lo-kao," the composition of which had long puzzled in vain the chemists of France. During the year 1848, the French minister of commerce received from China a piece of textile stuff dyed of a sea-green colour of exquisite beauty. Chemists forthwith submitted the cloth to analysis, in order to discover the nature of the pigment which had been employed. Their labours were unsuccessful; nothing certain was made out; but the opinion was entertained that the pigment in question had for its base an

organic substance unknown in Europe. Some time afterwards, M. de Montigny managed to obtain some of the actual colouring-matter, and succeeded in proving that it was extracted from a plant of the *Arbustus* tribe, a specimen of which he also obtained. He nevertheless was unable to ascertain completely the nature and derivation of the lo-kao. Considering that the pigment might be turned to good account in the arts, the president of the Chamber of Commerce at Lyons made application to the Jesuits, soliciting them to obtain, if possible, further particulars through their missionaries in China. This the Jesuit missionary Helot was finally able to accomplish. He discovered that the substance was chiefly prepared at Azé, a large town situated at eight leagues' distance from Kia-Hin-Fou. There being many Christians in the immediate neighbourhood, the missionary had no difficulty in obtaining all the information he required. The pigment is not made from the leaves, but from the bark of the tree; and it is unfortunately inapplicable to the dyeing of silk. We are informed that the Jesuit Helot has also addressed to the manager of the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, though his communication is not yet printed, some interesting particulars respecting the process of distillation as followed by the Chinese, and details connected with the management of silkworms in their native land.

More than one hundred locomotives are now worked by coal instead of coke, the substitution having been rendered efficient by the introduction of a peculiar firegrate, the invention of M. Cavé. Steam is generated with sufficient rapidity, and so much of the smoke is consumed, that the portion which escapes is too small to inconvenience the passengers. The fireplace is of open bar-work, arranged like a flight of steps, and is designed to furnish a large supply of air. The combustion is most active at the foot of the stairs; but little else than coke arrives there, most of the volatile matters having been already evolved.

The meetings at our own Society of Arts during the past month have been fraught with interest. On Wednesday, March 4, a paper was read by Major H. B. Sears, "On the Appliances for facilitating Submarine Engineering and Exploration." The chief object of this paper was to introduce to the notice of the Society of Arts a new subaqueous self-motive machine, called the "Nautilus." It differs from the diving-bell, not only in shape, but in the circumstance that it can lift weights, and that it is shifted by the operators within it totally independent of external control. On the evening of March 18, Dr. Letheby read a paper, "On the Economy of Food," in which he showed that the statistics of crime, disease, and mortality, even the general prosperity of a country, are intimately associated with the food-supply. In the course of the discussion which followed, the chairman, Dr. Lyon Playfair, went further in the same direction; expressing the opinion, that the character of a nation depended on the quality of food it consumed; stating, as corroborative of his views, that the difference between the flesh-eating Mahomedans of India, and the rice-eating Hindoos, was attributable to the difference of viands. The Rev. Dr. Booth warmly impugned this theory, maintaining that race, not food, was the cause to which the difference is attributable; illustrating his proposition by the fact, that the Jews, whose diet varies in every land which they occupy, still maintain all their original physical peculiarities. Another interesting paper was read on March 25, by Mr. C. Dresser, "On a new system of Nature-Printing." The first records of this beautiful and useful art are no less than two centuries and a half old; the original process consisting in drying the plant, covering its dried surface with a layer of soot from a candle or lamp, then placing it between two sheets of paper, and subjecting it to pressure. Minute directions for performing the operation in this way were published in the year 1650. At a later period, about 1707, Linnæus adverts to this process as having been performed by Hessel, who allied himself with a bookseller for the publication of impressions thus taken. The next step in the art of nature-

printing was to colour by hand the black imprints; but the process was not very successful. In the year 1833, the operation of nature-printing took a new form. Peter Kyhl, a Danish goldsmith, discovered that if a vegetable leaf were dried, then laid between two metallic plates, the one of steel the other of lead, and the whole subjected to pressure, the lead-plate became indented with an accurate copy of the vegetable. The next step of importance in this art was made by Professor Liydolt, of the Imperial Polytechnic Institution of Vienna, in 1849. He applied it, not to vegetable, but to the purpose of obtaining the imprint of agates. He exposed the agate to the action of hydrofluoric acid, which was found to dissolve certain layers leaving others untouched; the surface was next washed with dilute hydrochloric acid, dried, and blackened with printers' ink. Such a prepared agate is capable, as will be seen, of giving impressions to paper. Dr. Ferguson Branson next suggested the application of the electrotpe, which constitutes the main feature of the present operation. He took casts of the object in gutta percha, deposited copper electrotypes upon these casts, and printed from the latter. Lastly, the old process of taking the first impression on lead-plates instead of gutta percha was readopted; and this, in connection with electrotpe deposition, is the foundation of our system of nature-printing as at present adopted. The process, however, which it was the especial object of Mr. Dresser to set forth, was one of nature-printing by means of lithographic ink, as fully explained in the specification of a patent dated December 22, 1855.

Photographic science is still advancing in many directions, though unfortunately not without a little of the angry feeling with which the heliographic art was inaugurated. Herr Pretch has come before the world, as our readers are aware, as the discoverer of a process of photolithography, the priority of which M. Poitevin disputes; whilst Mr. Fox Talbot considers the latter to have infringed his patent, and hints at legal measures. Mr. Hardwick has made further investigations relative to the employment of fused nitrate of silver for photographic purposes. It would appear that no great apprehension need be entertained of the decomposition of the nitrate by the employment of a temperature necessary to promote fusion; the heat of a large spirit-lamp, acting upon a porcelain capsule, is sufficient; and except the temperature be raised unnecessarily, no fear of decomposition need be entertained. Mr. Maxwell Lyte has communicated to the Photographic Society a description of a new preservative process, enabling collodionised plates to be retained in a dry condition, and subsequently rendered fit for development, by simple immersion in water. The material employed is chiefly composed of gelatine; the coagulating property of which has been destroyed by prolonged boiling, either alone or in conjunction with an acid. In addition to a solution of the changed gelatine ("metagelatin," as Mr. Maxwell Lyte calls it) in water, the preservative agent contains honey; the proportion being, five fluid ounces of metagelatin, two drachms (weight) fine honey, and five fluid ounces of distilled water.

Amongst the other items of heliographic news, we are sorry to announce that methylated ether does not seem so good as the more expensive ether from ordinary alcohol, for photographic purposes. This is to be lamented, inasmuch as the methylated substitute is considerably cheaper. Mr. Hardwick finds that the presence of chloroform in collodion renders it a little thicker, and removes certain injurious markings on the fibre. Iodoform lessens the sensibility of collodion, and impedes the formation of the half-tone of the negative.

Mr. Grove, who has already done so much to elucidate the connection which subsists between the physical forces, raises expectations in the minds of photographers that they may soon be able to add electricity as a subsidiary resource to their art. Certain German experimentalists have found that when a metal bas-relief is laid in apposition against a polished and electrified metallic surface, or an electrically

excited pane of glass, and the bas-relief removed, the metal of glass is unequally acted upon by solvents. Mr. Grove has been trying to produce analogous effects by electric light, and with some success.

Breech-loading small arms have long been a desideratum; but the breech-loading carbine of Colonel Greene, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a specimen of which we have examined, completely solves the problem. As a large number of this powerful and ingenious arm are being supplied to our cavalry, a short exposition of Colonel Greene's principle will not be devoid of interest to Englishmen. Hitherto the great objection to the general use of breech-loading arms has been the difficulty of providing against the escape of gas at the breech-joint. The carbine of Colonel Greene, by a simple and ingenious contrivance, has admirably succeeded in overcoming this obstacle, so that even after firing 400 or 500 rounds not the slightest escape is discernible. This is effected by means of the chamber to receive the cartridge being at its base a truncated cone, and having a cup or valve fitted into a recess cut into the breech of the barrel, so that on discharging the piece the force of the powder drives back the cup or valve against the face of the breech; thus the greater the charge, the more perfect the action of the principle. Like all arms used by the United-States army, this carbine is discharged by means of the Maynard primer; and although the barrel is only eighteen inches long, the shooting at 600 paces, or even more, is admirable. The great shooting-accuracy of these carbines, combined with facility of loading and discharging (ten times in a minute), prove them to be the most formidable small-arm weapon yet invented, and will doubtless greatly enhance the efficiency of our cavalry in the field.



A WORD FOR THE HOMES OF OUR WORKING-MEN.

Many years ago the discovery was made, that our poor increased a poverty, already hard to bear, and materially added to its bitterness and humiliation, by their ignorance of the mode of laying out their hard-earned wages, and the helpless manner in which they disposed of the produce. Since then it has been a question constantly before the public; and whether this thing could be helped or no, formed a problem the solution of which has not yet been found. The fact, as we have stated it, has been deplored by philanthropists; reprobated by political economists; silently grieved over by optimists; and grumblingly allowed by the poor themselves. Treatises have been written on the subject, so complicated as to be unreadable, or so pretentious as to be unpalatable to the class they were intended to benefit. There are also *Soyer's Shilling Cookery for the Million*, *Mothers' Receipt-Book*, *Family Economist*, and papers in various popular magazines,—excellent in their way; but those who delight in them, and study and practise the dogmas contained therein, are chiefly intelligent and thrifty young wives, whose husbands may be clerks, writers, &c., with incomes of perhaps 150*l.* per annum. These are not the people to whom we refer. There are labouring men, whose earnings average from 14*s.* to 18*s.* per week. Their wives do their own business at market; lay out perhaps 9*s.* in provisions: generally the best and most wasteful portions of joints are selected. The fire is hastily heaped up, the meat is submitted to the roasting or boiling process, as the case may be; and with new bread, composed of the finest flour and alum, or potatoes more or less diseased,

an unpalatable and unsavoury meal is concocted and despatched. The quantity of meat that is charred or raw, of fat that is burnt or wasted, is really wonderful; and the same unprofitable result is to be remarked with respect to the other meals. Stale cheese, new bread, and drugged beer, are not a very nourishing supper to a working-man. We say less about tea. Mistakes cannot so well be made in preparing it; though, according to Johnston, refuse tea-leaves contain a large percentage of gluten, which the water fails to extract, and which, therefore, is invariably wasted. He suggests that a pinch of soda would remedy this; and it may be worth the trial. Tea for the working-man, if not apparently very nutritive, is at any rate a beverage which prevents the waste of the tissues, and thereby lessens the necessity for food. But it is a question how much of the real principle of tea is to be found in the sort purchased by the poor at such low prices. Now a French workman with the same amount of money to spend on food would live almost *en prince*. Excellent digestible dishes, soups, and the like, would be manufactured at the same, or even less, cost than that of the dinner before described.

This state of matters cannot be denied by those who have used their eyes when on the Continent, or who have had much insight into the homes of our operatives and agriculturalists. Almost any native of France or Germany, be they male or female, can make good coffee; and on the small steamboats which ply on the Saone, dinners may be had at a most reasonable cost which would not disgrace the table of an English nobleman. Let us grant, that with some nations cookery is an instinct; may not plain practical teaching in some measure remedy this defect in us? With reference to casual illness, the same absence of ready sense, the same want of power in adapting means to the end, is remarkable. The panic of a pestilence will certainly cause some extra precautions; but they consist, not in white-washing or ablutions, not in procuring additional pure air and water, but in tea-gatherings, in much talk and great terror, in sudden changes of diet, and frequent applications to stimulants to "keep off the cholera." When we behold one girl poulticing a whitlow on her finger with a mixture of different sorts of rotten fruits, and a labouring man treating erysipelas in the leg with some farrier's stuff, originally procured for splint on his horse's hind-leg, and tying up the afflicted member tightly with calico and green baize (literal facts, to our knowledge), we must own that a little plain teaching on common sense, as applied to common things, might often save an arm or a leg, and not unfrequently a useful life.

There is no call in this class for female doctors or professed cooks. We want to know that a poor woman lays out her money to the best advantage, and uses what she procures in the wisest manner; that she does not buy an adulteration, and then cook it into an abomination. We would have it made certain that she has something less disastrous and more precise in the way of guide than the English instinct of cookery, that there should not be at the same time trials on the hearth and "death in the pot."

There is now in operation, in one of the largest parishes in London, a school where these things are taught in the best mode, by practical and experienced women. We believe we are not wrong in ascribing its promotion, and mainly its origin, to Miss Burdett Coutts. Here the children who attend bring the materials for their own dinner, and prepare it under inspection. They wash, clean, scour the pans and apparatus; they are taught practically the price and value of all articles of consumption in families; the best mode of sewing, cutting-out, washing, &c.; and the why and wherefore of each thing is thoroughly explained to them in language suited to their age and capacity.

Now this institution is in the best spirit, and on the wisest system; and if it is followed out in other places, too much can hardly be hoped for from it. It is beginning at the right end; for children may be taught, but grown-up women will not submit to it. All ladies who visit among

the poor know how jealously any scrutiny into the dinner is regarded, how coldly any suggestion of improvement is received, how many blunders and vexations generally occur, even when, at rare intervals, a woman can be persuaded to alter her ways. With children there are no difficulties of this sort to contend against. They learn new ways as a matter of necessity, and practise them in after-life as a matter of course. We do not want to make rich men's cooks, but poor men's wives; though, by the way, we may remark, that good cooks are so rare as almost to command their own wages in the present day. And we may just hint, that among domestic servants the cook has invariably the most lovers, and marries the earliest and best. Perhaps the reason of the fact is somewhat ignoble, tending to show that consideration for creature-comforts has still great ascendancy. But if the race after matrimony is as universally contested and hard run among the poor as it is among the rich, we deserve thanks for drawing attention to this truth; and we commend the consideration of it to servants in general. Working-men like to have a comfortable home, and a wholesome savoury dinner. A little persevering

exertion would soon set similar teaching on foot among the schools in our agricultural districts, where in general, though the conceit and impatience of being taught is less universal than in towns, the tendency to be wasteful, and the bigotry to old forms, are much greater and more deeply rooted. We cannot, and ought not, to evade our duty in this respect to our poorer neighbours. It is no use saying, as the little girl did when her mother explained to her the duty towards her neighbour, "Please, mother, I had rather not have any neighbours." A noble example has been set in high quarters; and a visit to any of these schools will convince any one of their excellent system and their practical utility.

H. B.

DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE.

We do not purpose writing an essay on the subject of the accompanying sketch, and a few words will be sufficient as to the best mode of working it out.

Where would you place such a structure? In some half-secluded spot; not where it will be hidden utterly, but where it will give character to a scene made up of sloping sward and shrubby leafiness. It should form the key to the particular scene in which it is placed; and for that purpose, must be slightly elevated on a mound, and visible from one or two good points of view; but must on no account obtrude itself on the eye in connection with statues, or architectural ornaments of any kind. Such rustic work as this does well



in the retired portions of the ground, but is out of place in connection with terraces and Italian gardens.

In constructing such a bower, rough unbarked timber is the best; and the lattice-work should be selected, if possible, from the loppings of old apple-trees, and should be barked and varnished, so as to stand out brightly amongst the darker portions of unbarked timber. Oak is very much used for rustic work on account of its gnarled outlines; but it is the least durable of any timber for such purposes: the sun shrivels and splits it, and the rain swells off the bark. Yew, larch, birch, apple, and acacia, are the best kinds of wood for every sort of rustic work; the robinia, or false acacia, especially, for it never parts with its bark, and is the most durable of wood when exposed to the weather.

In the ornamentation of such a structure, a due admixture of the smaller loppings from apple-trees will produce pretty effects, on account of their light clean colour. They should be sawed up into proper lengths, and then steeped in boiling-water to loosen the bark; then well dried, worked into their places, and varnished. Against the more massive portions

of the building they contrast very prettily.

In the design, the portico is open up to the pitch of the roof, and this is an important matter. If a summer-house is built with a close roof and pediment, the heat of the sun will convert it into an oven; and it will be impossible to remain in it more than a few minutes during the hotter part of the day. But if there is an open space immediately beneath the roof for a circulation of air, the roof itself will get less heated, and there will be no shutting in of a stifling atmosphere, which is the case with nine-tenths of the structures called summer-houses made by carpenters unblest with rustic tastes. Either bark or thatch may be used for the roof; and a camera-obscura fitted in the dome will increase the attractions of the retreat. Rootwork, rockeries, ferneries, and water-scenery, associate well with all kinds of rustic structures; but they should never be placed in clean open spots of grass and flowers; they must be backed by shrubs and trees to look appropriate, and to be really useful.

To varnish rustic woodwork, proceed as follows: Wash the woodwork with soap and water; and when dry, wash it again with boiled linseed-oil, choosing a hot sunny day for the operation. A few days after, varnish it twice with "hard varnish," and it will last for years. To give a dark oak colour to rough wood, another plan may be adopted. Take a quart of linseed-oil and two ounces of asphaltum, and boil over a slow fire till the asphaltum is dissolved, stirring the while. This is not sticky, and lasts for years. As the ingredients are terribly inflammable, the boiling had better be done out of doors.

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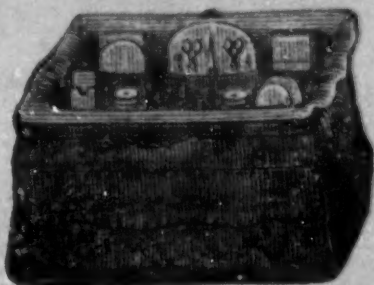
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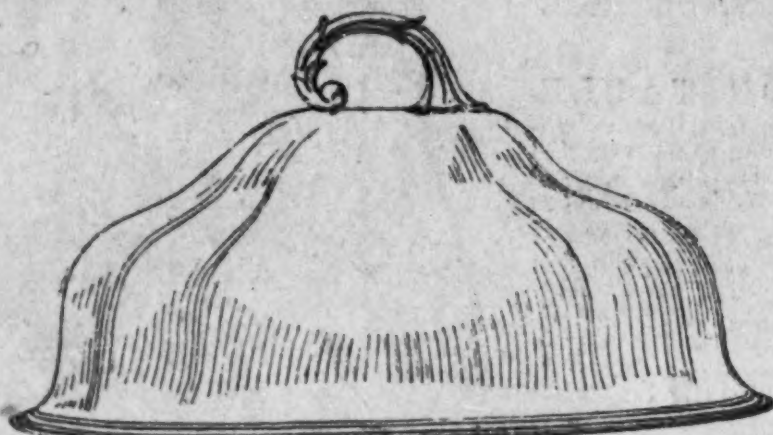
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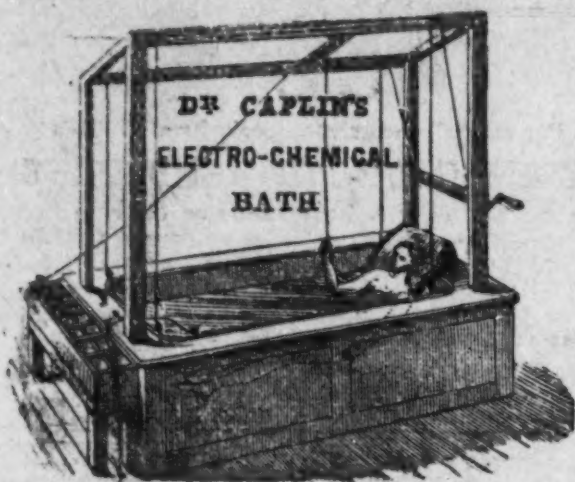
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